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Лубянская Преступная Группировка

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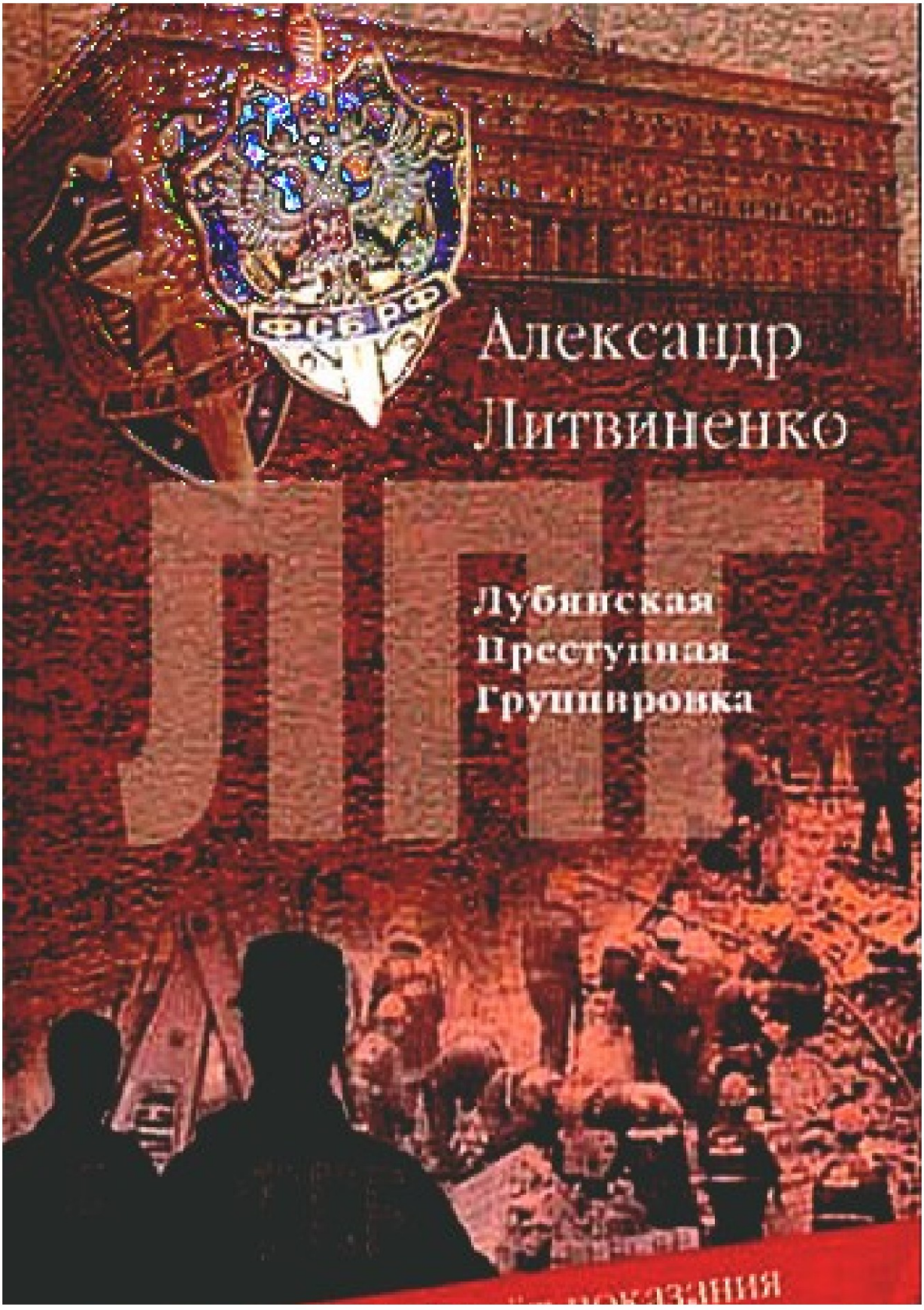

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Alexander Litvinenko

Lubyanka criminal group

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Instead of a preface

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Alexander Goldfarb

Unintended consequences

I learned that Sasha Litvinenko is in Turkey from oligarch Boris Berezovsky.

The call woke me up in the middle of the night on October 20, 2000. Cursing myself for forgetting to turn off my mobile phone in the evening, I found it by touch and pressed the button. “Hello,” said Boris. - Where are you? — In bed, at home in New York. - Sorry, I thought you were in Europe. Is it night for you? I looked at my watch. — Four in the morning. - Well, excuse me, I'll call you back later. - No, tell me, what happened? Boris was calling from his home in Cap d'Antibes in the south of France, where I recently visited him on my way back to New York from Moscow. By that time, he had already quarreled with Putin, abandoned his seat in the State Duma and announced that he would not return to Russia. The conflict between him and the President for control over the ORT television channel was in full swing. - Do you remember Sasha Litvinenko? - asked Boris. A year earlier, FSB Lieutenant Colonel Litvinenko became famous throughout Russia by declaring at a press conference that his leadership had instructed him to kill Berezovsky. After that, he was expelled from the authorities, and he spent about a year in Lefortovo. I met him shortly after his release in Boris's Moscow office.

“Yes, I remember Litvinenko,” I said. - This is your KGB officer. A very nice person for a KGB officer.

“So, he’s in Turkey,” said Boris. “Did you wake me up in the middle of the night to tell me about this?” “You don’t understand,” said Boris. - He ran away. - How did he escape, was he released? — He was supposed to be imprisoned again, and he escaped from his subscription about not leaving.

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- Well done, you did the right thing. - I said. — It's better in Turkey than in Lefortovo. However, it's better to sit in Lefortovo than in Turkey. I hope he's not in jail? - No, he is not in prison, he

is in a hotel in Antalya with his wife and child. He wants to go and surrender to the Americans at the embassy. You are an old dissident, and an American at that. Don't you know how it's done? — The last time dissidents ran to the American embassy

about fifteen years ago," I said. - They'll start

running again soon. So what do you recommend? - I don't know, I need to find

out. I'll call you back in the evening

our time.

I met Berezovsky five years earlier. At that time I was leading a large American scientific project in Russia. Every time I came to Moscow, I visited Boris at the "club" - the reception house of his Logovaz company on Novokuznetskaya Street, where "all of Moscow" was crowded, and the bar offered the best red wine in the city. They said that Boris's closest partner, the Georgian Badri Patarkatsishvili, brought it from his vineyard. Boris was interesting to me not only as one of the main characters in the grandiose drama of Russian politics

of those years. I was attracted to him by the commonality of our origins. We were the same age and came from the same circle - the Moscow scientific intelligentsia. However, a quarter of a century ago, I became interested in politics and, after several years of dissident activity in the circle of A.D. Sakharov, I left for America - as it seemed, a country of unlimited opportunities, to resume my studies in science. As for Boris, he is a capable mathematician, stayed in Russia, and also succeeded in science. But then the revolution of 1991 occurred, and unlimited possibilities opened up - who would have thought! - in Russia. Boris became fabulously rich, becoming the first major importer of cars, and then an "oligarch" - a super successful participant in the scandalous privatization auctions of the mid-90s. Berezovsky played a key role in Yeltsin's victory over the communists in 1996 - he organized a consortium of oligarchs who financed and managed the election campaign.

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It was at this time that his conflict with the intelligence services began. At the height of the election campaign, Yeltsin's security chief, General Korzhakov, and FSB chief Barsukov tried to stage a coup - to persuade the president to cancel the elections, dissolve the Duma and ban the Communist Party. Boris was one of those who convinced Yeltsin to stay on the democratic path. The confrontation between the oligarchs and generals in Yeltsin's entourage ended with the defeat of the latter and the resignation of Korzhakov and Barsukov.

However, after Putin came to power, Boris Berezovsky's star faded from the Kremlin horizon. The influence of the intelligence services in the Kremlin has increased sharply. The clampdown on freedom of the press began, the redistribution of the state structure began - the construction of an authoritarian "vertical of power", and the war in Chechnya resumed. Boris, who was a member of the Duma, his television channel and several newspapers openly criticized the policies of the new president. The turning point was the disaster of the Kursk submarine. After Putin's actions during the days of the tragedy were sharply criticized by ORT, the President demanded that Berezovsky transfer control of the channel to the Kremlin. Having received a refusal, Putin gave the command to Boris's longtime enemies - the special services - to "press" him to the fullest extent possible. By the time his late-night call woke me from my bed in New York, Boris Berezovsky had become the "first political emigrant" of post-Soviet Russia.

A few hours after Boris's call, I entered the White House office in Washington, where I had an appointment with an old acquaintance, a Russia specialist who worked as one of President Clinton's advisers on the National Security Council. "Second floor, left corridor," the dark-skinned policeman muttered, glancing briefly at my passport. "I have ten minutes for you," said my friend, getting up from the

table and extending his hand towards me. "There are elections in two weeks, and, as you understand, no one cares about Russian problems right now."

Well, what urgent matter do you have that you can't talk about on the phone? I told him about Litvinenko.

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“I’m thinking of flying to Turkey and taking him to our embassy,”
I said.

“As an official, I must tell you that the American government is not in the business of poaching Russian intelligence officers and encouraging defectors,” he replied. “As your friend, I’ll tell you, don’t get involved in this matter.” This is for professionals, which you are not. It can be dangerous. Do you know what a chain of unintended consequences is? Once you get involved in this business, you will not control the situation, one thing will lead to another, and it is unknown where it will take you. So my advice to you is to go home and forget about this story. — What will happen to Litvinenko? - I asked the stupidest question,

remembering Sasha’s excited voice on the other end of the line.

“It’s not your problem,” my friend replied. - He is big
the boy knew where he was going.

- Well, okay, but if he does come to our embassy, what awaits him? - First of all, they won’t let him in there. There's

serious security there
Ankara is not Copenhagen. By the way, what documents does he have? - Don't know.

“Secondly, if he

does get there, consular workers will talk to him, whose task,” he smiled, “is not to let anyone into America.”

“But he’s still not an ordinary visitor visa applicant,” said
I.

“Well, if he manages to prove it, then maybe they’ll talk to him...” he paused, searching for the right word, “other people.” In principle, they can put in a good word for him, but it will be

depend…

- From what he will offer them? — I guessed — You’re thinking. “I have

no idea what he can offer

them.” “Well, you see, I’m saying that you are not a professional,” my friend

smiled. - Better forget about all this. — What if we take a public position? Shall we have a press conference?

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— For the Turkish press? - my friend smiled. - Ok, I
understood everything. I will think. If I do decide to go there, I would like someone here to know, just in case. I am, after all, an American citizen. “We have a free country, I bought a ticket and
went,” he said. “But you’re right, if something happens to you, it won’t hurt if the embassy knows about you.” Do you have any friends in the State Department? - Yes, N.

N. was one of Madeleine Albright's advisers on Russia. - Do
you know N.? That's great. Call him. “Bye,” I said. —
Success in the elections!
N. was at the meeting. He called me back only in the evening. I briefly explained the situation to him and asked permission to call in case of emergency developments in Turkey.
“Call me, of course, any time,” he said and gave me his home phone number.

My next visit was to the CBS television company in New York, where I had another good friend, producer Harry, at one time I helped them make a program about a tuberculosis colony in Tomsk. - A defector in Turkey?! - Harry ran around the room in excitement. - I'll send a camera to the
embassy! Will he give us an interview before he goes there? But it must be exclusive! Oh, what a class! Will he hand over the entire Russian network to ours? “Wait, wait, Harry, not so fast.” He won’t give away any network, he’s not a spy, he’s a cop. And you don't need a camera. I just wanted to warn you just in case. You never know
what can happen. Now, if the Russians kidnap him or the Turks begin to hand him over, then send a camera. In the meantime, not a word about this to anyone.

- Okay, okay, I promise. Could you take a handheld camera with you and film him before you go there - exclusive, okay? God forbid, he gets shot there again - that will be history! I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

- Well, you have jokes. I'll take the camera, just teach me how
use it.

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The next task was to explain my plans for the house. My wife Svetlana was not enthusiastic about the idea of going to Turkey and handing over the fugitive Russian lieutenant colonel to the American embassy.

“You're crazy,” she said. - The Turks will put you in prison
- How will I transport the packages there? - Why
should I be put in prison? “You don’t even
know this man.” Maybe he is a bandit, or a murderer, or he himself was sent to kill Berezovsky. Then you
you will find yourself guilty.

— Svetlana, have you heard about the presumption of innocence? Doubts are interpreted in favor of the victim. What if he is not a bandit or a murderer - if he is returned to Russia, they will have his head cut off. - Let Boris take him out himself. Have you read "The Big Soldering"? There

everything is written. Everyone around was shot, but the oligarch seemed to have nothing to do with it.

— “The Big Soldering” is a creative fiction, a dramatization, so that the book will be better bought. By the way, Boris didn’t ask me for anything. It was my own idea to go to Turkey. - But explain after all, why are you going there? “Honestly, I
don’t know, I just can’t help myself.” Feel,

If I don’t go, I’ll regret it later. Unspent adventurism.

“Then I’ll go with you.” If you get shot there, then I want to
be present at this. Besides, I have never been to Turkey.

To the uninitiated, the Litvinenki, who were staying in a small seaside hotel, looked like typical holidaymakers, of which there are tens of thousands in Antalya. The fit head of the family, jogging along the embankment in the morning, his pretty wife, covered with a two-week tan, and mischievous six-year-old child did not arouse any suspicion among local residents, for whom the Russian tourist is a source of well-being and the main engine of the local economy. By the time we arrived, they already felt like old-timers, happily acting as guides and interpreters of local customs. - Do you know what he screams? - Tolik Litvinenko began to explain to Svetlana when the midday cry of the mullah was heard, carried by amplifiers from the minaret. — He shouts “Allah Akbar!” to pray to the Turkish god.

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And yet, looking closely, one could notice that the overload of recent months had affected the fugitives. This was evident from the searching glances with which Sasha looked at each new person who came into his field of vision, from Marina's tear-stained eyes and from Tolik's restlessness, constantly striving to attract the attention of adults.

- Do you think the Americans will take us? - was Sasha's first question. "We need to get to them first," I answered.

- Show me

I need your documents.

Turkey is one of the few countries where citizens of most countries, including Russia, can enter without a visa, or rather receive a visa upon entry by paying $30. Marina and Tolik entered Turkey with an ordinary Russian foreign passport from Spain, where they arrived on a tour package. Sasha's document was false; his real passport was taken away during the search. He showed me a passport from a country adjacent to Russia (at Sasha's request, I am not naming it), with his photograph, but with a different last name. -Where did you get it? - I was surprised. - Have you forgotten where I worked? The guys did it. Don't have a hundred rubles, but have a hundred friends.

- Well done. How can you tell that it's you? "Here," he showed an

internal Russian passport, a driver's license and an FSB veteran's ID. — Tell me, have your curators in Moscow already discovered your absence? - Yes, I called,

they've been alarmed for a week now and are looking for me. - You called from here, so they know that you

are in Turkey. "I called this," he showed the telephone card of the English company. - This

goes through the central computer, the call cannot be traced. However, I don't

know. - There was no need to call. "Listen, I had to tell my old people that I'm fine. I didn't tell anyone that I was leaving. And Marina called her mother and said that she was in Spain with Tolik. Screw them, bitches, they are chasing us like hares!

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Marina, Svetlana and I looked at each other. This was the first emotional breakdown in several hours of conversation, but it was clear how much effort Sasha needed to remain calm.

- In general, you need to proceed from the fact that they know that you are abroad. Tell me, if, say, you robbed a bank or killed someone, how quickly can you be put on the wanted list? - I asked. — Quite quickly, but they won't give Interpol an obvious lie. First,

a serious matter needs to be glued together and adjusted to suit me so that it looks believable. - So we have a few more days. We drove to Ankara in a rented car, not daring to board a plane - there you need to show your

passports, and we decided that it would be better if

Sasha's fake name did not get into the airline's computer. It was a cloudless night and a full moon. We raced along an empty highway through a rocky desert, and Sasha told me stories from the life of cops so that I wouldn't fall asleep at the wheel.

In Ankara, at the Sheraton Hotel, Joe, a small, mustachioed New York lawyer and refugee rights specialist, whom I persuaded to come to Ankara for the day from Europe, where he had business, was waiting for us. After listening to Sasha, Joe said: "You can ask for political asylum in the United States only while on the

territory of the United States." The embassy is not suitable for this. While abroad, you can apply for a refugee visa if you believe you are being persecuted for religious, political or ethnic reasons in your home country. At the same time, there is an annual quota for refugees, which is always exceeded. Therefore, you have to wait months, and sometimes years, for entry. And you, as I understand it, don't have time. "He understands correctly," Sasha confirmed after listening to the translation. "At one time, Soviet dissidents, and not only dissidents—ordinary defectors—were allowed into America on the spot," I said. "Well, it was the Cold War," Joe countered. - In principle,

there is such a form of entry - out of turn, which we call "password", when a visa is given for reasons of

"public

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significance." This requires a decision at the top of the State Department or in the White House. Do you have any acquaintances? - he asked me. — There are acquaintances, but now

there are elections, they have no time for us. - In any case, I recommend

that you formally apply for a refugee visa so that the documents are already in the system, and then let them wait here, and you go to the States and try to break through the “password” for them.

“I don’t want to stay in Turkey,” said Marina. “Yes, they will deport you

from Turkey without any problems,” Joe said. — Basically, people ask for political asylum from Turkey, not to Turkey. — Tell him that it won’t come to deportation. As soon as our guys find out

that I’m here, they’ll come and kill us all right in the bar,” said Sasha. - Joe, after all, Sasha is a GB officer, and not some Jewish repatriate. He will really be killed. “On this matter, I can tell you in confidence,” Joe said,

“that the CIA always has a supply of blank green cards - that is, permanent residence permits.” You just need to enter your last name. If

they need a person, then within a few hours he ends up in Washington, bypassing all immigration procedures. But this is a deal. You are their commodity, they are your shelter. You must decide: either you are a victim of tyranny, or you are a trader of secrets. It's difficult to reconcile this. — Sasha, do you have secrets for sale? — The main secret is who charges how much in the Office and at what rate. What are my secrets, just think about it? I can arrange another press conference. About how the FSB blew up residential buildings in order to blame it on the Chechens. Or tell them who killed Listyev, if they are interested. -Who is Listyev? - Joe asked. - One

Russian who was shot, this has nothing to do with

business,” I said. —

Do you happen to have an American who was shot? - There is an American,

Paul Tatum, remember? I know who it is

banged. -

Who it? - Joe asked.

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— The owner of the Radison Hotel in Moscow was shot
unknown in the city center," I explained.

- That's better. Poor Paul might have something to do with intelligence, the CIA? "Hardly," said

Sasha. — It was a business showdown. Order. But our guys took part in this. "Not suitable for the CIA," Joe said. "But you can organize material about this

story in a newspaper to make it easier to get the "password." They say that there is a man in Turkey who knows who killed an American citizen. In general, your main problem is lack of time. If he had already been in the States, with such material I would have gotten him asylum in three weeks. If he had been in Moscow, within two months it would have been possible to arrange a "password" and a refugee visa out of turn.

"What if he just gets on a plane, flies to New York and turns himself in to the police?" — In order to be put on a

plane, he needs an American visa. If he enters the States without a visa, for example by swimming, then this is an illegal border crossing, and he will be put in prison while his case is investigated. "Everything is clear," I said. - So, this is the plan. Let's go to the embassy, submit a petition, and try to organize

the press. Then we will receive a "password". Does everyone agree?.. Silence is a sign of consent. Joe, thanks for the advice, see you in New York.

The next morning, Svetlana went on reconnaissance. When she returned, she said: "You are expected at the consulate at

exactly one o'clock in the afternoon." I explained everything to them, and somehow they understood everything too quickly. It feels like they knew about you. In short, you skip the line at the American Citizens Services department.

Before going to the embassy, Sasha spoke on camera about his life story, the reasons that prompted him to seek asylum in the United States, and what he knew about the murder of American Paul Tatum. The film was handed to Svetlana, and she went to the airport with instructions to transfer the film to the CBS editorial office in New York.

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After seeing Svetlana off, Sasha, Marina, Tolik and I went to
embassy.

After passing a long line of Turks standing along the fence under the supervision of two police cars, we approached the glass booth. I pulled out my American passport. They were really waiting for us. A polite young man in a shirt and tie said something to the Marine, who took our cell phones and my passport and gave us guest passes on iron chains.

“I’m the consul,” the young man said his name. — Welcome to the United States Embassy. You have an interview scheduled. Will you allow me, Mr. Litvinenko, to take your documents? We were led through an empty courtyard, the attendant punched the combination to a digital lock, the iron

door opened, and another Marine led us into a strange windowless room, paneled for soundproofing. There was a table with chairs in the middle, and a fan was spinning near the ceiling. The peephole of a video camera was looking at us from above. Sasha and I looked at each other. Obviously, this was the same soundproof box, inaccessible to wiretapping, that I had read about in spy novels. As soon as we settled around the table, the door opened and another American man

with glasses, who looked about forty, entered. - This is Mark, my colleague, second secretary from the political

department,” said the consul.

Everything, as my Washington friend said, I thought: people from
consulates and “other people”.

“I’m listening to you, Mr. Litvinenko,” said the consul. - How can we help you? Then everything happened

exactly according to the lawyer’s script. Sasha repeated his story and asked for asylum in the United States for him and his family, and the consul said something like what Joe told him: we understand your situation and sympathize with you very much, but they don’t give asylum in embassies. As for the refugee visa, the processing takes time, please fill out the form, we will, of course, try to speed up the process, but decisions are made in Washington, leave a phone number where you can be contacted.

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I said I'd try to get a "password" for them in Washington,
where I have connections.

“That’s reasonable,” the consul agreed. Despite
the fan, it was hot in the box and I was thirsty. Tolik became quiet, feeling that something very important was happening. Large tears flowed down Marina’s cheeks.

“Given Mr Litvinenko’s specific situation,” I said, “there is reason to fear for their safety.” Is it possible to settle them in some safe place while the case is being considered, for example, where embassy employees live? — Unfortunately, we do not have such an opportunity. - What hotel did you stay at? — Mark, who had been silent until now, suddenly
entered the conversation. - At the Sheraton. - Whose name is
the number in? “In my wife’s name,” I said. - She has a different last name. “We know,” Mark said. - She was with us this
morning. I think you are
exaggerating the danger. Sheraton
is an American facility. In addition, we are in a Muslim country: there is a danger
of terrorist attacks, so security at the Sheraton must be taken seriously. I would like to have a few words with Mr Litvinenko alone. “And, anticipating my question, he added in Russian: “We won’t need translation.” Sasha nodded and we left the box. Then the consul took us to

watch, returned the documents and, wishing success, said goodbye...

A few minutes later Sasha appeared. In general he held on
well done, although he was pale. -

Well? - I asked when we got into the taxi. - Nothing. This guy is
completely aware. He asked if I knew this one or that one. I personally don’t know most of whom he asked about, although I have heard about them. He asked if I had anything that might interest them. I said no. He asked if I was going to sit quietly or speak publicly. I said that I would speak, I wanted to write a book about explosions. He said: “I wish you success, this is not our part.” All.

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Our dinner that evening was a sad spectacle. Tolik was capricious, Sasha was silent, thinking about something, Marina and I kept up a conversation on abstract topics. The next morning we had to part.

Suddenly Sasha said: “We are already being herded. You see a guy with a newspaper behind the bar counter. He sat in the hall on the floor, and then came down here. Let's check now." He left the table and went to the toilet. The man turned

so that he could see the toilet door. Sasha left the toilet and headed into the foyer. The man moved again to keep him in sight. “With such an outdoor appearance, I would have been kicked out of work a long time ago,” said Sasha, handing me a newspaper that he bought at a kiosk to make his walk look natural. - Here, read it. I glanced briefly at

the first page. It was a local newspaper in English - the Turkish Times. The half-page headline read: “Roundup of Russians.” The article reported that there are two hundred thousand Russians in Turkey with expired visas associated with prostitution and the transportation

of illegal immigrants to Western Europe, the authorities are catching them and deporting them to Russia. “How inopportune,” I thought. “It’s good that Sasha doesn’t read English.” - Do you think he's alone? - I asked. - Alone, otherwise he wouldn’t have followed me from the floor to the bar. At night, no more is required - where do we go from the hotel? They probably spotted us at the embassy. If they are watching embassies, they should definitely have spotted them. We need to leave here. We looked at each other and said at the same time: “It’s good that we didn’t give up the car.” “Marina, take the key to his room from Alik, just discreetly,” he said. - Go upstairs, as if you and Tolik had gone to bed, collect your things, drag everything to Alik’s room on the eighth floor and

wait for him there.

The calculation was that if there was really only one observer, he would be hanging on Sasha’s tail, and Marina’s movements would remain
unnoticed.

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Marina yawned and, saying: “Well, guys, see you tomorrow,” she dragged the sleepy Tolik along to the elevator. About fifteen minutes later, Sasha and I got up. The man at the bar remained in his place. “Take Marina and move her to the garage,” he commanded. - How

When you're ready, call me on your mobile.

Sasha got out on the seventh floor and went to his room. I left on the eighth and, going down the stairs, cautiously looked into the seventh floor hall. The guy from the bar was already there and reading the newspaper. I went up to my room. Marina read, dressed Tolik slept in my

bed.

It took two elevator rides and a quarter of an hour to drag all the things and the sleeping Tolik into the car. When everything was ready, I called Sasha. Three minutes later, our car jumped out of the underground garage of the Sheraton Hotel and moved in a direction unknown to us, since we did not have a map of the city. I looked at my watch. It was half past one in the morning.

- Do you think they left? — I asked Sasha. - The devil knows! If he was

alone, then they left, but in the city it is impossible to tell. Once we get onto the highway, it will be clear. “If only I knew which way to go,” I said. There was a group of yellow taxis at the

intersection. A flock of drivers huddled around the first car were heatedly

discussing something. I stopped the car. — How to get to Istanbul? - I asked in English. - Istanbul, Istanbul! A long explanation followed in Turkish. I explained with gestures to the taxi driver that I would follow him - let him take us

in the direction of Istanbul. Half an hour later, having paid the taxi driver, we got on the course. “Stop the car,” Sasha asked me after

a sharp turn on the highway. Wait about ten minutes. - So... It seems like there’s no one, let’s move on. We drove most of the way in silence. Cheerful

the mood of the previous night's trip had given way to despondency.

“I won’t give in alive,” Sasha suddenly said. “If they start handing me over, I will commit suicide.”

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I looked in the mirror. Marina and Tolik were sleeping. “Sanya,

don’t strain yourself,” I advised, remembering a book on popular psychology. - Try to think in a positive direction. And then later, when everything works out, it turns out that you were in vain
worried.

— Do you have a plan of action? — Get

to Istanbul, check into a hotel and sleep. A
then think. - Do you

want me to drive? - No I do not

want to. They'll stop us, but you have one last name on your license, and
passport is different. They'll notice right away.

With dawn a thick fog appeared. Judging by the mileage, we should have already entered Istanbul, but ahead there was only a thick wall of milk. Maybe the Turkish taxi driver played a cruel joke on us and sent us in the opposite direction? Besides, we were running out of gas. I was driving and thinking that my Washington friend was right - I was being carried into the unknown by a foggy current called "unforeseen developments", and who knows where we will end up an hour after we stand on an empty highway without gasoline, and by The police will come to us and check our documents.

For the first time in the five days since Boris’s night call, I had time to think about my wife’s question, which I had brushed aside in New York: why did I go to Turkey? It was not just a thirst for adventure. Rather, nostalgia for the past, the opportunity to go back 25 years ago, when, under different circumstances, I myself had to experience what Sasha must feel now - an intoxicating mixture of inner freedom and boundless vulnerability of a person who challenged the repressive system, and now is not crushed, alive and maybe even leave the monster a fool! This feeling of victory over one’s own fear, forgotten during the years of American prosperity, lay dormant in the back of my mind for a quarter of a century, ever since, in the gloomy Moscow of the 70s, I distributed Solzhenitsyn’s books and conveyed information about political prisoners to Western correspondents. Boris is right - soon dissidents will again start running to the American embassy, and desperate boys will start reprinting samizdat. The KGB monster is not

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died and is gaining strength again, having sucked blood in two Chechen wars. How could I miss the chance to compete with him again?!

Suddenly, a green banner emerged from the fog: “Kemal Ataturk Airport - Istanbul,” and after another two hundred meters the long-awaited gas station appeared. Following a proven method, we hired a taxi driver who took

us to the Istanbul Hilton Hotel. Having rented a room with two bedrooms, we barely crawled to our beds and fell into bed, hanging a sign on the door: “Please do not disturb.”

By five o'clock in the evening, having slept and tasted the delights of the Turkish bath in the sports club of the Hilton Hotel, we gathered for a council. By this time, I managed to call the State Department, and heard in response: “Mr. N. is away, will be there tomorrow, what should I tell him?” I also called Berezovsky, going out into the foyer so that Sasha and Marina could not hear the conversation.

- Do you think your friend will help you get the “password”? - asked Boris. “Honestly, I doubt it,” I replied. - N. is a

formal person and will not go against the rules, although he treats me with sympathy. If something happens to me, then, of course, he will help, since I am a US citizen. As for Sasha, the "social significance" of his entry needs to be clearly documented, and the only possibility I see is that he says he knows Tatum's killers. But the bureaucracy works slowly, we are talking about weeks. You can try to arrange an interview for Sasha in the New York Times, this will certainly make it easier to obtain the “password”. But if we come out publicly, Russia will immediately demand his extradition, and we will have to explain ourselves to the Turks. Moreover, Sasha is breaking Turkish law by being here with a fake passport. By the way, it is not clear in which passport the Americans will put a visa for him, even if we receive the “password”. Fake, or what? There's a different surname.

— Do you think that you were really followed in Ankara? - Yes, I think so. “Then they can demand extradition

from the Turks at any time.” “They won’t find us if we sit quietly.” The problem is that I don't

I can stay here for a long time, and Sasha’s nerves are on edge.

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— Maybe we should rent a yacht and let them sail in neutral waters? - What next? Will it float

endlessly like the Flying Dutchman? In a big city you can at least get lost, but you can't hide on a yacht. Sooner or later, somewhere you will have to go ashore and present documents. - What to do? "I have a plan," I said, "but I won't tell you yet, go find out who's listening."

My plan was simple. If, in order to seek asylum in the United States, you need to be on American territory, then you need to take a ticket to any country where you are allowed without a visa, with a transfer at an American airport, and ask for asylum on the transfer. I went on the Internet. It turned out that Barbados and the Dominican Republic do not require visas for Russians. "Hurray," I said, "we're flying to Miami tomorrow." But it was not there. The call to Delta Airlines was disappointing. Even for a transfer to the United States, a transit visa is required. They won't board the plane without it.

But we have already seen the light at the end of the tunnel. I went online again and began studying the morning flight schedule to Western Europe. I knew for sure that in Europe transit within the airport is allowed without visas. After a while I said: "Guys, where do you want to go?" To France, Germany or England? "I don't care," said

Sasha, "just get out of here quickly." "I don't care either," said Tolik. "I want to go to

France," said Marina. "I think it's still better to go to England." At least there I can

explain who you are.

The next morning, a strange group appeared in front of the Turkish Airlines passenger check-in counter: a bearded American, speaking Russian, without luggage, but with a passport covered with dozens of stamps from various countries, a beautiful Russian woman with a nervous child and five suitcases, and a sporty-looking man with citizenship an insignificant state - wearing dark glasses,

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despite the cloudy weather, and looking around the airport crowd with a professional look. “I wonder what he thought,” flashed through my head as I caught the Turkish policeman’s gaze lingering on our group. - “I must have decided that Sasha is my bodyguard.” We checked in for a flight to London with a transfer at Heathrow Airport to Moscow. Registration went smoothly, but at passport control the border guard became interested

in Sasha’s passport. We stood in different queues, and the three of us had to wait on the inside while he turned Sasha’s document over, looked at it from all sides, and stuck it under the ultraviolet, which lasted about three minutes. Finally, he slapped a stamp on it and waved his hand: “Come in!” It's gone, I thought. There were five minutes left before departure. We rushed through the half-empty

airport at full speed.

- This is all? All? - asked the beaming Marina. And then I saw them.

Two Turks of a specific appearance led us, several meters behind. It was impossible to make a mistake, they were the only ones who moved at the same speed as us, as if we were all part of one team. - Do you see? - I asked. Sasha nodded: “They picked up at passport control.” “This is your passport,” I said. - Yes, but no one saw

him. - Except for the Americans.

“Damn,” said

Sasha. We ran to the boarding gate. Boarding was already

ending, we were the last ones. Our escorts

sat in chairs in the empty hall and stared at

us, not at all embarrassed. A

girl in a Turkish airline uniform

took our tickets and passports. “Everything is fine with you,” she told me, “but you don’t have a British visa,” and she looked questioningly at Sasha and Marina. “They have a direct connection to Moscow,” I explained. - Here are the tickets. - Where are the landing routes London - Moscow? she asked.

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- We will get them in London.

“It’s strange,” said the girl. — Why are you flying through London when there is a direct flight from Istanbul to Moscow.

“We always fly through London, we shop there in duty-free, there are cool shops there,” Sasha said. “I can’t put them on the plane.” I need permission authorities,” the girl said and spoke a few words in Turkish into her walkie-talkie. — My colleague will take their documents to the office for the boss to look at. Don't worry, we will delay the flight. Sasha stood as pale as death. One of the escorts left after the Turkish girl. The second one continued to watch us calmly. I took Tolik by the hand and went to buy him candy at a nearby stall. Ten minutes passed. At the end of the corridor two figures appeared: a girl and our Turk.

“It’s okay,” she said, handing Sasha the documents. - Bon Voyage! We rushed into the landing sleeve. Before takeoff, I managed to call my ex-wife in London and ask to urgently find lawyer George Menzies, whose son Duncan is in the same class as my son. “I’ll be in London in three hours,” I said. — There is a person flying with me who will need a lawyer. - Do you understand what happened? - asked Sasha. — Yes, the Turks brought us to the plane and ensured landing.

“And they had my fake last name on the computer.” Which they could only be given from the American embassy. What does it mean? “This means that the Americans informed the Turks about us, and the Turks decided that it would be better if we rolled out of Turkey,” I said. - No person, no problem.

“This means: it’s good that we got out of here,” said Sasha. “The Turks could have decided differently, and I would be flying to Moscow now.”

That evening, after hours of interrogation by British authorities, we ate sandwiches at Heathrow Airport. Suddenly my phone rang in my pocket. — Is this Mr. Goldfarb? The call is from the State Department in Washington. Mr. N. will talk to you now.

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- Alex? — I heard N's voice. "You called yesterday." Where are you? - I'm in London. A friend of mine just asked for asylum from English.

- The British? Well, great - let them figure it out. And they tell me that they lost you. That you disappeared from the hotel in an unknown direction. So everything worked out okay? Well, I wish you success.

- Sash, do you know who looked after us at the hotel in Ankara? - I asked. - Americans. They lost us. - What a bunch of mugs! - he said. "I wouldn't leave ours."

* * *

A year and a half passed, and an email message from London appeared on my computer screen: "Alik, read it!" The manuscript of Sasha's book has arrived. I opened the file... and couldn't tear myself away until the morning. And suddenly I realized what the ultimate meaning of my trip to Turkey and all the further unforeseen consequences was. There are books that, without being high literature, leave a mark no less profound than economic shocks or turns in big politics. Books like this change public consciousness. These testimonial books simply and clearly explain to people what actually happened to them. And people's eyes open. And the course of events changes. And historical memory is created. Such books include "Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow," "The Diary of Anne Frank," and "The Gulag Archipelago." Such books include "LPG-Lubyansk Criminal Group" by Litvinenko. If this book reaches the Russian reader today, it will be able to change the course of events in the country. If it doesn't work out... then at least our descendants will be able to find out how it happened that the twilight, which we naively mistook for dawn, actually turned out to be the beginning of a long, cold night. ***New York, June 2002***

Akram Murtazaev

Journalist's remarks

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Escape from the special services is a scandalous and exciting story. Dozens of versions, hundreds of guesses and thousands of fables. But before us is a

special escape. It was not the white collar worker who left; not a spy with ciphers, codes and addresses of safe houses. Left - a laborer for the special services. Hound dog. Opera. He left on his own - without the help of other residents. And this is the first

time. The panic that gripped the FSB is understandable: it

knows too much. But it

is not his contacts with Western counterintelligence that the intelligence services fear. The worst thing is if the information from the opera becomes known to the people. Russian. After all, all the opera did was the fight against terrorism and corruption. And since corruption has penetrated all

structures of power, right down to the Kremlin offices, this, whatever one may say, is a state secret.

And besides, due to someone's oversight, the operator was allowed to work in the most secret department of the FSB - URPO (development of criminal organizations). This department was engaged in

"neutralizing sources that pose a danger to the state." In other words, extrajudicial killings. According to the plan, everything looked quite optimistic: there is an inveterate criminal, he cannot be caught by legal means, but he can be killed by a bullet. But the fact is that the System itself began to decide which "source" represented a danger to the state, and itself destroyed it. That is, the special services received a kind of license to shoot.

In the history of state security, there already existed a structure engaged in the "neutralization of sources that pose a state danger" - the Fourth Directorate of the NKVD, which was led by the famous Pavel Sudoplatov, sentenced in the Beria case to fifteen years in prison. Today Sudoplyatov has been rehabilitated, and he is considered a legendary figure among the security officers. After all, according to their concepts, he did not betray his homeland, but only destroyed people. And then the Fourth Directorate was "rehabilitated" in the building on Lubyanka. This is how URPO appeared. It was from here that FSB Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Litvinenko escaped.

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Moreover, more than one opera left. And with documents, video and audio tapes. He left with his amazing memory, which captured the most absurd and tragic moments of Russian history.

In a word, gone is a computer on two legs, the files of which contain famous names and sensational incidents. It is enough to simply list the names of these files to estimate the volume and weight of the “escaped” information: Listyev and Yeltsin, Putin and Berezovsky, Patrushev and Korzhakov, Alla Dudayeva and Tatyana Dyachenko, Yastrzhembsky and Filatov. Litvinenko received asylum in England, and the FSB immediately included him in the list of defectors, double agents, and traitors. Although

everything he did has nothing to do with the security of Russia. In all countries, this is done by the Ministry of Internal Affairs and the tax police, but not by counterintelligence. Why is everything different in Russia? Yes, because we are redistributing property, because in our country the fight against organized crime is the most profitable business. Today, catching spies is a thankless, backbreaking job. But working with bandits and keeping an eye on businessmen is a bonanza!

A year and a half before his escape, Litvinenko held a notorious press conference, brought his colleagues and voiced accusations against the FSB: crimes were being committed there.

They thought they would be heard. But society in Russia, the people, remain silent. If they heard it, they kept silent.

The rioters began to be put under pressure: Litvinenko was put in prison on false charges. And although the court acquitted him, the first accusation was followed by a second and a third, and he was made to understand that the Office would not back down - in the end he would be punished for his speech. The matter ended with an escape. And a new - absentee - trial. He ran away because

you and I, the society, were not there. He used all personal methods of

defense, but not public ones.

it turned out.

We, of course, can guess what is happening with the intelligence services in Russia. They infiltrate banks and participate in competition, engage in outright racketeering and terrorist attacks, and work with the media and the State Duma. But we only had isolated facts or only suspicions.

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While they were frightening us with the arrival of the communists and a return to the totalitarian past, a KGB state quietly and imperceptibly arose, in which political processes began to resemble special operations. And the saddest thing is that fear has been revived in society. We began to turn

off mobile phones during conversations, protect computers, and encrypt messages on pagers. Why, even in the Kremlin they began to be afraid of wiretapping, and now they don't talk there, but correspond (with a soft pencil so that no traces are left on the next sheet of paper). It seems that the time has come for us, citizens of Russia, to take over the development of the special services ourselves, to carry out technical and undercover penetration there (as they call it) in order to deprive them of their main weapon - secrecy.

And here is Litvinenko as our agent. Here are his intelligence reports. Everything Litvinenko talks about is

operational information. It is clear that it requires verification. But he is ready to answer in court for every word he says. That's why I listen to him. He dumps tens of thousands of words onto the table, and the recorder obediently swallows them with German accuracy ("Grundig"!). Then I take out these words and simply put them in their places, removing thousands of details and unnecessary details. And suddenly I notice that I almost didn't ask him any questions. He hastily asked them himself. So I simply turned out to be a witness during the interrogation, to which FSB Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Litvinenko summoned himself.

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Chapter 1. Prison

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“FSB! You are under arrest"

— Let's start with the arrest that changed your whole life. You were arrested... - March 25, 1999. About

three o'clock in the afternoon. — At what level was the

decision to arrest made? — Putin, as director of the FSB, personally

supervised the Department of Internal Security, which developed me. The arrest could not have taken place without his knowledge. I was detained by order of the senior investigator for especially important cases of the

Main Military Prosecutor's Office of Russia, Lieutenant Colonel Barsukov. The order was given by the Deputy Chief Military Prosecutor, Lieutenant General Yakovlev. He authorized the arrest. And FSB officers detained me. Special Operations Division of the Economic Counterintelligence Directorate (former employees of the Alpha group). It’s interesting that the group was led by my friend, with whom we carried out more than one joint operation, Boris Ditseyev. -Where did this happen? — In the center of Moscow, near the Rossiya Hotel. - As an experienced operator, you knew that you would be arrested? Did you have a presentiment? - Yes, I knew. But I didn’t know that everything would be so demonstrative and

rude. At that time I worked in the

Committee on CIS Affairs under Berezovsky. The night before,

when I was already getting ready to go home, my former colleague Colonel Shebalin called me and said: “We need

to see each other urgently.” We made an appointment near the Sputnik Hotel, on Vernadsky Avenue.

He got into my car, asked me to take me home and began asking

some strange questions: - People are

very interested in what kind of relationship Putin has with Berezovsky. Everyone knows that Putin once came

to Berezovsky’s wife for her birthday. It was a difficult time, and no one came - only Putin. With flowers. Then Berezovsky once said in an interview that when he asked Putin: “Volodya, don’t you think you will have problems?”, he replied: “I’m your friend.”

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I now understand that the people who planned my arrest;
kept that day in mind. What if there is a friendly hug again...

I say: “Vitya, I don’t know anything about this. Ask yourself... Why do you need this?' He: “People are interested. People are very interested." Me: “What about people?” “Well, you understand, it may be that Putin is betraying the interests of his homeland. And such a person was appointed director of the FSB.” — Me: “Vitya, are you asking me to urgently come to the other end of Moscow in order to report that Putin is betraying the interests of his homeland? We could talk about this tomorrow.” He thought for a long time, and then said: “You know, you will be arrested. And most likely tomorrow." I was surprised: “Why did you start with Putin and the interests of the

homeland, and not with this news? And who will arrest me, and how do you know this? He replied: “I can’t say, my people conveyed it. But they will arrest, and

You’d better hide.” — Did he

provoke you to run away? - Yes. I understand

this now. And then I said that I would not run away, because I had not committed any crimes and I had nothing to fear. If they decided to arrest me (which was natural after the press conference), then let them do so. - And the next day... - In the morning I began to get ready for work. I got into the car, but it wouldn’t start. I

called a friend. We tinkered with him

for a long time - all to no avail. A friend said we need to change some part. We went out of town, towards Podolsk, where there is a large car parts store. An interesting detail: fried sausages were being sold on the street, but I didn’t have time to have breakfast. I'm thinking about getting some sausages? But I was in a hurry and decided that I would eat later. And in Lefortovo often

I remembered these sausages.

The car was fixed, I ran home to change clothes. When I took off my tracksuit, I thought: should I get into the shower or in the evening? Then I remembered the shower more than once. Another interesting fact: all day long Ponkin paged me:

“Sasha, where are you?”, “Sasha, where are you?” — So you were already being followed? Were all movements controlled?

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“Then, when I was already out of prison, I asked Ponkin: “Andrey, why did you page me all that day?” He said that Shebalin was sitting next to him and kept asking: “Call Litvinenko, ask where he is.” And he kept running out of the office and calling someone. Shebalin was apparently asked by the FSB: “Where is he? Make an appointment." So when I went to work, they knew where I was and where I was going.

I always parked the car under the ramp at the Rossiya Hotel, at the northern entrance. I closed the door, took two steps, when suddenly a white Volkswagen drove past me, and from there people jumped out in civilian clothes... I knew this Volkswagen - I myself, together with this group, went to arrests in it. We transported the freed

hostages in the same white car. And then they grab me! I saw Borya Ditseyev. He grabbed the document and shouted: “FSB! You are under arrest." They sharply twisted my arms back. The first thought was - I see Borya. We were on good terms with him. We often went out for operations, I completely trusted him, and he trusted me. And now he's twisting my arms. And my Borya pulls out his FSB ID and shouts: “You are under arrest.” And I stand there, smiling.

They started shouting: “He has a gun, pull out the gun.” I say I don’t have a gun. They started beating. They hit me on the back two or three times. I asked: “Do you feel better?” Someone said, "Don't hit him." They put me in a Volkswagen. The investigator was sitting there. He says: "You are under arrest." I asked: “What am I accused of?” — A year and a half ago, when you were detained, you exceeded your official duties.

powers.

And he showed me the detention order. -Where have they taken you? - To the

military prosecutor's office, to

investigator Barsukov. I've already heard about him. At the beginning of March I was on a business trip, called home, my mother-in-law said: “Some Barsukov was looking for you.” At first I thought maybe Mikhail Ivanovich Barsukov, the former director of the FSB, I knew him personally. I asked my mother-in-law: “How did he introduce himself?” - “Barsukov Sergey Valerievich from the military prosecutor’s office.” It was March 3rd. And after that

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When I returned from a business trip, on the tenth of March, Senior Lieutenant Latyshenok, my former subordinate, came up to me and said: “They called me to the Main Military Prosecutor’s Office and demanded that I testify - so that I would write that you beat someone.” - And what, Kostya? - I asked. He replied: “I didn’t write.” You didn't hit anyone. They began to threaten me that,

they say, we’ll put you in prison, write.

By the way, Lettyshenok stated this in the military court. That’s what he said: “The investigator threatened me with arrest, shouted and demanded evidence against Litvinenko.” Well, let's get back to the arrest. I was

brought to the Main Military Prosecutor's Office, sat opposite the investigator, and the officers who detained me were already there. The handcuffs put a lot of pressure on my hands. I asked several times: “Loosen the handcuffs, your hands are swollen.” Later I even had scars on my wrists. "No. So sit." I say: “If you don’t remove the handcuffs, I won’t answer.” Barsukov gave the command, and the handcuffs were removed. Major General Bagraev came in. In a naval uniform, with a gold chain around his neck (now he is Gusinsky's lawyer). I was always amazed by all this trinkets - on people in uniform.

- Well, were you arrested? I say: “You see, I’m

sitting in front of you, Comrade General, which means I’ve been arrested.” I just don’t understand why. “Everything will be explained to you now,” the

general reassured. -Where are the keys?

your apartment? I jumped up:

— Are you going to do a search? - Answer my

questions. Then I got angry: “You know, I’m not going to answer your

questions.” They started searching me. They gutted the bag and took out a notebook and notepad. Bagraev grabbed it, started leafing through it, and there I had different surnames. He reads: Valya Yumashev, Boris Berezovsky. And he says: “What a man they caught! What a bird was captured! And do you know them all?

I ask again: “What am I accused of?” Barsukov showed a resolution to bring me to criminal responsibility as a suspect and a resolution to take me into custody... “Now,” says Barsukov, “I propose to give you

indications.

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- Sergei Valerievich, I will not testify. Please provide me with a lawyer, and then we will work.

- You know, Alexander Valterovich, you were identified. - Explain, if I beat someone, why was he silent for a year and a half, didn't go anywhere, didn't complain?

"There was no need," he says, "to give a press conference." "Did you just say that?" "I immediately said: "Why did you go on television? Who asked you? You should sit quietly. And you came to the press conference, and they recognized you on TV." Then Bagraev comes into the office and asks: "Well, is he giving evidence?" I answer that I will not testify without a lawyer. Bagraev: "Then go to prison." I was again put in the car and - in prison. On the way, Ditseyev tried to talk to me:

- Understand, they can kill you in Lefortovo, in the cell with you something might happen. And you will never be released alive... - And that's what your friend said? - Yes, Ditseyev. I asked: "Borya, what can I do?" - Well, why did you need this? Why did you go on television? Why did you go against the system? People warned you. "I was wailing all the way."

We arrived at Lefortovo. The bus in front of the prison suddenly turned around and headed back. I asked: "Why didn't you take me to prison?" They explained that they had forgotten the detention order. As I understand it, they gave me time to think. They thought they'd drive me to the prison, I'd fall to my knees and start begging: "Guys, don't put me in jail. I'm ready to write anything about anyone."

They "took away" the decree and took me to prison a second time. They sat in silence. No one warned that they would "kill you and you'll never see your family again." They realized that it was useless to intimidate. The "demonstration performance" is over.

They brought me to prison, and already in the yard one of the capture group aims a video camera at me and says: "Please tell me that you have no complaints against the capture group." This stupidity has always killed me. I told them: "I won't say anything." Ditseyev came out: "Well, tell me, we are friends, out of old friendship."

Tell".

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I felt funny. Out of old friendship, he brought me to Lefortovo, and out of old friendship I must say that I delivered well.

They searched me, confiscated my personal belongings, took away my laces, belt... My pants fell off without a belt. This is such humiliation, standing there, holding them with your hands. They gave me a rope. Then a woman doctor came. We still need to look for such a woman. You immediately remember films about Auschwitz... That's... a face. She may be kind on the inside, but on the outside it's easier for the blind. And this face says: "Strip naked." They spread my buttocks and looked all the way down to my tonsils: maybe I'm carrying something

secret there with me. The prosecutor's office removed my cross and watch. Here They took away the belt and laces.

- Why was the cross taken away?

- Because it's golden. Gold items are prohibited. The wedding ring was also taken. For you there is neither a pectoral cross nor a wedding ring. Such a prison. They searched me, examined me, looked where they needed to, touched me. Then they took me to a cell on the second floor. There was a woman in the next cell; she constantly screamed at night. I thought maybe she was being tortured there? Later I found out that it was Rokhlin's wife. They gave me a mattress, a mug, a spoon, but no soap. A day later I asked for soap. They gave me soda. I washed my hands with soda.

Have I really not earned myself a bar of soap in my twenty years of service in the FSB? I washed my hands with baking soda for five days until my wife brought me the parcel.

Whoever has not been to prison has not seen the stars in the sky

— How long did you spend in Lefortovo? — I

spent eight months in Lefortovo. I was put in solitary confinement and kept there for thirty-six days. I went on a hunger strike. It was the most terrible time. When they take you into a cell and the iron door slams behind you, it's serious. Your world is now seven steps, a grate, a toilet and a washbasin.

At first there was shock. Just a shock. The first night I didn't sleep at all and looked at the ceiling. On the day I was imprisoned, March 25, there was

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nasty weather, light snow and rain, mud. I don't like this time and live at the end of March waiting for the sun. And on the 26th they took me out for a walk. Such a small courtyard. Five or six steps in one direction and the same in the other. I look, and the sky is blue. And the sun. I walk like an animal between these walls. Above me there is barbed wire, bars and a blue, blue sky. I was in a wild state: spring had come to the city, but I was not there. I am here, in this exercise yard, where it is damp and cold. The walk lasts an hour. I walked for about twenty minutes, I couldn't stand it anymore, my heart was torn to pieces. For the first time I felt what a limitation of space was. In England I have already read the story of how a bear was brought to the Bristol Zoo from Russia. Almost the entire

city prepared a cage for him. A large enclosure was set aside, decorated, and a swimming pool was built. The bear arrived, they let him into the enclosure, and he behaved strangely. Three steps forward, three steps back. The space turned out to be

unnecessary for him. And beauty is unnecessary. Only - three steps forward, three steps back.

I asked to be taken away from the walk. They took me out and said: "Don't ask ahead of time again, that's not how it's supposed to be." They take people for walks according to a schedule. Walking less is against the law.

- Why are you talking about limiting space, because you were deprived of freedom? "You know, strangely enough, but for some

reason it was after the arrest that I felt some kind of inner freedom. Like skydiving. Free flight. It's too late to be afraid, it won't get any worse. In prison you are deprived of air, food, human dignity, but not freedom, and therefore they are trying to break you in order to take away your inner freedom from you too. — What were you thinking about while sitting in solitary confinement? "You won't believe it, but the most offensive thing was that I was imprisoned at the request of a man whom I detained for armed robbery and kidnapping. It would be better if they planted the cartridges. You can come up with various

excuses to imprison a person. But to be arrested for

performing official duty? For me, opera was just terrible. It probably sounds naive, but

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I have “ripened” in prison, I sit and think: the state has no right to imprison a person for serving it. This cannot be done. When I left prison, my former employees said that

the department I led was no longer doing anything. It was for this purpose that the department’s head, Sergei Ilyich Muzashvili, “organized” the work of the department. The opera goes to the city, they ask him: “Where? For what?. - “Meet with an agent.” - "Enough! Litvinenko has worked his way up and is in prison. Stop it, take the newspapers...” “But you need to get information,” the employees are amazed. And the boss told them: “Take newspapers, read and write certificates - journalists are more

they know ours.”

— Were you allowed visits in Lefortovo? - Yes. My wife

came to see me. Twice a month for an hour. They talked through the bars and plastic wall, and only on the phone. My wife, out of naivety, once tried to say something without a phone and was besieged: “Talk on the phone.” Marusya was surprised: “We can hear it anyway.” I had to explain that they were recording our conversations. — You were in prison, but how did your family live at that time? — On the first date, Marina told me: “I was invited

Boris offered to help me. What to do?"

I said: “Marina, I’m no longer a lieutenant colonel. I'm in prison.
Now we will understand who our friends are. Don’t refuse help.”

My first family, where I have two children, and the second with whom I live - son Tolik, Marina - all of them were left without a livelihood. The wife worked, but received very little. A small child - he had to be dealt with. They refused to pay me my salary at my place of work. So to this day they have not paid me anything, although they are obliged to. I was in prison, was acquitted, and the state must pay for the forced absence. In law. But they even embezzled this money. I received the pension that was assigned to me for the first time when I was released from prison. While I was sitting, many helped my family, not only Boris. —You didn’t have any savings? - Yes, nothing happened. Nothing at all. — You left with your wife and son, but what about your first family? “I am

separated from my eldest son and daughter not of my own free will.” They are
there, and I am here. Now I can at least help them.

From England to do it

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easier than from prison.

The son is being drafted into the army. His mother is crying. What can I tell my son?.. Yesterday

in a telephone conversation, my daughter asked for a sheepskin coat, and then an opportunity happened: friends were going to Moscow. I found the sheepskin coat quickly, but problems arose. How tall can a ten year old girl be? I haven't seen her for two years. I bought it to grow. I wonder how long she should grow to fit? But how worried Putin was, speaking on TV, that I didn't

I pay alimony to my first wife. — What,

Putin himself spoke about this on TV? - Yes, after I spoke

at the press conference, he had to cover me up. He said that the wife of one of the participants in the press conference approached him. It was my first wife Natalya who converted. True, not to him personally, but to Madekin, an officer of the Internal Security Directorate, who was conducting an operational case against me, collecting incriminating evidence. They called her themselves and asked her to contact them. Why would Putin stoop to such petty lies? All

They knew perfectly well that I was

paying. — Maybe Putin was let down by his staff? "She

brought them all the receipts!" They were taken away. And they still haven't returned it. The FSB director is not a pawn, he could have checked... But understand, they had nothing else!

— Did your ex-wife understand that by lying she was finishing you off? -

Yes. But she was intimidated. Then she cried: "I'm afraid, I'm a lonely woman, they scared me." After all, she was even forced to write in a statement: "If something happens to me and the children, I ask you to blame my first husband for it." Why would the Federal Security Service force a woman to write such a thing?

Simple human shame has been lost. "Natalya," I say, "do you understand what they are capable of? You gave them a tip about me in advance. Well, God forbid, they won't kill, but maim, and the culprit has already been identified..."

- Who else was called? "In

addition to the criminals whom I put in prison, all my relatives and my wife's parents, many close friends were dragged for interrogation. We were looking for something. I won two lawsuits against the fiscal

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cars. I thought about this a lot in prison. There is enough time. I went through my entire family history in my memory. She's kind of sad. I know my ancestry since 1822. By the way, the prosecutor's office confiscated a record of this pedigree during a search. For what? Savages! Tell this to English and French lawyers and they will burst out laughing.

- Big things, they say, can be seen from a distance. Or from above. And from the pit? "I was walking

around London and saw a monument to Oscar Wilde. There is a quote on it: "We are all sitting in a hole, but some of us can see the stars from there." So, anyone who has not been to prison does not know... what stars are. - What do the stars have to do with it? — It's hot in the cell in the

summer. There are days when

the temperature reaches forty. I can't breathe. I got permission to ventilate the cell, and they opened the window for us for four hours a week. At the end of summer it gets dark early. My cellmate once looked out the window for a long time and said: "I haven't seen the stars in the sky for three years." — Did you have friends in prison? - There are no friends in prison. You are alone in prison. If you start looking for friends, you will

die. I fought before. War is a terrible thing.

But prison is worse. In war, a friend is nearby, you feel his shoulder. That's the whole difference. But in prison there is no need to be afraid of prisoners. We must be afraid of power. - You were still in a five-star prison. For VIPs. "Then I was in Butyrka. — In a common cell? "I was in a cell where former

police officers and prosecutors are sitting. — Did they assign someone to you in

Lefortovo? - Yes. In Lefortovo I sat with those convicted of the most serious crimes.

And none of them hid the fact that they

were FSB agents inside

the cell, decoys. - Well, you knew that yourself. - Certainly. I told them that I would get out of prison and, out

of curiosity, I would read their intelligence files, now, they say,

you can do anything for money... They began to be afraid of me. Then the head of the operational unit called me:

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- Why do you say that there are cases against the agents? You know that there are no in-cell cases, right? And I know that it's not just that

there must be a case against the inmate, but without a signature on cooperation it is impossible

use as an agent.

- Is this legal? - By order

of the FSB. Moreover, without the written consent of an agent who is free (that is, not convicted), one cannot be put in a cell. And without a signed agreement to cooperate, you cannot recruit an inmate. There are those who are imprisoned on their own, and there are those who are already imprisoned and have been recruited. But I did not argue with the officer. He probably thought that I didn't know their rules. — And are they willing to do such work? - Who knows? It's one thing to rot in Butyrka, another thing to knock on Lefortovo.

The prison is clean, tidy, there is no stink, although

the moral pressure there is terrible. And it's hard for those who are being "developed" and snitched on.

everywhere.

The Russian prison does not punish, but breaks a person. Lefortovo - morally. Butyrka - difficult conditions.

Lefortovo is a strict detention center for persons whose affairs are handled by state security: espionage, serious economic crimes. I was sitting there "on suspicion that I hit him." Think about it, what an absurdity. Why there? Because Lefortovo is morally crushing. The walls there emit negative energy! Previously, it was a torture prison. They say that even birds don't fly over Lefortovo. I saw the bird twice on walks in eight months. They seem to be talking to you politely. But day and night there is an agent nearby, he keeps whining, wailing that there is no use in resisting, the system is strong, humble yourself, repent... - You were in prison for eight months. What do you remember most? Transfers? The image of the jailers? Window? Do the doors creak? - No, they don't creak. Silence. I have never seen such silence as there

heard.

Captive of Patrushev

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On September 15, 1999, they stood me up and told me that I was going to the call. That's what it's called. They led me into the room where meetings with lawyers take place. My lawyer Vadim Osipovich Svistunov beamingly shows me a paper - a decree on release from custody. “That’s it, Sasha,” says Vadim Osipovich, “let’s go home now. You are free". I don’t believe: “Who will let me go?” - But this is a court decision. The law, essentially. - Yes, but they just changed the preventive measure. To go home and wait for the trial.

The judge saw that I was in prison for a bruise, that there

was no evidence of my guilt in the case. The prosecutor's office did not satisfy a single petition, and I wrote about twelve of them. I’m writing: interrogate witness such and such. They don't interrogate. And they call Ponkin and demand: “It’s okay that Litvinenko beat Kharchenko.” That is, they fabricated a linden tree. Judge Karnauch leafed through it and issued a ruling to release me from custody. Thanks to him. A normal judge with us is like a gold nugget. But Lefortovo refused to accept the resolution, saying that it was without a seal. And the lawyer had to return to court. Karnaukh was surprised: “Can’t they call us?” I went to the chairman of the court, put a seal and, just in case, also my signature.

Lawyer again in Lefortovo. And to him, you can’t, they say, convey the resolution yourself, let the field service bring it. But this is illegal. The judge himself decides how to deliver the ruling: by field communication or through a lawyer.

When the field service brought the paper two hours later, the administration said: “It’s too late today, we’ll release you tomorrow.” And I sit in the cell all day, counting the seconds with my pulse. And I'm waiting. I am a free, free man - in a cell. The next morning I went for a walk. Everyone laughs: “I

shouldn’t go today.” I weakly argue: “Who will let me go?” - “Well, why won’t they let you go? This doesn’t happen.” I returned to the cell, five minutes later the duty officer, the shift leader, came in and took me away. They took me into the lawyer's office and

began to search me. They searched for a long time. And they calmly ask: “Are you going to take your TV?” A friend gave me a TV for my birthday. How not to pick it up! Let's go get the TV. And they are gone for two hours. Two hours! Sometime after lunch

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The head of the prison comes in and says: “Sasha, I’m sorry, we can’t release you. A fax came from the prosecutor’s office, they won’t let you go.” - Wait, what fax? What's wrong? Sane?

The court's decision -
released from prison.

“But the prosecutor’s office,” they explain to me, “protested.” I’m already shouting: “The

prosecutor’s office has protested, but until the next court decision, I’m free.” You do not have the right not to comply with a court decision. I am a free person and I demand to be released. You are committing a crime now. “This is an order from above,” answered the chief. I am a jailer and I am given

orders. Do you want us to give you a good camera? They took me to a cell, alone, and put me in prison. But I still had everything in my old cell: jars, flasks... I was so

upset: after all, in six months I had collected a bunch of things, a whole household. Prison is like life, there a jar of mayonnaise is worth its weight in gold, you can grate onions, peppers or tomatoes into it, and it won’t all go to waste. This is a great thing for a prisoner. In prison, for example, I had several toothbrushes, you can use them to make hooks and hang a towel. It will be clean and dry. This is also a great thing in prison. And that’s it, everything was gone for me. But I saw the release certificate, they told me: “Wait, we’ll

bring the TV now.” And then they come and take away the certificate of freedom. This is worse than the first arrest. It was a terrible shock.

I am sitting in a separate cell, damp, uninhabited. My wife came on a date. She sat and cried. And the phone was not needed for conversation. I reassure: “Marusya, what should I do? I will hold on." Seven days later, my lawyer filed a complaint with the

Moscow District Court that I was not released. The judge was surprised: “How come they didn’t release me? According to the documents, he is free." The lawyer had to prove that his client was in prison. The judge issued a personal ruling against Patrushev that the person was staying with him illegally. But in Lefortovo this court decision was not implemented either. So he sat there for another two and a half months before the trial. How he was captured. They assigned an agent to me—he didn’t hide it—Volodya Kumaev. They were interested in my relationship with Berezovsky. And for some reason Palych Borodin

fell. And before him, agents asked about Borodin, about

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Tatyana Dyachenko, about the Yeltsin family. Moreover, Yeltsin was still president then, and they were already collecting dirt on him.

The conversations were, of course, recorded. So I turned Kumaev on cats. He loved them incredibly, he could talk about them for hours. I'll ask a question, he'll jump from the president's family to cats and let's scald. I imagine how they are there listening to this snowstorm, and I can barely contain my laughter. Kumaev sat with me just during the trial. One day he started talking

about the Butyrka prison - how one should behave there. He named two places where I can please: the so-called "cat house" - this is in the tower, or in the "appendicitis", in cell 131, where former employees of the police and prosecutor's office sit separately - the law prohibits keeping cops together with criminals.

To Africa!

But I was taken to court hearings in a shared paddy wagon with criminals. - Isn't this prohibited? "So

what, what's prohibited?" they

said, there's no gasoline. Is it only because of this? All officers who serve understand that if they cross the path of their superiors and end up in prison, they will, in fact, be handed over to the criminals for punishment. They will no longer be needed. Not even convicted yet. Everyone will spit on them except their families. That's how it was with me. They took us somehow in a paddy wagon. On the way from the temporary detention center on Petrovka, several people were dropped off, among

them Pichuga, a famous thief. He was transferred to "Matrosskaya Tishina".

So he sat down, and for the first time I saw how a thief, respected in the criminal world, behaves among convicts. He pulled out a large bag - "sidor" is called in prison - took out cigarettes, and they are worth their weight in gold, especially with a filter, and said: "Who wants to smoke?" And he started giving it to everyone. Then he asked the policeman: "Senior, give the guys a pack of cigarettes in the next cell."

smoke.

He replies that he has no right. Then Pichuga takes another pack and says:

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- Here, eldest, give one to yourself, one to them. The policeman took one pack of cigarettes for himself and transferred the second to the next cell. Pichuga explains: “You see, this is garbage.” - And he

listens. - Garbage, scum. Now he sold his official position for a pack of cigarettes, betrayed his oath, and broke the law. In prison there are people who have broken the law, and there are these - trash. They differ from us in that you can buy them for a penny. If we eat at the same table with them, we will become the same. Therefore, you need to protect yourself from them.

He clearly showed everyone how power is sold. Classic situation. Then he introduced himself: “I’m a thief, I’m going to Matrosskaya Tishina. Is there anyone from “Matrosskaya Tishina”?” One responds: “I.” - “Who are the thieves?” - “Yes, there are only peaks there.” In prison parlance - black. Then Pichuga says: “Remember, there are no nationalities in prison. There are no Georgians, Armenians,

Russians, blacks. You went to prison, live according to our laws, and it doesn’t matter to us who you are - black, blue, green. Never say peak again.”

Pichuga is a political worker. He clearly showed everyone that they have no blacks, unlike our government, which drives Caucasians through the streets. Pichuga recognized me. In a previous

life, when I was still an opera man and he was walking free, we encountered him, but this is a separate story. He tells me: “Nothing. Everything will be fine. We know you." Criminals who live by their rules will never touch an honest cop. If a prosecutor or a police officer is killed in prison, ninety-nine percent of the time is that he took a bribe and did not fulfill his promise, or tortured and tormented - in general, he put the person in prison due to lawlessness. — And you didn’t have any problems with criminals? - It happened once. A few days later they took me to court again, and then I saw that they were arresting two bandits from the Yasenevsky group, whom I had detained. One

also recognized me, smiled, and asked: “What is your rank

now?” “Lieutenant Colonel,” I say. And the cell is packed with people—twenty-five people, twice the norm. He immediately got excited, shouting: “Brothers, this is garbage, garbage!” And then the light in the paddy wagon goes out. Well, I think that's it, I'm finished.

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And among us there was one serious authority, a thief named Blind. He says in the dark: “Don’t touch him. I know him. This cop refused to shoot the gang at the entrances, so he sat down. The lads, they say, are following your case. Remember, if anything happens to you, it’s garbage. We have nothing to do with it, don’t expect harm from us. He says you won’t become a criminal, because you are a cop. But you will sit quietly." Later at the trial I protested: “What are you doing, I say? Take me with criminals, they might kill me!” And they - zero attention. — What did he mean when he

said “he refused to shoot the gang at the entrances”? “The criminal world knew very well what URPO was, that we, in fact, had a license to commit lawlessness, and they knew what

reputation each of us had. Specifically, I think he was referring to the Metis story. At one time I worked

in a gang led by Petrosyan, nicknamed Beast. This gang committed the most serious crimes, they are called scumbags. Once, in broad daylight, they broke into the jewelry store “Pearls” in Krasnodar, shot a police officer, customers, sellers... A member of this gang, Ermolinsky

(nickname Metis), also committed a contract murder - his wife ordered her husband. They came to the man’s house, called, and asked: “Are you so-and-so?” He nods. Metis' accomplice pulled out a gun and shot him in the forehead. These are the crimes.

The first time these bandits were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and two were sentenced to capital punishment. Then the Supreme Court overturned the verdict, the case was sent for a new trial, and the bandits began to be tried anew in the Moscow City Court. And I was called there from Lefortovo as a witness. So the FSB completely deciphered me and handed everything over to the court. The bandits saw me and laughed: “Well, are you here too? Got it done." I did not have a lawyer during this interrogation. Only handcuffs and a guard behind you. By the way, many of my

bosses received awards for solving that case. Now these bosses are sitting in Lubyanka, and I stand and wait for the bandits to decide whether I violated their rights during the arrest or not. Obodiansky (one of the gang members), sentenced to capital punishment, naturally understood what he was facing at best

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case life imprisonment. He kept looking out the window. And I remembered the circumstances of our last meeting. After the arrest, I talked to him, and we had an incident - he spat at me and called me a rat catcher." And now, five years later, Obodiansky stands up in court and says:

"I want to apologize to Major Litvinenko," he didn't know that I was already a lieutenant colonel, "for spitting at him." He looked at me and added: "Sash, do you know why you are in handcuffs?"

Because he's not a bribe-taker. I would take bribes and sit in the place of this prosecutor. And this is a criminal. — Was this all said on record? - It was said in court. I don't know if they wrote it down

in the protocol or not. And Ermolinsky said the

following: "I want to explain that they beat me after the arrest and were about to gouge out my eyes." But Litvinenko came into the office, stopped

the police officers and sat with me all night so that they would not kill me. The judge asked: "Do you confirm this fact?" I said that I entered the room and saw police officers and Ermolinsky, who complained that he was being beaten. I sat with him all night because the policemen were drunk.

- Wait. Something's wrong here. Evening, you are after work, your wife, son are at home, dinner, bed. And you sit and protect the bandit. And the judge didn't laugh? Why did you need this?

"I was just afraid that they, drunk, might beat him to death." I know a lot of such facts - when people were slaughtered. Even on Petrovka. Once a bandit resisted arrest and shot a police officer. He was brought to the office and beaten to death with sticks by the entire department. Lynching was actually carried out.

Ermolinsky then promised me: "If we ever
We'll get out of prison, we'll ransom you and go to Africa."

— So you want to say that criminals clearly divide cops into good and bad? - Of course, they

understand everything thoroughly. If Putin had gotten there from the presidential chair, he would have been asked: "Listen, bro,

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And when you were sitting there, you understood that we had nothing to eat here?” And a long trial would begin. Moreover, it would be so scrupulous that no prosecutor’s office could even dream of it. I think it would take the crooks about eight months to

deal with Confused. In prison, the first demand is for broken human destinies. If you are a prosecutor, no one will touch you just because you are a prosecutor, but they will ask the first question: “Who did you imprison? - You will say: “Ivanova - for murder, Petrova - for murder, and Sidorov - for robbery.” - "Fine. Did you plant them by order or by law?” - "In law". - “Look, brother, if you deceive us, we will have to break your back. You better tell me right away. If it’s on order, then you’ll live under a shack and no one will touch you.”

- What is “under the hood”? - Under the

bunk, downstairs, under the bed... With mice and cockroaches. And they begin to write freely, to find out. It turns out that yes, according to the law. No questions. Or suddenly it turns out that he imprisoned Ivanov, Petrov, Sidorov according to the law, and some Semyonov - by order, for money. And while Semyonov was in prison, his mother died. And they will tell him: “Well, understand, you bastard, you have a human life on you! AND

This is what we have to answer for.”

For example, if my investigator Barsukov goes to prison, he will be asked who he ordered to imprison. He will answer: “No one.” And then he's finished. They will say to him: “Who imprisoned Litvinenko? Isn't it you?! Do you know that when he was in prison, his grandmother went to church to pray for her grandson and got hit by a car? And the stepfather died after interrogation. You ruined two human lives. Because he imprisoned an innocent man.” And this is what they will ask him for. Cruel but fair.

Ambush in the courtroom

- Let's go back to the court. When did it start? — At

the beginning of October 1999. - You

were accused of giving a man a bruise during his arrest. - Yes, no one accused me. I was simply humiliated

and smeared. The investigator repeatedly stated to my wife: “Marina Anatolyevna,

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you understand why Sasha has problems. Why did he go on television?' He told my lawyers the same thing. I was imprisoned only because I spoke at a press conference and accused the leadership of the FSB of corruption and crimes. When Kharchenko, whom I allegedly gave a bruise, was interrogated at the trial, he said: “They beat me for a

long time, first with machine guns, then with their feet.” The judge interrupted Kharchenko: “I am forced to read out the testimony that you gave during the investigation.” Then he claimed that it was only me who beat him. The judge asks, “So where are you telling the truth?” - "Now". - “Why did you say something different during the investigation?” “And the investigator told me that the authorities ordered Litvinenko to be put in prison. Therefore, we must testify against him.” - Did he say this in court? - Certainly! And in the minutes of the court hearing it is

registered. — Who led

the process? - Judge

Kravchenko. He told me directly that they threatened him and demanded that he be put in prison. And he acquitted me. — And you were released in the

courtroom? - It was like this. The judge was

threatened. An FSB officer came to him and warned that “if you don’t give this bastard eight years, you’ll be next.” The judge was not afraid; he pronounced an acquittal, which was appealed two or three times. The Main Military Collegium of the Supreme Court upheld the verdict. The verdict has entered into force and can no longer be canceled under any circumstances.

I am not guilty. And Kravchenko is no longer a judge. After this he was fired from his job. At the same time, the chairman of the court. By the

way, when the lawyer told the prosecutor: “Drop the charges, you see, Litvinenko is not guilty,” he replied: “I haven’t gotten an apartment yet...” “That’s how

he said it right at the trial?” - Of course, not

on record, but he said it. And everyone heard. My

friends even shouted to him: “We will buy you an apartment. Let go

person."

In general, the prosecution completely collapsed, and they did not know what happened do this.

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Then the prosecutor suddenly fell ill and did not come to the courtroom for a month. They brought me in and out, the judge sent faxes to the chief military prosecutor and demanded a prosecutor in the courtroom. I went on a hunger strike and said: “If the state put me in prison, let it support the charges. I demand a prosecutor." The prosecutor appeared in the courtroom exactly a month later. In one

day - both debate and the last word. The prosecutor asked for a year of probation - in fact, to be released. I thanked him for being conditional. But I am not guilty and I ask you to acquit me. Then I was taken back to the cell, and the court retired for a meeting. About four hours later, towards evening, they took me out. The corridor was full of people: journalists, cameras... They put me behind bars again and they began to read out the verdict: - In the name of the Russian Federation... I didn’t hear the verdict because I was in shock. When I entered the courtroom, I saw the prosecutors: the head of the department, Ivanov, the senior

investigator for especially important cases,

Barsukov, and another prosecutor were standing in a row. They stood as if at a parade. For some reason I thought: “Maybe they came to apologize?” Then it flashed: “No, these people don’t know how to

apologize".

On our last date in Lefortovo, I told my wife that I,

They'll probably be arrested in the courtroom.

After the judge said, “Not guilty. Acquit and release from custody immediately,” the convoy opened the bars. Suddenly masked people with machine guns and in camouflage uniforms burst into the hall, as if on a military operation. They rushed at me and shouted that it was the FSB and that I was under arrest.

They pushed everyone away, handcuffed me and dragged me out of the courtroom. “But the

trial isn’t over yet?” — The judge shouts:

“Bring back the defendant. Let me finish the trial. What are you doing?”... In fact, the prosecutor’s office, together with the FSB, set up an ambush in the courtroom. Then the chairman of the Moscow District Court wrote a statement that this was a clear contempt of court. - When was this? - November 26, 1999, around six o'clock in the evening. I was arrested

right during the trial.

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- How could they arrest a person who has not yet been released? “But they pushed the convoy, grabbed

it and dragged it out.” For them, the trial is like nothing. After all, the FSB is above the law. There are only internal rules of the game, which change depending on who they are playing with. And what’s surprising is that Boris Ditseyev came to the arrest again. Only wearing a mask this time. The head of the capture

group, I knew him very well, was without a mask, in civilian clothes, he carried his ID in front of him. This scene was shown on television. - Well, at least this time they didn’t beat you? Or - out of habit... - No. Almost silent this time. They just dragged me out. The judge shouted, “Get him back in the courtroom!” And they dragged

me back. I started to break free and say: “Listen, I’m under escort.” He

turned to the head of the convoy: “I demand to be taken under escort.” Then they explained

with the butt: “Be quiet.”

When the prosecutors began to read out the charges, the judge was taken aback: “Wait, gentlemen, prosecutors, let me finish the trial.” Let me finish. The charges were read out. New.

They handcuffed me again. I'm sitting, studying my new crime. The lawyer tells me: “Don’t sign anything!” I read that at some vegetable base he extorted something from someone. Although I have never been to a vegetable base in my life.

— Have you been charged with a new one? - Not

even an accusation. I was again detained on suspicion. Just like the first time. It is very important. Such an arrest is permitted either at the crime scene, that is, red-handed, or when there is evidence, but it must be collected - in ten days! - additional evidence. Both times I was arrested rudely, illegally, uncleanly, on trumped-up charges. And what’s surprising is that I was not ashamed of either myself, or the army of lawyers, or society, which still kept an eye on what would happen to me (although it did not interfere). It was blackmail, bargaining: if you accept our conditions, we will release you.

...They brought me to the prosecutor's office. Ivanov comes in and says: “Well, are you going to testify?” I ask why they

were arrested?

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“I did my best,” he says. “Now you’ll die in prison, we’ll drive you to Nizhny Tagil, and you’ll rot there.” Lawyers came and said: “We need to talk to

the detainee.” He says: "No." The lawyers insist: “Then we will write in the protocol that you refuse us a meeting with the client.” He thought and decided: “Okay, talk.” The lawyers asked me: “What are you

accused?" And I myself don’t know what.

— What questions were you asked? Have you tried to find out anything? - Nothing at all.

They asked: “Where were you on May 30, 1996 at two o’clock in the afternoon?” I replied: “I don’t remember.” - “Well, if you don’t remember, then you’re going to prison. They remember you." It turns out that on that day I allegedly hit some Ukrainian with a rubber stick at a vegetable store. Ivanov sits and types: “Do you know citizen Kiseleva?” “I don’t know,” I say, “and I refuse to testify.” - “Now you’re going to prison.”

Again the capture group came running, again they asked: “Do you have claims against the capture group? I didn't talk to them.

The officer bared his

teeth: “You’ll go to Butyrka.” This is not Lefortovo. And I'll go to your wife.

I have no complaints about the capture group. What could be claims against bandits?

They took me to prison. They put me in a single cell, no toilet, no tap. Unable to lie down. If you lie on your back, then you need to lift your legs onto the wall.

A puzzle

I didn’t sleep all that night - I remembered Volodya Kumaev’s advice about Butyrka - how to behave. -What was his advice? -

Well, so as not to run into trouble. So I

went into the cell, put my things down, went up to the oak tree - that’s what the table is called - stood up, introduced myself. He said who you are, under what article. Each cell has a watcher. He will call you over. Come up and tell me briefly about yourself. He will show you a place where to sleep. And you will begin to live a private life

life.

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The prison lives not according to the laws of the authorities, but according to thieves. And everyone understands this. Well, of course, the administration is establishing its own order, but the thieves' power is opposed to the official one, and the stronger it is, th
easier to sit. All

convicts ask to be sent to prisons where the power of thieves is established, "black" prisons. And everyone is afraid of the "red" prisons, where the administration is in charge. In Butyrka, of course, there is a special regime, this is not Lefortovo. They drive a

crowd of about forty people down the corridor. They lead me to a pile of dirty mattresses. The first thing that struck me about Butyrka was the terrible dirt. Stink and dirt. They gave me blankets. Tiny. If you cover your legs, it will reach your waist. If you cover your head, your legs will be bare. There are no sheets or pillowcases provided. They brought me to the cell. The same one - 131. Eight people were sitting there. And there are only seven places: six bunks in two tiers and one under the bars, under the window. They asked: "Who are you?" I say: "Litvinenko." They: "Ah, we heard. We know everything that happened to you. Do you have anything? But I still have everything in Lefortovo. And they gave me slippers, a toothbrush, toothpaste, a blanket, pillowcases, they gave me everything. - Some kind of supermarket, not Butyrka... - They were fully equipped. And they say: "Here is food. If you want, eat with us, or if you want, eat on your own, whatever suits you." When my wife gave me food seven days later, I treated the guys. She also gave me towels and a good camel blanket and a normal pillow. Then I left everything to the guys. This is how a supermarket is formed.

But things are not the main thing. And the way they are offered.

If only they had given me a blanket with holes in it, it would have kept me warm! — Is this a special camera for police officers? - Certainly. I don't know if the situation

influenced them, but the situation in the cell was... human, or something. The people I sat with were completely normal. We worried about wives, children, there was nothing criminal. When I got there, the guys immediately told me: "We don't have a thieves' move and all that. The prison is black, there is a government of thieves here, but in our cell it's normal."

Only when Vitalik, a Moscow riot police officer, was jailed for rape, did we ask him not to eat at the same table with us. We adopted this prison law. We lived together, no one, no one

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didn’t touch, there were laughter and jokes. In general, it's fine. Time passed much faster in Butyrka.

“You know, I’ve always been amazed by a person’s ability to remember the good in bad things.” For a veteran, the brightest years are the war. And you remember Butyrka almost tenderly. - This is probably after the icy Lefortovo. But

it was true, there was something human. In prison, sleep is carefully protected - when a person sleeps, he is not in prison, because he dreams of freedom. And on the morning of December 4, a song suddenly wakes me up. Former cops stand around the bunk and sing in broken English: “Happy Birthday!” They made a cake from cookies and condensed milk, stuck matches, lit it and sang.

I turned thirty-seven that day. You know, when I turn fifty, I will order a cake made from cookies and condensed milk. And the choir
cops...

— And did you share the programs?

- What about it? When they bring the package into your cell, everyone immediately gathers, the oak (table) is cleaned and they begin to lay it out. They take a sheet of paper and write everything down. The package is always damaged, the administration cuts butter, unseals sugar, breaks cigarettes. For what? To steal. So your wife gave you twenty packs of cigarettes. But you have to grab it! And they say that they can give you cartridges in packs. The cigarettes are broken, but the prisoners count by filters. So, they say: they stole a pack and two cigarettes, you bastards! It is believed that if a pack is stolen during a program, this is normal. And if there are two more cigarettes, it’s already chaos. How many marshmallows are in a kilogram - everything is calculated. How many pieces of sugar are in a kilogram - everyone knows. How much sausage? They fold the loaves, look at the length

- it’s clear! And they cut it, the sausage, to see if there is anything inside, and they cut out the entire middle part. And the prisoners add it up and count how much they stole. If it’s ten centimeters, then it’s normal, but if it’s fifteen, then it’s chaos.

Condensed milk cannot be passed in jars. They force us to pour it into plastic bottles. And diluted with water. It's good if it's boiled. And if it’s raw, everyone gets diarrhea. The authorities put the person in prison, deprived him of his freedom

(until the trial yet!), does not feed him, does not give him medicine. And he explains: “Guys! We don’t have any money!” Well, okay, there is no money, but why are you stealing programs?!

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When two and a half loaves of sausage were stolen from me, and they changed them - they took the good one and slipped the poisoned one, the guys told me: “Sasha, this is chaos, I need to write a statement.” I wrote a statement. The regime officials called me: “Why did you write a statement? Why is it bad for you to sit in this cell? We can transfer you to another one.” You understand, they can throw it into the general pool. — Do prisoners steal from each other? - This doesn’t happen. Russian prison laws are strict. If you

violate them, punishment is inevitable. But

no one will lay a finger on you or accuse you of anything until they figure it out thoroughly. It will take a long time to sort it out objectively. If only a shadow of suspicion appears that a thief made a decision against a person for money or for a piece of bread, he will be instantly crowned. And this is the worst thing for a thief. He falls from the very top to the very bottom of the prison hierarchy. I was amazed by the system of communication, delivery of information that exists there - simply amazed. After all, in each cell there is a record of common money. If money passes through a short time, it is recorded everywhere at what time this hundred dollar bill passed into this camera and where it

went next. A record is kept, the so-called wheelbarrow. If the money is missing, they will immediately find out in prison where it disappeared and from whom. — What is missing in the state system. - This is what’s amazing.

Liberation

- We will assume that before the second trial you were in human prison.
conditions. -

We assume. Moreover, I was hardly interrogated. Everything was clear to everyone. And so they set a court date, at which the preventive measure will be decided - whether I should sit under investigation or go under subscription. Got up at three o'clock in the morning. If in Lefortovo you get up for court at eight in the morning, here at three in the morning. At four o'clock you are released to the assembly, where they gather a lot of people. They begin to seat people in paddy wagons and in courts. By ten or eleven o'clock you are at the courthouse. If the process goes on every day, then you are somewhere

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At midnight they are brought to prison, at one in the morning they are taken to the cell, and at three they are taken back to the bench. After a week, any normal person would agree to anything as long as they let him sleep. I agree for any period, just let it fall somewhere. This is what happens in prisons.

I was brought to court, and the trial began. Judge: “What is Litvinenko accused of? Show me the documents." Prosecutor: “Accused of extorting green peas from a vegetable warehouse.” Me: “I’ve never extorted peas, citizen judge.” Lawyer: -You are accusing Litvinenko of a property crime. Have you established where this property is? Where are the peas he extorted? Where is he now? Have you installed it? They say: "No." Then the lawyer asks: “What was Litvinenko’s intention to extort peas? Did he have markets, shops, did he receive money for these peas? What is the intent? There is no intent. Extortion is an intentional crime. How can a person be accused of a deliberate crime without intent?” The lawyer asks: “Who is the victim? Who did my client extort peas from?” They say; "At Citizen Kiseleva's." Me: “I’ve never met anyone like that.” And then it turns out that Kiseleva doesn’t know me either. She wrote a complaint against the investigator, how he extorted testimony from her: “He took me into his office, on which hung a sign:

“Assistant Prosecutor Colonel Ivanov S.V.”, where I found myself alone with him. There he told me:

“Give it to me, hand it over to me!” You won’t need anything for the rest of your life”... When I begged and began to assure that I had nothing to say, he grabbed me by the hair and began to drag me by force. I screamed: “It hurts, let me go!”... He tried to kiss me. He lifted my skirt, I dodged...” The court considered the case and made a decision to release me from custody. Moreover, on that day, the

chairman of the court set up security and ordered the FSB not to let anyone through. So as not to misbehave. - And you were released? - Yes. It was December 16, 1999. After that, investigator Palamarchuk entered the room and summoned me to

the prosecutor’s office the next

day. There were journalists in the corridor, but I

decided not to give any interviews. The prosecutor's office and the FSB were afraid that I

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I'll open my mouth. Barsukov kept telling me: “Behave well.” Be quiet, then. I left the courtroom, the lawyers gave interviews to journalists, and I made no comments. They specifically gave me a summons for the next day, that is, they hinted: if I open my mouth, tomorrow I will be arrested at the prosecutor’s office. And when I got there, they showed me the results of an examination of some Ukrainian citizen, whose rib I allegedly broke with a rubber truncheon. Like this. While extorting peas, I broke a man's rib. Either sixth or seventh. The lawyer says: “Wait. How is it possible that you are accusing my client of breaking

a rib, but which one has not been established?” The investigator explains that the equipment did not allow this to be established accurately. The lawyer was taken aback: “How did she allow it to be established that the rib was even broken? How is this - either the sixth or the seventh? We ask that a re-examination be scheduled.” The investigator thought for a moment; “After all, they broke it in 1996. They are already overgrown, after four years. The lawyer said: “It’s your problem. You accuse a person, I ask for a re-examination.

But in general, I fought back then and remained free under subscription.
Although the prosecutor's office protested my release from custody. - How did your second

case end? — Barsukov was forced to close the case

of extortion of peas for lack of evidence of a crime. I had a 100% alibi. I remembered where I was on May 30, 1996 at two o'clock in the afternoon. At this time I was holding another event. Together with GUOP employees and the Armenian security service, we detained individuals who were involved in arms smuggling, including to Chechnya. Five cars with weapons were caught on the border of Armenia and Georgia.

The President of Armenia and the Minister of Security then sent papers to encourage the participants in this operation. That is, the prosecutor’s office “washed itself” with its peas. If I had not remembered the Armenians, if I had said that I was at home with my wife or with friends, I would have been condemned. They would have given eight or nine years for extorting green peas... - How did you feel immediately after your release? — The first days are, of

course, an unforgettable feeling. When you sleep in prison, you

dream of a house, a wife, children. You wake up and see a prison. Horror. It was as if I had been forced into prison.

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And at home I dreamed... of prison. Even now I often dream about her. I also dream that I am in Moscow, at home, and a group has been sent for me
capture.

We immediately went with friends to the holiday home to celebrate the year 2000. My former comrade Sergei Nefedov was also there. We caught bandits together in 1991. He was on vacation with his wife and child. I somehow sat down at the table with them. He is with a pistol, an FSB officer. And I'm under investigation, like a criminal, so the conversation started. But we already spoke different languages. This is a happy, prosperous KGB family. A well-fed child, a cheerful wife and a

confident husband with a tree in his pocket and a pistol at his side. He generally doesn't go out on the street without a gun or ID. In a country where they provide security, few of them walk the streets without weapons.

Nefyodov asked: "Didn't

you receive any money from Berezovsky for the press conference?" I answered: "No." - And we think you received a million

dollars. Why, you fool, didn't you take money from him? We thought, at least you're whining for money there. What are you doing, for free? His wife simply went crazy: "What are you doing, you fool?" Look how

everyone lives and drives jeeps.

This was said by the daughter of an officer, the wife of a lieutenant colonel. They have a three-room apartment on Rublevskoye Shosse, which Nefyodov bought. For a salary. — What is the salary of an FSB lieutenant colonel? - Three thousand, a little over a hundred dollars. — A good salary

for a man with a pistol and an FSB ID! - Yes, but this

officer, in addition to the apartment, also has a nice

country house with all the amenities. Also bought with salary. He has two foreign cars, for himself and his wife. This is

fine. He lives for himself, no one bothers him. Everybody knows. When Nefyodov bought himself an apartment on Rublyovka, he wrote a report that he won at MMM. And for cars, probably at Sportloto...

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Chapter 2. Developer

Private bussiness

— Have you been in uniform all your life? -

This is a family thing. Litvinenko's Cossacks served the Fatherland for centuries. My great-great-great-grandfather Sergei Prichisko served in the Russian army in the Caucasus, in Yermolov's detachments. In 1822, in a battle with the Chechens, he was wounded, then settled in the Nalchik fortress. He is from Cherkassy, a serf. He had a choice - either back to serfdom, or to stay in Nalchik, receive five rubles from the tsar and start his own farm. He stayed, bought a horse, a cow - with those five rubles, built a house (now it is the corner of Sovetskaya and Republican, opposite the building of the Ministry of Internal Affairs). All my ancestors were born there. Grandfather fought in the Patriotic War as a squadron commander, and then head of reconnaissance of an air division. I went through the whole war. He caught fire twice on a plane and jumped out with a parachute. My grandfather has the Order of the Red Banner of Battle, two Orders of the Red Star and medals "For Courage" and "For Military Merit". But he has more burns and holes on his body than medals. When I was five years old, my grandfather led me by the hand to the local history museum in Nalchik, showed me a banner and said: "Your grandfather fought under this banner." Remember, our whole family defended Russia, and you must defend it. My uncle, my father's brother, who now lives in Smolensk, went through the whole of Afghanistan. He didn't ask to go to war, he was drawn by lot. Their department received an order - one person to Afghanistan. The guy said: "You know, to go to war, you have to be a fool, crazy. Let's draw lots." They pulled matches and he pulled out Afghanistan. In the evening I went home and didn't know how to explain to my wife (they have two children) that he was going to war. Suddenly a shout: "Comrade Major, why don't you salute?" He turned - general. The guy approached him and said: "Comrade General, I'm sorry, I didn't notice you."

The guy was dismantled for this at a party meeting. Before Afghanistan! Instead of telling him: "Goodbye, be alive!", they sandboxed him -

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Why didn’t he salute the general?

And my father was a doctor in the Ministry of Internal Affairs. A few years before his retirement with the rank of captain, he was expelled from the force. He then served on Sakhalin in a general regime colony.

The administration committed atrocities: they beat prisoners and stole packages. My father said that one even put his hand under a saw, just to be removed from this area. Some prisoners, having received the parcel, buried themselves in the snow, sat there and ate what was sent. The convoy was looking for them. The soldiers were freezing, and when they found the prisoners, they beat them mercilessly, cruelly, because the guards were going wild - for days in the cold... They found them and beat them. And when they were brought to their father, crippled, he exhorted:

- Well, what are you doing, they’ll mutilate you. They explained: “But we had a hearty meal.” At least once. My father stood up one day at a meeting and said:

- If you are officers, why do you steal? Why are you taking away food from prisoners? He wrote a letter

to Brezhnev: “This is not a camp, but a concentration camp, I am a doctor, I took the Hippocratic Oath, and here people are being maimed. As a doctor, I cannot see this. I ask you to look into it and stop this crime. You deprived people of their freedom, but no one gave you the right deprive them of their human dignity.”

Major Gapon came from Moscow to investigate, as my father said, and looked at everything and said: “You’re crazy.” The father replies: “I’m normal...” In general, the father was fired.

- It turns out that you are a hereditary truth-seeker... Why was your father named so unusually - Walter? “My grandmother loved Walter

Scott. Maybe that's why I'm in England?

In 1938, my father was named that way...

In general, everyone in the family were military men. I went to work too. —

How did you get into the KGB? —

In 1985, after graduating from military school, I was sent to Dzerzhinsky's division. To the fourth company of military unit 3419.

The battalion in which I served escorted Gokhran cargo. They carried gold, silver, platinum and diamonds. Our fourth company was special. This is the only unit in the internal troops that traveled abroad. And it, naturally, was stuffed with agents.

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Before me, the platoon commander was - later he became a Hero of Russia for the operation in Pervomaisky - Nikitin. As I understand it, he worked in their intelligence apparatus. He left, they needed a new agent - they recruited me. Nikolai

Arkadyevich Andryushin, major, spoke to me. Special department of the KGB of the USSR, military unit 70850. He said, Sasha, this way and that, we need to help the authorities. I asked, “What will it be?”

— Firstly, you are traveling abroad. So that there are no escapes, smuggling, theft of weapons and ammunition.

- But if I know something, I will always tell you. - You see, in order to do

work, you must give a subscription. Well, standard recruitment. This didn't cause any problems for me. I wrote a subscription about cooperation, chose a pseudonym - Ivan, and began to collaborate with them.

There was serious work to prevent the theft of weapons and the shooting of guards. In principle, everyone understood that the special department, although called the military counterintelligence department, was in fact the military police. I didn't think I did anything wrong.

“You’re not a pilot”

“And yet you joined an organization that exterminated millions of our compatriots.” And which is still proud of its “glorious history.” - Listen, I was a young lieutenant. The security service has some kind of attractive

force. There is something magical in the very touch of mystery. So I spoke with Vladimir Bukovsky. He said that at the age of eleven he was kicked out of the pioneers because he understood everything. Well, he was lucky in his life that he immediately realized everything. And I - later. When I joined this organization, I didn’t think about anything like that. Do you remember Anka singing: “Are you not a pilot?! And I was so glad...” This is about a girl who was horrified when she found out that her boyfriend was serving at Lubyanka. When I heard this song in the

early 90s, I was also shocked that in the song we were called “exterminators of our people.” It was only then that I first began to think about how many people hate us for our history. I fought with bandits, I didn’t even think about politics. But for one who considers us

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“fighters”, two of them, for whom we are valiant defenders of the Motherland. Including the Cheka and Felix. Listen to Putin.

After all, our society has not condemned anything or anyone. We did not have a public trial of the KGB. What should you ask me? If there was a public trial, they would say that the KGB is a criminal gang and should be disbanded, and I would come and say: “I want to serve in your glorious ranks,” - then they could ask me. From me and thousands of other guys who serve there. Now there will be admission to the FSB Academy. And again there will be a competition - ten people per place. My department

head, Colonel Platonov, was shocked when his son entered the FSB Higher School, and they demanded money from him. And he paid for his son to follow in his father’s footsteps. Thousands of boys want to work in the FSB because they listen not to Anka, but to Putin. They want to because society has never condemned this Office. - Well, you became an agent. Did you receive any assignments? - Yes, I received it. The tasks all boiled down to ensuring that there were no hazing or theft of weapons. Just when I was recruited, there was a serious emergency

in the division: two servicemen shot their colleagues and ran

away. All of Moscow was looking for them.

I remember that these days Gorbachev was returning from France, then our Secretary General’s first trips to the West had just begun. And we, officers, together with employees of the Federal Security Service, cordoned off the entire road from the airport. This happened before November 7th. Just a new

ventilation system was installed in the Kremlin Palace of Congresses. And they put us there to “test” it. The entire division sat there all day. And then suddenly they lifted him into the gun and into the forest. — Did you try to organize work in a political direction? — At that time, the KGB was almost no longer involved in politics. At least I didn’t

receive such tasks. So, sometimes, as they say, they tried to remove the reaction. After

some congress of the CPSU, Andryushin, wincing, asked to inquire how the officers reacted to the decisions. Of course, everyone sent me to hell with such questions. Well, I told this to Nikolai Arkadyevich. That’s what he said - no information, everyone sent me... “No way,”

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Andryushin smiled. “We accepted everything with a feeling of deep satisfaction.” That’s how we’ll write it.” — What happened to Andryushin

next? — He rose to the rank of deputy head of the

department. He drank a lot. The last time I saw him was in 2000, in February. Our comrade died in Chechnya, Grisha Medvedev. And at the cemetery I approached him. He no longer recognized anyone and was very ill. And the man was very good. Judging by the way Andryushin worked, I did not see anything reprehensible in the KGB. Then they no longer looked for who said what? - no one

was doing this anymore.

— How did you move from agents to career employees? — In 1988, I was

officially seconded from the internal troops to the KGB of the USSR, and I entered the Higher Courses of Military Counterintelligence. Actually, my service in the KGB began in 1988 and lasted until my arrest

- 11 years. I served in different departments: military counterintelligence, the Economic Security Directorate, the Anti-Terrorism Center, and moved to URPO in 1997. He has always been involved in the fight against organized crime, terrorism, assassinations and kidnappings.

In the FSB, in the intelligence services, there is such a thing as a developer. This is a person who collects all the material about a criminal group or object. What is a development object? This is a person who came to the attention of the intelligence services. That is, people who are suspected of conducting espionage activities, leading stable criminal communities, preparing and committing terrorist acts. The developer studies these people and their connections. He gives tasks to agents, trusted persons, external surveillance - who to monitor, technical departments - who to listen to. Everyone works

for him, and he alone knows everything about the object. This is the highest level, the highest class in the intelligence service. I was a developer. Development usually ends with the initiation of a criminal case. At this stage, my group was engaged in operational support of the investigation. — What is the difference between an agent and a fiduciary?

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— The agent regularly carries out tasks, there is a personal file on him. And the authorized representative carries out individual instructions. - Is he being registered? — Trustees are

registered with a certificate. Some

are not currently registered by operational workers. For example, Trofimov once advised me not to register anyone at all. “Everything is for sale,” he said. Trustees sometimes work more efficiently than agents, and then they are transferred to agents. - So you were an investigator? - No, you can tell the difference. I was not an investigator, but an operative. The investigator and the detective work in parallel. There is a criminal case. There are people in prison. There are some criminals out

there. There are people on the wanted list. So, the

unit that carries out operational support of a criminal case, organizes investigations in pre-trial detention centers, carries out external surveillance of persons for whom there is evidence that they could be the Word, and collects participants in the crime. evidence.

The investigator has the right to use only open methods - interrogation, etc., which are prescribed in the Criminal Procedure Code. And the operational unit involved in the development and support of a criminal case uses secret methods that are laid down in the law on operational investigative activities. An operational investigative group is created by order, and joint work is underway. — What kind of things did you mainly have to do as an opera? - Okay, for example, here’s one of my first cases. In Moscow there was a group of Svan athletes who kidnapped people. The leader is Tariel Oniani. Healthy, strong guys. And very naive. Some didn't even realize they were

committing a crime. They spoke Russian poorly. We lived in the hotels “Russia” and “Ukraine”.

There was such a bank “Atlant” on Mira Avenue, and Sulkhan Aleksandrovich Magradze was its director. His grandson was kidnapped. We started working. Before they could find the grandson, he was returned to his grandfather. I don’t know whether he paid the ransom or not. I don't think he paid. But we established who was the gunner in his entourage. Started it

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develop and discovered that he is connected with thief in law Mikeladze (criminal nickname Arsen). And the leader of the gang is Oniani. Their meeting places were established; restaurant "Kolkhida" on the Garden Ring and the Georgian center "Mziuri" on Arbat. They extorted money by calling a pay phone on Old Arbat. They have lunch

at Mziuri, then call, extort money, confuse, threaten and return to the restaurant. Everything is quite primitive.

Then they kidnapped a man whose family lives in Zestafoni. His name was Paata Zirakadze. They extorted about a million dollars. I met with his mother and relatives and persuaded

him not to pay.

The mother was afraid, but I promised her that we would definitely find my son.

They worked day and night. We haven't been home for two weeks. We followed in the footsteps of this gang. We established their places of residence and their vehicles. They installed listening equipment in hotel rooms. Finally, external surveillance managed to photograph how they took the hostage. They found the place where he was kept. But we decided not to release him until we found Paata. The outdoor activity continued for three more days. followed the trail of the bandits and went to a rest house in the Moscow region, where Zirakadze was kept. Then it was, as usual: “Alpha, everyone stand, you are under arrest!” That same night,

searches were carried out in other identified apartments and two more hostages were released. Sixteen bandits were detained!

I could tell a whole book of such cases.

Opera opera discord

— You started your career in the authorities as a secret KGB agent. They don’t like people like that, they call them “informers.” — There is discord

between agent and agent. I was a military counterintelligence agent and considered this an important matter. There are agents in the fifth direction - political investigation, who turn in their friends for money. And there are real heroes who risk their lives, sometimes saving strangers. There is no point in lumping everyone together. I get angry when people talk about any agency as “informers.” Many operate in criminal gangs, they are real heroes, they know that if they are discovered, they will be killed on the spot. These are people braver than even

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scouts. They will find, for example, our illegal intelligence officer in England, America, and no one will kill him. They will be put in prison, tried, exchanged. He has a chance to get a fair trial. And he will receive exactly what he deserves for the damage caused to his host country. If an English spy is found in Russia, he also has the opportunity to get a trial. Maybe unfair, like with Pope. But still a trial... An agent who operates among bandits, thugs, terrorists has no chance of a trial. To many of them I am ready to take off my hat and bow at their feet. They save the lives of civilians! They are the ones who make up the power and

strength of any intelligence service. Not open employees, not zdanovichs who lie on television, but precisely those people who risk their lives every day, and no one will ever know about them. When I became an oner, I had them - like this

agents.

Operas and operas are also different - it depends on who does what. One directs his agent to solve crimes, to prevent terrorist acts, and the other to collect jokes: who told a joke about Putin, who laughs at Ivanov or Patrushev...

It is impossible to use the same agent both to collect jokes and to work in a criminal environment, or to introduce him into terrorist organizations. These are different specialties. And an operative who grew up on political investigation will not be able to serve in the counter-terrorism unit. And vice versa. It's one thing to save people's lives, and another to shut them up.

Young employees are told an incident; how during the war the regiment broke out of encirclement, the commander was wounded, the Nazis were on their heels. Several people had to detain the enemy. Die to save others. The commander told the special officer: take any platoon and hold out as long as you can. And then the special officer in front of the line orders: “My people, come to me!” And all the agents came out. And everyone died. Snitches? Agents. As is the opera, so are his agents.

Imagine Putin in this situation. So he would stand in front of the line: “My people, come to me!”, and who would come out? Patrushev? This one is for the Motherland He can kill, but never die. I'm not ashamed of

my work. Let Zdanovich be ashamed.

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“So you’ve never done anything you’re ashamed of?” “I’m ashamed that I was cowardly and wrote a report against my department head, Platonov. In 1995, after the events in Budyonnovsk, Stepashin was removed, and Barsukov was appointed director of the FSK. There was a purge, and almost all department heads were removed. Including Platonov. But since there was nothing to remove him for, they provoked a conflict. Platonov came to Volokh, the newly appointed head of the Operations Department. And he started yelling at him. Platonov returned and said in his hearts: “I would have shot him. What a bastard!” Several people heard this. They began to call us and demand that we write a report on Platonov. I understood that it was just nerves, the man could not restrain himself, that he would never shoot Volokh. Nevertheless, the words were spoken. I said

that this was nonsense, but they still called me and ordered me to write a report. I obeyed, then went to Platonov and said: “Alexander Mikhailovich, I wrote a report on you, excuse me.” He says: “Come on. You weren’t the only one who wrote.” This is the main thing why I

ashamed.

Second. In 1995, I took part in a provocation against the famous human rights activist Sergei Grigoryants. The FSB simply hates him. Especially those who worked on the fifth line. They constantly listened to him and watched him. In 1994–1995, he was under pressure to abandon his human rights activities. But the man turned out to be stubborn, they couldn’t do anything with him. At the end of 1995, he and two Chechen women were supposed to go abroad to some kind of human rights conference with video materials about crimes committed by Russian troops in Chechnya. The head of the Operations Department,

Volokh, called us into his office and reported to Barsukov that the people were ready and were leaving for the mission. Information was received from technology that Grigoryants was going to leave the country with these materials. Volokh ordered the videotapes to be seized, stolen or rendered unusable. We asked - if confiscated, then on what basis? We ourselves cannot do this, this is a matter for customs, and they do not have the right to confiscate documents. They are not prohibited.

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A reason was needed for Grigoryants and his companions to be searched at Sheremetyevo-2, detained, and not allowed on the plane. Someone suggested: “We need to download something for them.” Volokh grinned: “Well, yes, drugs for Grigoryants? Who will believe it? - “Well, then we need to throw up some cartridges.” Volokh says: “I agree. Drugs at the border are a criminal matter. We don't need a criminal case. Why do we need noise? You just need to steal or spoil the materials.” - “You need to throw the cartridges at one of the Chechen women, then take the explanation that she took the bag from friends, and there were cartridges there. After all, where are the Chechens, the din of cartridges.” Volokh agreed: “Yes, yes; Fine. Do you have any cartridges? Just look, not from the FSB series, so that they won’t determine later,

that this is from our warehouse.”

My task was to connect with the outside traffic (they were leading Grigoryants), bring him to customs and show him - here they are. And Colonel Surkov, Volokh’s assistant, was already there. The cartridges were planted either by customs during inspection, or by Surkov. I do not know who. We have done our job. Grigoryants did not fly anywhere that day, and if he did fly out, it was without those documents. I am ashamed of these two cases. - This is all? - This is the main thing. - Sasha, I'm

sorry, but I have to ask you an unpleasant
question. It

turns out that you

are like a ray of light in a dark kingdom. Do you claim that you never worked for nothing, didn’t even use what you could get your hands on - in a word, you always lived on your salary?

- I will answer you this way. Everyone has episodes in life that you won’t talk about publicly. And I won't. Do you remember how the song says:

Fate has changed me, But
I myself am not a saint...

There are episodes in my biography that I will not share with you. Even the Constitution has an article allowing one to refuse self-incrimination. But I never killed anyone, didn’t kidnap, didn’t provide protection, and wasn’t in trouble with bandits. And there is no blood on me. So I have nothing to be ashamed of, and I sleep peacefully.

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And understand, I have been in the operational development of special services for five years now. There is a senior management team to find at least something on me. They brought up all my ins and outs. They turned everything I had done over the past ten years inside out. And what? They found three scoundrels from among the bandits whom I sent to jail, and they slandered me. I don't know what they were promised for this. They testified that I hit them five years ago, and they suddenly remembered it. I was put in prison for this, tried, but the court acquitted me. I assure you, if there had been a crime or something shameful behind me, the FSB would have spread the word to the whole world. And I certainly would not have left prison.

Colleagues

— You began your career in the FSB, fighting organized crime in close coordination with the Ministry of Internal Affairs. And then you developed a reputation as a crime specialist within the Ministry of Internal Affairs. How did it happen? — My partners in the Ministry of Internal Affairs were the MUR and

RUOP, the unit for combating organized crime. At first, we often worked as one team, on the same object.

— So your service essentially duplicated the police? - No! We need to

understand the difference. The essence of criminal investigation is that they work "from a corpse," from the fact of a robbery or theft in an apartment. They start looking for a person from a crime. The KGB always worked "from the people." As in the joke "if only there were a person, an article would be found..." Through agents they find a person who arouses suspicion as to whether he is involved in this or that case. And from him, through his connections, they go to the crime he committed (or not). This is called "development".

When RUOP was created, they had no developer experience. And we had no experience working in a criminal environment. We taught them, and they taught us. The effect was wonderful. — There are legends about the confrontation

between Petrovka and Lubyanka. - This has never happened before! The confrontation

began later. At first they were wary of us, and then we came to them as if we were going to work. There were such warm, human relations that

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they even helped us with the selection of agents among the criminal community. We did the same thing and shared the difficulties, not the glory. Later, when Klimkin

became the head of the Moscow RUOP, the department began to turn into a gang. But in the period from 1991 to 1993, it was the Moscow RUOP that brought the bandits to their knees.

In the early nineties, they were partying with all their might. I remember there was a gangster gathering at the President Hotel. The Chechens killed some Armenian: they chased him through the corridors and shot him. The bandits lived in the Ukraina Hotel for several months, ate and drank on credit. And when they were asked to pay, they started shooting at the ceiling. They weren't afraid of anyone. And they were not touched. I remember this picture: I had to make an urgent call, I wanted to go to the Savoy Hotel, there was a pay phone there. I came up and they didn't let me in. Showed his ID, but they didn't care, they said: "Get out of here." And then I see people with chains around their bellies getting out of a BMW, they are stopped at the entrance: "Who are you?" - "We are bandits." - "Come on in." It was later that the crook began to talk about himself: "We are businessmen." And in those years, the bandits did not particularly hide. The number of murders jumped,

racketeering became the norm.

Moscow was worse than St. Petersburg. I remember one night we had to free three hostages. Well, can I forget the woman who was visited and her nine-month-old child was placed in a bath of ice water? They demanded money. This is what was happening. Both the Moscow police and our service then began to chase the bandits like wolves on the hunt. Literally surrounded in a circle. And in

two years Moscow turned into a more or less civilized city. Yes, crimes were committed, but it wasn't the same anymore. There was no such impudence. And the main merit in this is the Moscow RUOP. There was, of course, corruption and abuse of power, but it was all investigated! I remember they kicked out a guy, a former paratrooper, because he stole money during a search. His colleagues identified him and kicked him out. We were

then looking for hostages together with the eighth department (ethnic groups). It was led by Mikhail Vasilyevich Suntsov, a famous Moscow detective. They worked day and night, no one received any remuneration. Sometimes there was nothing for dinner.

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But gradually both the RUOP and the FSB took up one thing - extracting money. And they became not comrades-in-arms, but sometimes accomplices, sometimes competitors. And it all started with the

cops. - Why?

— Probably because they were closer to small businesses, to stalls. And then they are organized territorially, on the “ground”

sitting.

I remember I had a meeting with agent Alexander. He comes with wide eyes and says: “You know, the local police officer gave me an order to blow up the chief of police.” We documented this information and passed it on to the prosecutor's office. The prosecutor's office began to look into it. Even the agent was questioned. Everything was confirmed: the district police officer asked the agent to blow up the police chief because he had banned the sale of vodka at the kiosks from which the district police officer received money.

That's how it all began. Less than three years later it grew to the point of chaos. Today, almost no commercial enterprise operates without sharing with the police or the FSB.

Yaponchik was considered the uncrowned king of the Russian underworld. Imagine that Jap will be released from an American prison, he will come, come to the kiosk and say: “I am Jap. Pay me ten rubles." Yes, he won’t get ten kopecks! The cops will come and beat you up. Because it's their kiosk.

Sometimes it reaches the point of absurdity. An agent comes to me: “The policeman asked me to create a gang on their territory.” I ask: “How’s the gang?” - "So. The head of the Criminal Investigation Department called and suggested: “We are creating a gang, and you will be its leader. You were sitting there, you know this audience. We will give you weapons." The agent asks: “Why do you need this?” “The businessmen have gone crazy and are refusing to pay. You will start to attack them, and we will sort of sort out the issues with you. Receive money from them and give part of it to you. And whoever won’t pay, you will deal with them in your own way. You will keep the area in fear, and we will protect the area from you.”

- But today they are trying to reorganize the RUOPs. - Too

late. Now everything is already captured. By the way, the newspapers write that the RUOPs were going to be disbanded due to the fact that the FSB and the police were dividing Slavneft. They say that Gutseriev was under the roof of the RUOP. Therefore, they appointed their own Minister of Internal Affairs

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man, Gryzlov, and he will reform them under his command. They write this openly, but this is a criminal showdown. And no one is surprised. As if that's how it should be.

Habits of RUOP

- Each criminal has his own handwriting. What is the specificity RUOPov?

- Every crime, no matter who commits it, is hidden. Law enforcement officials hide their crimes in a well-known way: they try to give them the form of legality. If criminals break the law, then law enforcement agencies are used. his. How did employees of one of the departments of the Moscow RUOP commit banal robbery attacks? Through their agents, they established commercial firms that have large amounts of cash. For example, from clothing markets or stores. But instead of acting according to the law - informing the tax police, they acted as follows. The police recruit agents, as a rule, from the criminal environment. A criminal agent is not a Duma deputy. Either he will run away, or he will go somewhere, or he will be killed, you never know. Then the

police put their missing agents on the wanted list. As the person who allegedly committed the crime. He will be detained somewhere, they will call an operational worker, he will come, pick him up and sort him out.

— Is it possible to put someone on the wanted list without any

reason? - They take some criminal case and just write it down there the required

surname. - But this is illegal. -

Yes, but it is often used for operational purposes: the agent needs to be found, but the person has disappeared. Not the most legal, but effective method. This was what one of the RUOP units used. They took their previously convicted agent and put him on the wanted list as a person who had committed a particularly serious crime. After this, they set up an office where a large amount of “black” money flows. The agent should have simply walked into this office and said to the secretary: “I would like to meet with so-and-so.” - “And for what

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question?" - “I’ll tell him personally.” His task is to stay in the room for about five minutes. As soon as the agent enters the office, a few minutes

later the police swoop in, detain everyone and check their documents. Naturally, the company's management is interested in: “What happened? What's the matter?" “But there’s a man hiding in your company who’s wanted for a lot of murders.” Everyone, naturally, is outraged: “It’s not ours. We don't know how he got here." The police sternly: “Everyone says so. It would be strange if you said that you know how he got here

hit."

And the search begins in order to establish material evidence. Of course, unaccounted cash is found. “What kind of money is this?” - they ask. To them: “You understand, this way and that…” Result: the money is either divided, or it is simply taken away and left. Who will write the statement? Cash is black. A proven method that works flawlessly. — There is a lot of talk about searching for missing cars. — The seventh department of the Moscow Criminal Investigation

Department, which deals with the search for cars, is one of

the most profitable divisions. Money is made like this (we worked on many signals for them): a number of previously dismissed employees of this department organize a private company to search for cars. And the seventh department has a computer with a database to identify the owner by number. There is only one telephone in the department - you can’t get through to it, you’ll lose half a day, any operative knows that. And the company has direct access to the database. Stolen cars are usually hidden in large paid parking lots. They go there from the MUR, check all the cars in a row and find one or two that were stolen. If the car is expensive, they determine the owner and transfer

his data to that private company, that is, to their own comrades. The company contacts the victim and offers to “find” the car for money. If a car costs ten to fifteen thousand dollars, then they are “looking” for three to four thousand. Moreover, they take an advance payment and, looking with honest eyes, say: “You will pay the rest when we find her.” And the car has already been found.

As a rule, a person agrees because the car is expensive, it is better to return the old one for a third of the price than to buy a new one. Literally a week later they call the owner and say: “We found it.” Automobile

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return, take the second part of the money and share with employees
police.

It is clear that with such activities, sooner or later you have to deal with real hijackers, and there comes a time when it is more profitable to negotiate with them, even “get a share”, rather than arrest them. Because if PIX is imprisoned and cars stop being stolen, then the source of income will disappear. And at some point the line between cops and bandits begins to blur, and you can no longer understand who is who.

I had an agent from a criminal background. He came to a meeting one day completely dumbfounded and told the following story. They go with one thief to a restaurant. The thief says: “We’ll stop at Shabolovka.” - "For what?" - “Yes, there needs to be an order for one.” The agent was stunned: “Where is the order? On Shabolovka? We stopped right opposite the RUOP. The thief called on his mobile phone and

an employee came out. The cop took the photo handed to him, looked carefully and put it in his pocket: “Do you have any data, address?” The thief says: “Yes, everything is written on the back side. What’s the price?” He explained: “If this is a businessman, then twenty thousand. But if it’s a deputy or a political figure, then the price may be higher, or maybe we won’t undertake it at all.” And they left. My agent asked the thief: “What about the advance payment? Why are they just taking it like that, without prepayment?” He replies: “First they will do everything, and then we will pay.” - “What if you

throw them?” The thief grinned: “Yeah, try throwing them.”

Moscow and Muscovites

— And often your operational instincts led you to places you shouldn’t have gone? “Nothing hits an

operative more than the awareness of his own powerlessness. He took the trail, followed it, risking his life, identified the criminal, and documented his actions. And they whistle at you from above: leave it aside, this is xu. In 1996, information began to arrive that a Lipetsk criminal group was operating in

Luzhniki. It was found that traders sign a contract with management for an amount of, say,

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five thousand rubles for a place, but in fact they pay in cash from two to ten thousand dollars. This money is collected by Lipetsk bandits and transferred to the authorities - to the director of Luzhniki, to the Moscow City Hall. An agent was inserted into the Lipetsk group, a gym was installed

where they gather, and two jeeps were installed, into which they load large sums of money twice a month and deliver them to addresses. We found several merchants who wrote a statement that they were extorting tribute - they issued one amount, and took another, tax-free. Together with the Alpha group, an operation was prepared, during which the car was detained and the bandits were caught red-handed with illegal weapons. There is almost a million dollars in the car. The operation was led by Lieutenant Colonel Husak from the Operations Directorate. The operation was carried out secretly, almost no one knew about it, so there was no leakage of information. After the Lipetsk residents were detained with money and weapons, it was necessary to initiate a criminal case. They were brought to the local police station, and what happened! The police refuse to

provide an investigator. We need to take into account the money, they are leftists, but the tax police refuse to go to the site. Then calls came from the Moscow FSB department that the detained people were beaten, weapons and grenades were thrown at them. It got to the point where they almost threw away this million dollars. And they tried to fabricate a statement against Gusak that he wanted to take Luzhniki under his roof. Then, when an Azerbaijani was stabbed to death at the market, it turned out that the Lipetsk people did it. Because he didn't pay the money on time. The Moscow leadership then put the brakes on the investigation, saying that it feared unrest. They understood perfectly well that if they started a criminal case into the murder, it would turn out that they were collecting fraudulent money from all the traders and sending it to the mayor’s office.

— How did you establish that the money was sent specifically to the mayor’s office? —

This was established by operational development - where they are going. For the Moscow government.

— But operational data is not yet a fact? — Yes,

operational data must be legalized. We need to catch people red-handed and ask where they got the money. From whom did they collect it? Same

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needs to be proven. People write statements that this money was taken from them. The investigation should get involved and check, interrogate people, ask: how long have you been working here? Who do you pay? What's in your contract? Why do you pay in cash? Why currency? Who collects from you? What happens if you don't pay?

All this had to be documented investigatively, and then it would be established where the money goes next. These would say: “We took them there,” they would interrogate the next ones, they would say: “And we take them there.” They were detained with weapons, with money, there are people who write statements. But... no one allocates an investigator for work.

Our agents were simply breaking their stomachs: are we too short to hug the mayor’s office? - Where did the

money go? — As far as I know,

the money remains with the police. They left it there and that was it. Since there is no case, it means that the money should have been returned to the Lipetsk people, and the Lipetsk people should have been returned to the mayor’s office.

- Million dollars? — I don’t

know exactly, they say even more than a million. I didn’t ask Gusak where they put the money. I know that they were handed over to the police, but I didn’t ask how the police disposed of them. The only thing I remember is that Gusak then walked around and wrote explanations. — And yet, how did the names and exact addresses for the transfer

of money come to light? “It was only later, through my sources, that I began to establish

what the Lipetsk group was like. Why did they stand up for them like that? My agents laughed at me: “They’ve been there for a long time, they’ve been sitting in Luzhniki, and the money goes to the mayor’s office.” And they told who and how all this money was transferred. Where will you go with this information? Who will you take it to? Nobody accepts her. There was even an article in the newspaper that everything that happened was a showdown, some kind of rooftop business. Although I know for sure that Gusak in that situation worked without anyone’s order. He just detained bandits.

Client Pichuga

— They say that you once saved a thieves’ common fund. Like this? - Not exactly

a thieves' common fund. We are talking about one hundred thousand dollars, which, as it later turned out, belonged to one of the thieves

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common funds. In 1996, an employee of the Moscow Criminal Investigation Department, an officer of the fourth department, Andrei Fedotov, approached me (the fourth department deals with robberies and banditry). He said: “People want to meet you.” - “What kind of people?” - “Members of one criminal group - an

offshoot of Solntsevo.” - How did they know about your existence? — I was involved in the release of hostages, and quite

successfully - I found many. Naturally, they talked about it,

and they were not the first to contact me. Well, I knew how to find hostages.

— Should the criminal group’s approach to you be recorded in the report? - Certainly. And this was reported to management.

But it was only according to operational data that they were considered members of a criminal group. Take Mikhas, for example. Everyone says: Solntsevo bandit. But he was not convicted of banditry. Although, according to operational data, he has enough merit.” — The Swiss court acquitted him. — Yes, because Russian law enforcement agencies did not send any materials on him. According to operational data,

one of the deputy ministers of the Ministry of

Internal Affairs, who still holds a high post, received a million dollars from lawyer Mikhas for not handing over materials to the Swiss. Why did these people contact me? One of their leaders was Misha, nicknamed Korean. He really was Korean. This brigade controlled part of the commercial stores on Leninsky Prospekt. - Is this known? - Certainly. Today, about any store, about any company, it is known who controls it.

Bandits - less and less, FSB and police - more and more.

So, they told me that a few days ago a Korean was kidnapped. People stopped the car, introduced themselves as police officers, pulled him out of the car and took him away. They began to demand several hundred thousand dollars on his mobile phone. I reported to the management, the head of the department, Kolesnikov. I was given the command to search.

The third department of the RUOP filed an application. And we

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started working together. They established an approximate circle of people who could have kidnapped him, and where Korean's phone works from. We managed to make contact with the criminals; we call this "false operational contact." - Why false? "I was introduced as a member of another group that is

participating in the ransom

of the Korean." Some of the money was brought to me by his people. The kidnappers did not know that we were from the FSB. They thought the bandits were going to ransom their man. The thief in law Pichuga gave the money (I later encountered him in prison), and Andrei Volf, the leader of the Reutov group, and

the criminal authority Utenok, from Ukhta, brought me more than a hundred thousand dollars. Together with Duckling, we went to buy the Korean. The duckling also thought that we were bandits. The meeting was scheduled near the church, at the entrance to Mytishchi. We drove up and a man came up with the Korean's phone number - that was the password. We agreed that we would go together, give the money, take the hostage and catch the criminals red-handed. The proof that we were not

cops was the presence of Duckling - not a single crime boss would go along with the cops for any money, he simply cannot do this according to the rules. But the Duckling didn't know! We talked and went. And suddenly the police stop the cars and detain Duckling and the man with Korean's phone. The operation was disrupted and the false operational contact was over. It became clear to everyone who was who. I say: "What are you doing! Why did you ruin the operation? He's taking us to the Korean!" And they: "That's how it should be!" They took us to RUOP.

-Have you introduced yourself? - So these were the same cops with whom we worked! There was a plan for joint actions between the police and the FSB. And then they disrupt the operation. At the turn from Leninsky to Shabolovka, this man, the kidnapper - they didn't even put handcuffs on him - opens the car door and escapes. I'm behind him. The cops shout to me: "Don't shoot! Do not shoot!" I fired six shots into the air at five o'clock in the afternoon - you can imagine what

was happening at Leninsky! I

shot in the air. Opposite the building of the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

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The bullets on the way out could have flown into the minister's office. I caught up with him and jumped on him. Detained.

We bring him to RUOP. And the cops say: "Now we'll torture you. Let's beat him out of where the Korean is." I try to stop them: "No need to torture. He has a Korean phone number. You just need to interrogate." They stubbornly said: "He won't say anything like that. We must torture." I went into the next office to talk with Duckling in a new

capacity. The duckling sits in handcuffs with his eyes wide and says: "Here I am!" Sanya, what rank are you?" I say: "I'm from the FSB,

lieutenant colonel". He: "Thank you for not being trash."

I come back, and they let him go with the phone! "Why did they let you go?" - "We have no reason to detain him." Why not? He has physical evidence - the hostage's phone in his hands. In the evening I report to management. They tell me: "Go back, look for him." They found out where he lives. Naturally, he didn't show up at home.

disappeared.

In the morning we return to the police station - the Duckling is sitting, from whom the cross has already been removed along with the gold chain. He asks: "Sanya, out of old friendship, tell them to return the cross, this is a gift from friends." I went and barely persuaded him. The cross was returned, and the Duckling was released.

Then people from Pichuga came to me and gave me money for the ransom. They say: "We didn't get our money back." Me: "How come they didn't return it?! I left it to the Ruopovites." I went to the RUOP people: "Give me the money back!" They called me aside: "What are you doing? This is thieves' money!" I say: "Thieves? Well, write it down in the protocol, confiscate it as expected, call the tax office!" - "Listen, Sanya, don't meddle in our affairs, we ourselves know how to deal with swindlers." I say: "You know what, my friends! People gave me this money. Give it back!" And then I see that the bag I was traveling with was lying on the rack. I pulled it out and here's the money. They: "What, are you going to return the money to the bandits? Oh, you asshole! I took the money and went to the bandits. Duckling, Wolf and other Yasenevskys are sitting at the table. Wolf is amazed: "I've never seen anything like this in my life. Who would have thought that

the cops were capable of giving away money? This has never happened in history! Guys, joke around, what's going on! Sanya, you're in

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They'll send you to a mental hospital!" I say: "Count it!" They: "What are you talking about! Even if something is missing, we agree!"

And the Korean appeared on his own a few days later - he came up with a story about how he escaped from his kidnappers. In the meantime, I established operational contact with one RUOP member, and he told me that no one stole the Korean. He, together with the employees of the third department, organized his own "kidnapping" in order to collect money from the thieves' common fund and share it with the cops. That's why the RUOP members ruined the operation! And Pichuga conveyed a big thank you to me, because it was he who was responsible for the money, even if it turned out that the cops had deceived them. — Didn't the Korean get anything for trying to steal the money? Their

the thieves didn't take revenge

on him? - How do they know? I didn't tell them. "You didn't

tell Pichuga?" - Why should I tell

him? What, did I hire him? He is a thief, and I am an FSB officer. My task was to find and release

hostage.

And in another situation, this money would have to be withdrawn. I then suggested to the RUOP members that they seize the money under protocol. They didn't want to, because if it's under protocol, then they'll have to hand over everything to the treasury. The Korean was

closely associated with RUOP. In his brigade there was such an Ilya Litnovsky. The Korean was involved, among other things, in contract killings. And he wanted to sign Ilya to kill, but he got scared and said that he wouldn't kill and would leave the brigade. And he left and got a job in Yasenevo, repairing foreign cars. The Korean tells him: "No one from my brigade has ever left just like that. You will do what I tell you."

And then one day Litnovsky returns with his mother from the market at about eleven o'clock in the morning, he is detained by RUOP officers, they plant a grenade in his bag and put him in prison. An operational source told me about this. I took control of the situation and told the source to tell me what would happen next. Ilya was put in Matrosskaya Tishina. RUOP officers come to him there and say: "Either you will kill, or you will receive a long

sentence. If you agree, we'll make sure they give you

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conditionally and released." He refused. Then they started throwing him around the cells. It's very bad in prison. And so the trial began. I

came. The judge tells me: “I know that a grenade was planted. What can I do? The Ruopovites demand that I give him three years. I'll give you one and a half. Well, I can’t let him go.” - “But the person is not to blame. And you know it!” “Yes,” he says, “I know.” He's not our first here. We have a stream of planted drugs, ammunition, and grenades. Why should I jail the police?”

Litnovsky was given one and a half or two years. Ilya

was imprisoned in Presnenskaya prison. I went to him and asked: “Ilya, is this true?” He lowered his eyes: “I won’t write anything to you.” - “Were you really forced to do murder?” He looked at me: “Yes. But I won't write anything. I want to survive." - “But do you believe me?” - "I dont believe anyone. All of you in uniform are scum.” I apologized to him for those with whom I stood in the same ranks.

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Among their

— You told about the clashes with the RUOP. Did you have to develop your own FSB structures? - Here's a case. In 1996, information was

received from an operational source in the Solntsevo criminal group that weapons were being sold from the warehouses of the internal troops. The bandits established contact with one of the warrant officers.

We asked the agent how we could get there legally. He says: “Come on, I’ll take you to the ensign and tell you that you want to buy a weapon.” We arrived at the Main Directorate of Internal Troops of

the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation on Krasnokazarmennaya Street. A man in civilian clothes came out and got into the car. The agent introduced us as bandits who needed weapons.

The ensign turned out to be the driver of the commander of the internal troops of the Russian Ministry of Internal Affairs. He explained that now there are weapons in the warehouses and he can easily remove the guns: no one is inspecting the commander’s car. Then we asked how much the barrel cost. He replied: “One and a half thousand dollars for a Kalashnikov assault rifle.” I asked what else to him. Prapor said: “Two magazines, cleaning, lubrication.” “We are not interested in cleaning and lubrication, we need it for one time,” I explained. “Are there silencers and night vision devices?” He replied that everything is possible for an additional fee. Then we ordered three barrels urgently. We agreed on Monday, on his shift. Before this meeting and due to the fact that the internal troops are the object of the Military Counterintelligence Directorate for the Internal Troops, we informed the management of the department, and we were given

operational employees who were supposed to identify this warrant officer. They sat in the car and watched us. Even at the first meeting, he sold us cartridges and, in principle, had already committed a crime, we could have arrested him. But it was necessary to establish which weapons would leave which warehouse. We gave the purchased cartridges to the officers of the military counterintelligence department so that they could determine which batch was being taken out and where it was coming

from.

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I left my pager with the ensign. On Monday he told me to call back. I call, he says: “I won’t be able to meet with you, I’m being fired.” I asked: “For what?” “The major came up and said that I was selling weapons, and I was fired.”

Then I realized that someone had betrayed us. I called the Deputy Head of the Military Counterintelligence Directorate for Internal Troops, General Gushcha, and told him what happened. And he calmly says: “Yes, we said that. And what do you want?" - “Why didn’t you inform us? What if we went to a meeting? And the Solntsevskys would have thrown a grenade at the car? Why did you inform him, but not us?” So they simply warned the thief that the FSB counterintelligence had contacted him and that he should under no circumstances bring the machine guns for sale, otherwise he would be
arrested.

Gushcha also reproached us: “Why are you so bloodthirsty? You should put everyone in jail. You understand that our warrant officers and officers receive little, that’s why they steal.”

“Yuri Andreevich,” I said indignantly, “we also get pennies. Do you advise us to engage in contract killings?” Then there was talk about the honor of the uniform, what kind of resonance there would be if it became known that the driver of the commander of the internal troops was selling weapons. “Wait,” I’m already shouting into the phone, “what does public outcry have to do with
this?” What is the honor of the uniform? He has already sold the weapon. The Solntsevskys will use it to kill people. We have to find where the weapons went. What are you doing?

I reported this to FSB Director Kovalev. But no measures were taken. — Was it possible that someone would
have been imprisoned in the FSB based on your design? — Rarely, but it happens, most often due to civil
strife within the intelligence services themselves or some other intrigues. There was an incident in 1996. An employee of Gorlatykh’s sixth
department approached Gusak. — What is the sixth department? - Freelance anti-terrorist group... This Gorlatykh
asked: “Are you releasing the
hostages? I have information

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that one citizen was captured in Moscow. The bandits took him to Tula and extort money from his father. This is on your line. Let me introduce you to the applicant.” And Gorlatykh brought a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences. A week ago, bandits kidnapped his son, took away his car and his collection of weapons. And they extort money for their son. And his friend, GRU officer Mironichev, introduced him to Gorlatykh. And so they brought him to our department. Gusak and Bavdey found

out all the details, quickly established the place where the hostage was being held, and freed him. The criminals were detained. After some time, the scientist called Gusak and said: “Alexander Ivanovich, sorry, I can’t return all the money to you now. It’s possible, I’ll just give you two thousand, and the rest - when the police return my car. It was also seized as evidence. I will sell it and return your money." The gander was surprised: “What money?” He was completely sure that it was not custom-made

case.

He met with the scientist, and he said that when he turned to Gorlatykh, he immediately said fifteen thousand dollars. He explained that the money was needed for gasoline and other expenses. The country is poor, wages are low. The correspondent member quickly collected the money and gave half - seven and a half thousand - to Gorlatykh. And now he asks me to wait a little while he collects the rest.

Gusak documented one of the meetings when Gorlatykh and Mironichev came to the scientist and demanded money: “You must give everything back.” You set us up. We gave our money to the guys. If you don’t hand it over, the bandits (and a combat revolver was confiscated from them) will write that they took the revolver from your weapons collection, and you will be imprisoned.” The scientist was very

scared... Gusak asked me what to do. I advised you to write a report, and I called Kovalev myself.

The FSB director read the report and said: “We need to document Gorlatykh’s negotiations and detain him when he receives a bribe. You see what Zorin has brought the Anti-Terrorism Center to. Instead of releasing hostages, they take bribes.”

The fact is that Kovalev fought with his deputy Zorin because he was Chernomyrdin’s protege. And Kovalev was in

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team Korzhakov - Barsukov. And they kicked Chernomyrdin’s people out of the special services.

Zorin was the head of the Anti-Terrorism Center, first deputy director of the FSB, second in command after Kovalev. Trofimov told me: “He betrays us all the time. As soon as we started working on Chernomyrdin and Petelin (the head of Chernomyrdin’s secretariat), as soon as we set up the equipment, Zorin went to the prime minister and ratted everyone out.” They hated Zorin. — Zorin reported to Chernomyrdin that bugs had been installed in his office? - Yes. Kovalev did not know how to get rid of him. Zorin hated

Khokholkov and dug under his control. When Kovalev left somewhere, Zorin remained on the farm and

immediately began working on URPO. Then Khokholkov immediately took sick leave or went on vacation.

We drew up two protocols - the issuance and inspection of the victim’s money, and marked the banknotes. The meeting took place at the monument to Pushkin. They got into Gorlatykh’s car and drove off somewhere - the experienced security officer did not take money on the street. He dropped off the scientist on the way and left. Then we sent a pager on behalf of one of his acquaintances with a request for an urgent meeting. We found out that he was in Chistye Prudy, in a restaurant. When Gorlatykh came out, we arrested him. They found some money on him - he had already exchanged a hundred dollars.

Gorlatykh was also a GRU officer, Mironichev. He began to pull out various identification cards from his pockets - both police and military - all with different names. Gorlatykh is shaking over the bag: “Sanya, don’t! I'll give you your share! It's in the safe! And Gusak: “Are you offering me a bribe?!” They brought him to the reception room, questioned him, and called an investigator. In the evening Kovalev called and said: “Report in the morning.” I look - Gusakov’s employees, Aleshin and Komarov, are dragging a whole bag from Gorlatykh’s jeep: the wheel has been unscrewed, the tape

recorder, the disks. I shout: “What are you doing? This is robbery! And Komarov: “He won’t need the car anymore. They’ll put him in prison!” Such are our colleagues! The next day I came to the reception, Ivan Kuzmich Mironov, deputy head of the department, was already there. All -

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scared. Mironov is worried: “How is it that they took ours?”

When I saw Gorlatykh, he began to ask: “Talk to the director so that he can listen to me. Try to convince me that I accidentally got into this, let them fire me, but don’t put me in jail.”

I reported to Kovalev how the operation went and asked him to accept Gorlatykh. He agreed. We brought the detainee to him. Then the director called me, Mironov, the investigator and Gusak. First he turned to Mironov: “Ivan Kuzmich, who serves us? Look at him - it's a bull! He came to me with this cross around his neck (the Gorlatys had a cross with diamonds on a thick chain). And he babbles to me that he took a bribe because he has nothing to feed the children!”

Mironov began to explain that Gorlatykh was an honored officer who was infiltrating criminal groups. Kovalev became furious: “He got so involved that he himself became a bandit.” The director asked my opinion. I answered:

“On the one hand, I feel sorry for Gorlatykh, but on the other... young employees took part in the operation. Everyone saw this. What will we tell them? Decide for yourself whether to transfer the materials to the prosecutor’s office or not.” Kovalev ordered: “The materials should be transferred to the prosecutor’s office.” Gorlatykh received a

suspended sentence. The article was changed - not a bribe, but fraud. After that he returned to Lubyanka. They greeted me joyfully: “Did you relax in Lefortovo? Now sit down at your desk and start

working!”

Chiefs

— In your memory, the FSB has had four directors. Are you with them
do you know everyone

personally? - Yes. — Does the Office’s work style change depending on the personality of its director? —

Every director, as soon as he arrives, tries to organize his team, and, naturally, the style of work changes. Let’s say Barsukov began to install FSE officers everywhere (FSO - Federal Security Service), whom he brought with him. The FSE officers in the Kremlin have grown up, they are like courtiers. And everyone knows very well what kind of yard we have -

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Byzantine. They are afraid of everything - how to report, and what will they think? And who is behind it? In general, until he looks around ten times and plays it safe, he won't make a decision. For example, in the counter-terrorism department, decisions need to be made quickly, on the spot. But they don't know how to do this. Then Kovalev came. He served on the fifth line all his life. He started dragging the "A" students. The

children of the KGB Fifth Directorate (political) caused colossal harm. For them, a criminal is an enemy. But they don't talk to the enemy, and there are no laws to fight him. But this is nonsense. I say: "Wait, we need to document it, we need to prove the fact of criminal activity according to the law. We are not bandits, we must do everything according to the law." "This is the enemy," they explain. - What evidence is there! This is where all the arbitrariness began. From the "A" students. These are Kovalev's methods. And, naturally, the tilt in the FSB began at this

side. Then,

when Putin appeared, he began to drag his people out of St. Petersburg. What about Peter? Bandit capital. People who could not restore basic order in their city. Their drivers came with them. Behind the drivers are their bandits. Those bandits whom they covered there moved to Moscow. They began to take over commercial firms. Sorry, but for the life of me I won't believe that in St. Petersburg all organized crime is not covered by the FSB. Yes, this is simply impossible!

The Tambov group of the day would not have lasted in St. Petersburg if Kumarin-Barsukov, its leader, was not familiar with Patrushev and Putin. They have dachas nearby! They grill kebabs together... - Do you remember the period of Stepashin's work? - I don't remember

anything. Stepashin is nothing. — If you had to choose

between Stepashin, Patrushev, Barsukov and Putin, who would you

take as your agent? - Anyone would do. "But which of them would be most useful from an operational point of view?" - We need to look at what the task is, where

they are. - In an organized

criminal group. "Then we need to look at what roles they play." Let me think... From

of this entire team, I would probably still recruit Barsukov.

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— Is he the most professional? - Firstly, he

is more decent, or something. I think he has a conscience. It would be more pleasant for me to cooperate with Barsukov. The relationship with him could be transferred from purely agent-based to more trusting. He would make a good agent. But, of course, in terms of operational capabilities, Putin is best. But he would have to be constantly kept under control, because he lies all the time. It needs to be checked regularly. He would be difficult to work with. But the result would have been better than with Barsukov. - Why? — Putin is the person who would have great operational capabilities in a criminal group. He is completely inconspicuous. He is better physically

prepared and

fit. The most proud. And thieves are competent psychologists, they would use him for this. And Putin would have the most information. Just what an operational worker needs. And there would be no problem recruiting him.

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Chapter 3. Military secrets

— You didn't hide your attitude towards the Chechen war? — I won't say that I was always against the Chechen war. I even thought that this problem could only be solved by force. When the first war began, I supported it. Who knew how it started!

For the first time I thought about what was happening in Pervomaisky. I took part in the operation to free the hostages. We detained the Chechens, I interrogated the guy, he was seventeen years old, just a boy, a schoolboy. I asked him: "Why did you go to fight?" He replied: "I hate this war. She disgusts me. But I went to fight because our whole class went." I then remembered films about the Great Patriotic War, how the whole class went to the front as volunteers from school. — Was he afraid that they would beat him? - Yes. And I must say that, of course, we were very embittered, because we lived for fifteen days in the field, in the mud. We saw these hostages, frostbitten people, women with children. It was something scary. A pile of corpses, a destroyed village. A terrible sight. But when he said that "we all went to the front as a class," I realized that Russia could not win this war. A notebook was confiscated from the murdered Chechen commander. There were code tables. I wrote a certificate (it is important for radio operators how they negotiate). This certificate contained the names of Arab mercenaries (without surnames), and Barsukov shook this certificate at a press conference: "You see, we have already identified 26–28 mercenaries who participated in the hostilities. But they ran away from us barefoot!"

What also struck me in this notebook was that the Chechens keep strict records of ammunition and weapons, their posts are scheduled, who is stationed at what time, who is replacing whom. The last time I saw this was in Dzerzhinsky's exemplary division. And I realized that the Chechen field commander kept records of his forces and assets, as in a model division of the USSR. Discipline, order, "the whole class to the front" - this is not a gang. This is an army. Small in number, without such weapons as

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Russian, but - the army. They know what they are fighting for. You can convince everyone that they are bandits. But “the whole class” does not become criminals. And the gangs do not destroy along with the whole people.

Of course, there are people there who make money in the war, just like in the Russian army. Of course, many of them rob and loot. Just like ours. But still, this is a war, and not a hunt for a couple of thousand militants, as we are led to believe.
— Did you interrogate Alla

Dudayeva? — After Dzhokhar Dudayev

was killed, his wife tried to leave Nalchik airport along with his bodyguard Musa Edigov. She was detained. She presented a fake passport, but was identified. Musa was already sitting on the plane. But when he saw that Alla had been stopped, he got off the plane and gave up.

Volokh called me to his place and said that there was a serious task, I needed to go to the Caucasus. He explained that Alla Dudayeva had been detained, we needed to have a conversation with her, try to find out everything we could, and bring her to Moscow. But the main task was to find out the burial place of Dzhokhar, since there were still doubts whether he was killed or not. She was kept at Stalin's former dacha in Kislovodsk.

There were already FSB officers there for Kabardino-Balkaria. We gathered for lunch in the living room, Alla came out, and I met her.

The first impression is piercing - a man filled with sorrow. I was worried, nervous. She was very constrained. Everyone was sitting at a common table, saying some ridiculous toasts, then I stood up and
said:

— Alla Fedorovna, we met during these tragic days for you. I see how great your pain is. So great that I have great respect for you. Your husband is an enemy for some, a god for others, but he went down in history. No one knows how the story will turn out next. No matter who Dzhokhar was, no matter what they said about him, he was your husband. You lived with him for more than twenty years, and I understand your grief. I want to raise a toast to you, to your feelings. I would like to express my condolences to you for the fact that it was not the President of Chechnya who died, but your husband. May he rest in peace.

“Your comrades who organized the liquidation of Dudayev should have heard this.”

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- These are not my comrades. By the way, Khokholkov told me: “You betrayed us.” I replied that I could not betray, since I had not sworn allegiance to you. I never swore an oath to break laws. I took the oath once, and then in the Soviet Union. It was written there that I must serve the Soviet Motherland and the cause of communism without sparing my blood and until my last breath. There is no Soviet Union, nor is there a Communist Party. To whom do I owe - until my last breath? Khokholkov? So he shares a lot with the bandits. Russia? So I still serve her - more than Khokholkov. When I finished, Alla stood up and said: “I am very grateful to you.” You are the first officer to express condolences to me. From that day on, I established good human contact

with her. The next day we were supposed to start

talking. They installed equipment, but there was no good camera - there was one that required changing the film

every thirty to forty minutes.

I had to constantly look at my watch and look for an excuse to go out and change the film. She told me everything about Dzhokhar, how she lived in the Moscow region, in Pushkino, often went to Moscow, walked, how she met Dzhokhar... I asked her why he threatened to blow up Moscow. She said that she always scolded him, saying, this is your city. Dzhokhar replied: “You’re right, Allah, I can’t do this. I'm talking because I'm getting excited. They are stronger, they have a larger army. It will be hard for us. But they threaten - and I get excited. I’m starting to confuse them.” She was so excited that she began to talk about him as if he were alive: “He will never blow people up! He loves children, Moscow. We got married at Wedding Palace No. 1...” Then she began to tell how he died. I look at my watch - the film has run out. I suggest: “Alla Fedorovna, let’s take a walk.” She asks: “I’d better tell you to the end, I can’t remember this

often.” From her condition, I saw that her husband really died. And all the rumors

that he is alive is empty. He lives only for her.

— Did your bosses believe that Dudayev was alive? - Yes

and no. So, she asks not to take a break, and I ask about fresh air, so that I can take care of myself. I can’t tell her that she needs to install a new film! We went outside. I was angry with myself and her

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I felt very sorry. She loved Dzhokhar. If I find out from her now where my husband's grave is, they will dig him up. She and her children will have one last thing left: a grave. I was ashamed to listen and find out. And I said: "Alla Fedorovna, don't talk in the room about where he's buried."

your husband...

- Have you committed a crime? — It is a malfeasance to dig

up a person for the sake of politics. I had to be either an FSB officer or a human being. IN

It didn't fit at that moment.

- But you received an order! Nowadays it is fashionable to make excuses by saying that gave the order. What, they say, could I do - they ordered to shoot...

"I didn't think about it then." I just decided that this was an illegal task. And he didn't fulfill it. Here they are just reporting that

Yeltsin granted her an amnesty. They told me not to tell her yet. I called the management: "How can I not say this? Then why is she sitting with me? Am I protecting her, holding her illegally? Sorry, I can't do that." Volokh said: "Call me back." And disappeared. I've been calling all day - no answer. Only at night the wife answered the phone: "Have a conscience, the general is already asleep." And since the general was sleeping, I made the decision on my own and told Dudaeva that she was free.

After that, our conversation became more frank. I was no longer bound by the task and asked questions that concerned me personally. Why, for example, did Dudayev start this war? Didn't he really understand that it would lead to the extermination of the people? And Alla said that Dzhokhar understood all this and wanted to

meet with Yeltsin, and if this had happened, there would have been no blood. But for a meeting with Yeltsin, Dudayev was asked for several million dollars. I asked then why I didn't give it, it was stupid not to save the people at the cost of some money. And she said that Dudayev constantly sent

money to Moscow. Any economic issue was resolved in dollars. But the meeting of presidents is not an economic issue, but a political one. Here Dudayev refused to pay. In addition, he intimidated high-ranking officials with the incriminating evidence he had (according to Alla's stories, Dudayev constantly carried some documents with him

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and said that he would never be arrested - Yeltsin's entourage would not allow this, they could only kill him). And then she told me that Basayev's

attack on Budyonnovsk was an attempt to recoup money for the truce decree, which was promised to the Chechens, but was not signed. — Who did she name the money to? "I asked, but she didn't want to name names."

"If you report to anyone, I may not get to the children alive." I

promised: to no one. She thought for a long time, and then said: "Okay, I believe you." Just give your word that this will remain between us until I leave Russia." I promised. She said: "We call these people the "war party."

Remember, in the summer of 1995, the Chechens were driven into the mountains, and they lost control of their troops. The militants went home. There was no connection, nothing. In fact, a victory was won. The situation became catastrophic for them. And at that moment, Alla said, money was again demanded from Dudayev from Moscow. For the suspension of hostilities. Through Basayev. Several million. And Dudayev paid: he had no choice. After this, they decided to simply abandon the Chechens. Take the money, but don't stop the fighting. Then Basayev captured Budennovsk. Then I remembered that Basayev said something live

Chernomyrdin about money and bribes. —

Didn't the money go to him? — I asked Dudayeva. - To the one who

stood nearby. Soskovets stood

nearby. The fighting was

stopped. I heard the general of the internal

troops, who fought in the first Chechen war, say: "I still can't understand why the decree on the suspension of hostilities was signed. It was a betrayal of the army."

I first told this in 1999 in an interview with Nevzorov. I was sent to prison, but no one in the prosecutor's office questioned me about this fact. And Nevzorov was kicked out of television after this interview.

— Did Yeltsin know about this? Alla

Dudayeva did not tell me Yeltsin. She named Soskovets.

Moreover, she had a good attitude towards Yeltsin.

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When there was her press conference in Moscow, Volokh called me: “Alexander, we have emergency circumstances here. Alla Dudayeva gathers journalists at the National Hotel. We need to disrupt this press conference." I asked: “How do we pick it?” - "Need to come up with something". I suggested: “Let's call the hotel and say that it is mined.” - “You understand, there will be noise.

This is politics after all, we need to be more subtle. Could you persuade her to refuse?” I promised: “I’ll try.”

I arrive at the hotel, and there is an outdoor sign - you can see it a mile away - already sitting there. I ask: “Well, where is the object?” They say: “Yes, over there, it’s getting ready.” I approached: “Alla Fedorovna, I have been instructed to disrupt your press conference. Could you please not give it?” She says: “It’s too late. I already promised people. I can’t fool them.” Then I asked: “Can you at least not scold the Russian authorities too much?” She smiled: “I promise you that.” And she began her speech with the words: “I urge you to vote for Yeltsin.”

“It still doesn’t fit somehow.” Her husband was killed on Yeltsin’s orders, and she calls for voting for him. “She did not blame Yeltsin for the death of her husband. And I didn’t think that this order came from him, even if he signed it. From Dudayeva’s words, I understood that she definitely believed that the liquidation of her husband was organized by Korzhakov, Barsukov and Soskovets, and it was not about politics, but about money and compromising evidence on it, which Dudayev carried with him. Listening to this story by Alla Dudayeva, I understood that this was true. Those who worked in the FSB on Chechens knew that the task was precisely to remove Dudayev. There was no politics in this.

— Was the liquidation of Dudayev officially formalized as an operational task? - Certainly. It was impossible to do otherwise - the operation was too complex, various technical services were involved, including a GRU plane, from where the missile was aimed at Dudayev’s phone. Khokholkov developed this operation under the personal control of Barsukov. He made a career out of this, became a general, received control, and also earned money. In essence, URPO

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arose “on the shoulders” of this operation, because the leadership realized how convenient it was to have an autonomous unit for solving “special tasks” extrajudicially, in the strictest secrecy. We can say that URPO began with Dudayev and ended with Berezovsky, but more on that later.

As for Yeltsin, the Chechens did not believe that this was his war at all; they knew that the president was not in control of the situation. After all, they had information about the president’s entourage, they knew everyone’s role in the war, the whole situation. Later we received a signal that materials from wiretapping the offices of Chernomyrdin and Petelin (the head of his secretariat) were sold to the Chechens. These offices were bugged by the Presidential Security Service, department “P”, headed by Valery Streletsky. We developed this signal, but they didn’t let us continue - Korzhakov took all the materials.

I spoke with many Chechens. They did not blame Yeltsin personally for the war. After all, under Yeltsin there were no purges. Putin is another matter. He committed genocide. Soaking in the toilet. They very subtly define the difference between the two presidents - one fought FOR Russia, and the other AGAINST the Chechens. And they feel this difference. That’s why Yeltsin was able to sign peace, but Putin never
will be able.

They are very wise people - Chechens. I was in prison with them, in
I went in a paddy wagon. They communicate well with people.

— Do they wet them in

prison? - Why wet them? There is no nationalism at all in prison. Everyone there is equal. Perhaps the only place in Russia where the national issue has been resolved. - How

many of your friends died? - Yes, a

lot, from former colleagues in Dzerzhinsky’s division. When the first Chechen war began, all we had was a funeral, nine days, forty days... Many were maimed.

When Grisha Medvedev was buried, twelve coffins arrived immediately. Closed. Someone decided to open the coffins, and Grisha’s wife Lilya did not recognize her husband. “Stop,” he shouts, “it’s not Grisha. He must have a mole on his shoulder. Open your shoulder." And Ponkin tells her: “No need, Lilya. The head may not be his, maybe the legs are not his. But the body is Grishka. I found your letter in his pocket.”

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I had anger towards the Chechens. Yes, everything is gone. Today I know who started this war, and let everyone who goes to the graves of their husbands and sons know it too. I want us to judge them. For Grishka, lying in the ground with someone else's head and someone else's feet. And by letter

wives.

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Chapter 4. Uzbek trace

Khokholkov and his team

In the summer of 1996, shortly after I returned from Chechnya, the head of the ATC (Operational Directorate of the Anti-Terrorist Center), General Volokh, invited me to his place and asked: “Do you know that Khokholkov is being appointed head of the URPO? This is a scary man. And you have no idea what capabilities a person in this position has. Almost no one controls him. You understand what Khokholkov will do in such a position. We must do everything so that he is not appointed.”

Why did Volokh dislike Khokholkov? When he was in Chechnya, he headed the group to liquidate Dudayev. A large amount of money was allocated for this operation under Article 9, for operational expenses. And about a million dollars were stolen. Khokholkov was then the head of a department at the ATC. And Volokh was the head of the department, and only he could write off such a large amount. Volokh demanded that Khokholkov report where the money went. But he could not provide a report. It was impossible to touch Khokholkov: he had such a success to his credit - the liquidation of Dudayev. Volokh refused to write off the money; the FSB leadership wrote it off. This is why Volokh harbored a grudge against Khokholkov. In the end, Khokholkov got rid of Volokh - he was removed from the central apparatus and sent somewhere in Europe as a representative of the FSB. — How long have you known Khokholkov? “He first came to my attention in 1993, when I

participated in exposing a group of

officers accused of corruption. Then I served as a major in the UBKK - Department for Combating Smuggling and Corruption. The deputy head of the department was Colonel Kostyukov, and my immediate superior was Lieutenant Colonel Vaganov. Once I was ordered to appear at the reception - the applicant would come. This is how I met Georgiy Guramovich Okroashvili. He was engaged in oil, which means, of course, he was not starving. Georgy told me that when he was driving his BMW-850 into the garage, armed people appeared and tried to kidnap him. He clicked on

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gas, knocked down the garage door and managed to get away. Vaganov gave the task of protecting this Okroashvili.

While he was guarding us, we became friends. Georgy began to trust me and sometimes discussed business issues. And one day he mentioned that he was the object of the Highlander operational development. I was surprised: “How is the object?” He says: “Even under the KGB, they opened a case against me.” And he calmly explained how the agents work on it, where the equipment is located, what events are being carried out. He knew everything about the case.

But that didn't bother him much. He was involved in large-scale fraud with oil and said that he shared it with the leadership of the MB. He transfers money to my bosses Kostyukov and Vaganov. I was shocked! I came to

work, wrote a request and checked George using operational data. It was confirmed that it is indeed a Highlander operational development object. The object knows that it is an object! This is absolutely an emergency. I met with him again, and he drew me a detailed diagram of where the money comes from and how my

the bosses share them with him.

I reported to General Trofimov: “Anatoly Vasilyevich, in my opinion, we have a roof over oil affairs in our department. And they use me in the dark.” - Why did you go to him? - Firstly, he led the UBKK,

that is, he was the direct boss of Kostyukov

and Anisimov, and mine too. Secondly, in the FSB, Trofimov was, perhaps, the only one to whom you could go without fear that you would run into one of the participants in this very roof - after all, Okroashvili said that the money goes somewhere up through us. Ordinary people respected Trofimov as an honest and incorruptible person and a professional of the highest class. Trofimov is a legendary personality. Since the times of the KGB, he has been involved in the most high-profile economic cases, such as the Eliseevsky grocery store, the caviar business and others. I must say that during my conflict with the FSB and even after the press conference, he was the only senior leader who did not betray me and was not afraid to communicate with me. - Where is he now? — Putin, having become director of the FSB, kicked him out, and at the same time explained,

that “a team has arrived that Trofimov does not fit into.”

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When I reported to Trofimov what I had learned from Okroashvili, he said: “But this is still an unfounded accusation. The Highlander case is very serious. Can you prove that Kostyukov is connected with the object?

I am meeting with Okroashvili. He says: “I want to pay you for protecting me.” I refused. “Well, that’s right,” he says. “Your bosses said so: they won’t give it to you, they will give it themselves.” Today I’m giving the money to Kostyukov, and your share will be there too.” I reported this to Trofimov (the conversation was recorded on a tape recorder). Trofimov says: “This is already interesting. Take surveillance, go and document.” I took the team and we photographed everything. At fifteen o'clock, a meeting between Kostyukov and Okroashvili took place at the Globus on Arbat. Meeting of the object

with one of the management managers! This alone is sufficient for official proceedings. The object handed over the money. Naturally, they did not detain Kostyukov. Trofimov called external surveillance and said: “The materials should not be printed, handwritten and in an envelope for me personally.” He gave this case increased secrecy, since it was unknown with whom Kostyukov was connected in the FSB. The suspects were placed

under surveillance. And then I first heard the name Khokholkov. This entire team - Kostyukov, Vaganov, Khokholkov - came from the Uzbek KGB. They were all transferred to Moscow when the USSR collapsed. And what’s interesting is that Khokholkov is the lowest among them - four steps lower than Kostyukov, but they all ran to him for advice. He was clearly their eldest. - And how did it end? — Kostyukov was fired. Trofimov achieved this. And he said: “What a bastard. I served with his father. And I didn’t know that my son was such a brute.” Trofimov himself helped transfer him to Moscow from Uzbekistan. Vaganov was transferred to the Presidential Security Service to Korzhakov. Khokholkov remained to serve further. There was no evidence against him personally. Recalling this period in my memory, I remembered another strange episode

associated with Vaganov. Our

department was tasked with detaining one of the criminal leaders of Uzbekistan, criminal nickname Salim. We received an operational

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information that Salim is flying to Moscow. We are going to be detained. Vaganov asks: “Where are you going?” - “Detain Salim.” - “Who, who?” And he ran into the
office,
call someone. The
plane has arrived. All the passengers got off, but Salim was not there. They searched the plane and found it missing. It looks like Vaganov managed to warn someone. Then it turned out that the plane was turned around in the air. They boarded, Salim got out, and the plane flew on.

And I thought that the team of “Uzbeks” in the FSB may have much deeper connections with the criminal world than the banal receipt of a “kickback” from Okroashvili’s oil frauds.

Compromising evidence in GUOP

— From what you said, it was hardly possible to bring any serious charges against Khokholkov. — That’s right, so when Volokh set the task
of collecting information on Khokholkov, I went to consult Platonov, my former head of the department. - Wait, he was kicked out because of a conflict with Volokh. more of you

They forced him to write a report.
- That’s right, but we explained it to him and remained on good terms.
relationships. So, Platonov told me the following story.
It turns out that there was serious dirt on Khokholkov at the GUOP. There was a surveillance video where Khokholkov was filmed at a meeting of crime bosses sharing the Russian drug market. Platonov had a source in the leadership of the Moscow RUOP, and he vouched for the reliability of this information. The flow of Afghan drugs into Russia, and through it to the markets of Northern and Western Europe, is controlled by several rival criminal communities from
the former republics of Central Asia. Among them, by the mid-90s, the Uzbeks took the leading role - they received goods from the leader of the Northern Provinces of Afghanistan, Afghan General Abdurashid Dostum, an Uzbek by nationality, who controlled the territory where 80 percent of narcotic plants grow.

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— This is the one who is fighting with the Americans against the Taliban?

— Yes, now he is one of the leaders of the Northern Alliance, but before the September 11 terrorist attacks he was considered not an ally of America, but a bandit, the leader of the drug mafia. And he was on excellent terms with the Uzbeks, had a house in Tashkent and was involved in the drug business. Dostum's main partner was the

largest Uzbek crime boss nicknamed Gafur. And the main rival was a Kazakh authority nicknamed Almaz, who also controlled the Tajik group (later killed in Spain).

Friction constantly occurred between these groups, and from time to time the authorities gathered at the meeting to, if possible, come to an agreement and avoid war. It was on one of these arrows that Khokholkov “fell under the equipment.” And the equipment was installed by a RUOP agent. Platonov said that at this point the Uzbeks announced to the Tajiks that they should pay them a share of the profits

for the sale and passage of goods through Russia. Diamond was indignant - too much, and it was unclear why. And Gafur answered him that, they say, we keep a common roof for everyone in Russia, and that if Almaz does not agree, then he may have problems, because the Uzbeks, they say, have everything in Russia. A squabble ensued, Almaz asked Gafur: “Who will we have problems from, is it really from you?” And then Khokholkov steps forward and says: “I’ll get you into trouble.” And this recording, according to Platonov, was kept in a safe by the leadership of the Ministry of Internal Affairs.

“Kolya, who are you giving the general to?”

At the same time, I found out that Khokholkov has a very expensive restaurant on Kutuzovsky Prospekt, a dacha worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and much more. Plus there is a well-known story about losing at a casino.

- It was a scandalous story. There was a deputy request in the Duma. What was the matter?

— By law, law enforcement

agencies have the right to create enterprises for operational purposes. As they say, if you want to catch a pigeon, throw in some millet. And if you want to catch a bandit, you need to pour

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money. There are special companies that serve as bait for criminals. One of these enterprises was the casino at the Leningradskaya Hotel - they kept track of who came with whom, who had what kind of money, etc. So, in this casino Khokholkov was caught on video, losing one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in one night . Duma deputy and journalist Yuri Shchekochikhin, having heard about this, wrote a deputy request - is it true that the FSB colonel lost such a sum? Well, what

was the FSB's response? You can't say that it's not true if there's a video recording? They thought and thought and even made up a fairy tale that the colonel was not playing, but was carrying out an operational event: he came into contact with the "target", a foreign businessman. And Khokholkov squandered this money to show how rich he was! The whole opera almost died laughing: who would give one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for such a thing! And in general, the colonel, an official, will work, according to legend, as a businessman? And they can come up with it whenever they want. Well, they are masters at lying! I brought all the information I collected to Volokh. Platonov's story

about the videotape in the RUOP could only be verified by going to the very top. Volokh said: "Trofimov likes you." Try to contact him." — Was Trofimov still the head of the UBKK? - No, by that time he was already a colonel general, head of the FSB Directorate for Moscow and the region. And deputy director of the FSB. Shortly before these events,

Barsukov was removed, and Kovalev was appointed director of the FSB. And it was known that Kovalev was on good terms with Trofimov, respected him and even seemed to consider him his teacher. And I decided to talk with Trofimov.

Trofimov listened to me and said: "Let's go to Kovalev." We've arrived. They told

me. Trofimov says to Kovalev: "Kolya, who are you giving the

general to!" Who do you put in control? And he justifies himself: "You understand, Tolya,

he is a very valuable personnel, after Chechnya he enjoys support at the top. After all, I'm not alone here, there is a decision from the previous leadership, Yeltsin has already signed it, I can't do anything."

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We left the office. Anatoly Vasilyevich looked at me expressively, saying, what can you take from him, an A student, he looks his superiors in the face (that is, from the Fifth, the political department of the KGB). Sighed and went.

And soon after that I spoke with one officer from the Department of Internal Security. He twirled his finger at his temple: “We found someone to go to.” Khokholkov unfastens Kovalev himself. We conducted an operational case against him for several years. Kovalev, as soon as he became director, took him in. And he immediately ordered the case to be closed.”

General Zhenya

And soon after that I received an order to be transferred to URPO under the beginning of

Khokholkov. “I can imagine how you felt.” - What could I do?

An order is an order. Kovalev personally read the order to me in his office. I couldn’t tell him: “No, Comrade Army General, I don’t agree to work with Khokholkovsh.” He knew perfectly well what I thought about him, and probably did it on purpose. He even told me: “Forget about what you brought me according to Khokholkov. There's nothing there." - Do you think Kovalev told your new boss that

did you collect material for it?

- Of course not. Otherwise, he would not have taken me into his management. And I would not give an extremely delicate assignment - my first assignment at URPO. As soon as I began to carry out this assignment, Khokholkov’s connections with the drug business were immediately confirmed.

Khokholkov asked me to establish, that is, give operational material - address, telephone numbers, contacts, movements - on Nanayets. This was a criminal authority recorded among visitors to the Leningradskaya casino.” I found a certain Sinitsa, who, as I was told, knew how to find Nanaits. Titmouse - an opera, also a legendary personality, is well known as a fashion designer. In fact, he is an employee of the GRU. I started checking Titmouse,

and he, naturally, me. Only after lengthy maneuvers was trust established between us, and Sinitsa said that Nanaiets could be found. But first I wanted to know what it was for

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needed and check my credentials. I reported to Khokholkov that I had established the location of Nanayets. But before moving on, this development needs to be officially formalized as an operational investigative event. Khokholkov says: “Find out where Nanaets is and report. Do not draw up documents, do not report this to anyone but me - only verbally and to me personally.”

Met with Sinitsa. He says: “You are darkening something. But Nanaets is afraid, you know, he’s always on the move. After all, one guy from the FSB is hunting for him. Maybe you even know him." I ask what type he is. Titmouse: “There is a general named Zhenya. So healthy." And Khokholkov is “healthy”, and his name is Evgeniy. I ask: “Why is the general looking for Nanaiets?” “But because Zhenya, through his people from Uzbekistan,

handed over a large batch of drugs to Nanaiets. The Nanai man gave the drugs for sale, but he was scammed. And now Zhenya demands that Nanaets give two hundred thousand dollars to these people from Uzbekistan. He believes that if drugs were sold together, they should also pay together. They both got thrown, and it wasn’t Nanayets’ fault.”

Naturally, I did not tell Khokholkov about drugs and contact with Sinitsa. He came and reported: “It’s hard to find a Nanai, he moves around all the time. But you can carry out a combination: meet him and hand him over outside.” Khokholkov says: “This is good. How did you find him?” I say: “Through an agent.” Khokholkov: “What kind of person?” I explained: “Well, this is a man I met at the Leningradskaya casino.” Khokholkov became agitated: “Okay, that’s it! Don’t work like Nanaits anymore. And tell this person, let them tell Nanaiets: people from Uzbekistan will come, he must close the issue.” That is, everything was confirmed: people from Uzbekistan, drugs, money.

Subsequently, in 1998, when I gave evidence in relation. my management, I reported this episode to the prosecutor. I received the answer: It is impossible to interrogate Tit, because he went abroad. I leave the prosecutor’s office, and Sinitsa is waiting for me on the street and

says: “Why are you dragging me into this matter? Why did you testify to the prosecutor's office? If you're crazy, then I'm not. I, he says, found out who this Zhenya was. Khokholkov himself contacted me, and I met with

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people from Uzbekistan. These are killers. Their eyes are glassy. I'm not going to put my head on the chopping block. What are you, a fool? Yes, they are bandits. All your generals are bandits. Don’t you know about this?”

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Vertical of power

— It’s not clear why RUOP, if there really was a film there with Khokholkov, didn’t he hand it over to the prosecutor’s office?

- Naive man! This film was needed - and was used for something completely different. At that time, there was a war between the FSB and the RUOP, and that film became a secret weapon in this war. Here, listen. Gusak,

who became my immediate superior at URPO, called me and asked me to talk with businessman Alyohin, the director of a store in the area of three train stations - not far from the Krasnoselskaya metro station. Alyokhin supposedly has problems.

As we understand, this was a personal order from Lieutenant General Sobolev, First Deputy Director of the FSB. Alyokhin later said that he had a share in that store.

Alekhine really had problems. Sobolev hid it from the bandits in a safe house. This apartment belonged to the Association of Veterans of the Vityaz detachment, whose leader, Mirzoyants, was subsequently accused of murdering Kholodov. I arrived there, and Alekhine told me his story.

When the store opened, the owners appointed him as director. Started to work. After some time they came to him and told him that this territory was controlled and he had to pay. Alekhine refused.

The next day, several people showed up, put him in a car, and brought him to Obruchev Street. In a semi-basement room a man was sitting at a table. He pulled out his ID and said: “I am a colonel of the Moscow RUOP, my last name is Yurshevich. I am the head of SOBR, and you will pay us, otherwise you will have problems.” Alyohin agreed: “If you are the police, then of course.” And he started giving them five thousand dollars a month. After some time they came again and said: “Let’s do it at seven.” Alekhine began to pay them seven. Then they raised the bribe to nine thousand. Alekhine pays. We reached

fifteen. Then Alekhine howled: “I’m burning!” But they just got angry: “Oh, well, we have the same store as yours, it pays fifteen thousand. So you're lying, you're hiding

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profit. For this you will not only pay us fifteen, but you will also be fined forty-five thousand."

Alyokhin keeps repeating that I can't do that much. Then they tell him: "It means you're doing business poorly. We're firing you."

They kicked Alyokhin out and made the wife of a Ruopovets director of the store. And she began to command there, without any documents, without anything. In general, complete

arbitrariness. And they broke into Alekhine's house and demanded forty-five thousand dollars. They beat me, took away my wife's gold things, documents for the dacha, for the car and left. Then Alekhine ran to Sobolev.

We started identifying these bandits. When the first one was detained, it turned out that these were actually people from Yurshevich's bodyguard. They began to dig further, and it turned out that these were representatives of the Ryazan criminal group. Moreover, one of them is wanted for committing murders. And this man calmly travels around Moscow with the ID of an employee of the Ministry of Justice, and is listed as a security guard for the head of the SOBR of the Moscow RUOP. And he is involved in racketeering. We began documenting the crime against Alekhin, identifying the car in which the bandits arrived. It turned out that she was on a special register,

and it was impossible to obtain data on her. They said that the information is in the personal safe of the head of the Russian State Traffic Safety Inspectorate, Fedorov. Well, we got to him. And then it turned out that the car was registered under the roof of Ruop's commercial company. The car, let me remind you, has flashing lights, an official one, with a special ticket - without the right to be searched. We found the company. We've arrived. They knocked. The door was opened by a security guard. A person of Georgian nationality, in Moscow without residence permit, without registration. We entered the next room, and there was the owner of the company and two girls with him - one underage, the other older. Both were badly beaten. They began to say that the owner of the company had been raping them for two days. They called the local police, began searching, and found documents for the car. I asked where the car was. The owner replies that they took it for debts. This is the first time I've encountered something like this—a police car with a special ticket taken away for debt. We brought this man to the police station and opened a criminal case against him.

The girls wrote a statement that they were raped. Besides,

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we found a whole stack of young girls' passports. I called several addresses and found out that they were all listed as missing.

- Beating Alekhine, extorting money from him, a special vehicle, taken away for debts - all this was connected by the surname Yurshevich?

- Yes. Then events developed like this. A well-known Moscow lawyer comes to the police station, but instead of dealing with his detained client, he tells us that Yurshevich has been forcing him to provide legal services to his undercover companies for three years and has not paid him. Moreover, it drags him into criminal activities. The lawyer said that this gang consists of Ruopovites, and cited specific episodes of their criminal activities. And then he began to testify against Klimkin, the head of the Moscow RUOP, and against the leadership of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The investigator sat pale: “Take him to your Lubyanka. I will give you a separate assignment. Question him there. I'm afraid". I took the lawyer to Lubyanka and interrogated him under a movie camera. He told a lot. That this gang has been operating for several years, that they are working together with the Solntsevskys. He named me several episodes.

Yurshevich’s team worked with a gang of a certain Minda and with bandits in the Bryansk region. Once they blew up the car of the director of a porcelain factory - they divided the enterprise. Another time we went to a showdown, where a shootout took place near a restaurant on the central square in one of the cities in the Bryansk region. From that showdown, the wounded were brought to Moscow and treated in the same house. We found this house and conducted a search. It turned out that this was an underground brothel. Gynecological office, bathhouse, small dance hall. They began to study the clients and found out that this was a resting place for the leadership of the Moscow police, RUOP and the Ministry of Internal Affairs. There they rested, tired from fighting crime. - Who gave this testimony? - Bathhouse keeper. And a lawyer. He also told one funny and at the same time dramatic story. These people kidnapped a man from Obninsk. He was involved in sugar and owed a lot of money. So, they just took him and the car to

Moscow. And they left the phone

number with relatives!

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Like, when you collect money, call. The mother-in-law of the kidnapped person came to the RUOP in Obninsk and said: “They stole my son-in-law and are extorting money.” The Obninsk chief identified the number that the criminals had left, and it turned out that it was the phone number of the Moscow RUOP. He called, and Yurshevich himself told him: “He will sit with us until you pay the money. He's a hostage." The funny thing is that the hostage’s roof was precisely the Obninsk RUOP. The cops started collecting money for him. They gathered, and on the border of the Moscow and Kaluga regions the ransom was handed over in exchange for a hostage. But the car was never given back. I listened to these stories from the lawyer and said: “You see, it turns out that you are being drawn

into gangster activity.” He immediately understood everything: “I will write a statement if you take me into custody.”

His information required verification. I sent the codes, and answers came from everywhere that yes, everything was confirmed: there were shootouts, and the directors were blown up, and a person was kidnapped. I

found out where these bandits were sitting. It turned out that they were sheltered in Lebyazhy Lane, in the LDPR office. That's where they are based. I suggested doing a search. They are extremely dangerous, bandits with a certificate from the Ministry of Justice. Reported to Khokholkov, head of the URPO. He forbade: “Are you crazy? Is Zhirinovsky being searched? This is our man, from the special services. Don’t even think about coming close to the LDPR.” — Did he officially prohibit the search? - Officially said: “No.” —Have

you met Yurshevich yourself? - No, Yurshevich was

not allowed to be detained. He is

still wanted today. Lives somewhere in Turkey.

No one is particularly looking for him. So, consider all the work wasted. We organized an ambush and detained one Ryazan bandit, Kuznetsov. He was sentenced to twelve years. We didn’t find anyone else because we can’t work

given.

— Did the tracks lead up? — Of

course, because big names began to emerge. Khokholkov said: “Enough, we’ve already contacted the head of the Moscow RUOP, Klimkin. Do you want to quarrel between Kovalev and the Minister of Internal Affairs? I order you: don’t even think about interfering with the Ministry of Internal Affairs.”

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But we quietly continued to work. I established where Yurshevich lived. He had two apartments in the center - good ones, half a million dollars each. A huge mansion near Moscow, a six hundred Mercedes that he drove to work, another expensive foreign car for his wife and a jeep for hunting trips. We counted three million worth of his real estate. - He didn't hide it? - What to hide? He is the head of the Moscow SOBR! He thought he was supposed to live in grand style. I have collected all the materials. We had all the evidence. We had a shootout, an explosion, a hostage kidnapping, a cover-up of crimes, racketeering, extortion, a robbery.

I handed over the materials to the General Prosecutor's Office. I deliberately chose the moment in Khokholkov's absence - he was on sick leave, and took the signature from his deputy, who was already retiring. He signed everything and said: "Bring it."

As soon as the materials arrived at the Prosecutor General's Office, we They put the RUOP phone number under control. And they listened...

One calls the other: "Osipov (first deputy head of the Moscow RUOP Klimkin) ordered to quickly collect money for a gift to one of the leaders in the Ministry of Internal Affairs. One piece per team." That is, from every police station. If the Moscow police have about one hundred departments, then one hundred thousand comes out. One police chief did not have time to hand over the money on time, and he was persecuted like this: "Can't you get it from businessmen? They've gone completely crazy. You can't take a few bucks." Such are the conversations in the ranks! They collected money openly. Later we established that Osipov protects the Dagestan criminal group, and they protect all Moscow vegetable markets, including the retail sale of drugs. The drugs came from Central America in boxes of bananas. And the supply of bananas was financed by the Moscow government. In a short time, this development revealed a large-scale criminal network in which the Moscow RUOP essentially merged with interregional criminal communities. As Khokholkov feared, the threads led to the leadership of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Operational information was received that Klimkin paid money to the assistant minister

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Internal Affairs Vladimir Semenovich Ovchinsky, who later became the head of the Russian Interpol bureau. And he personally transferred the money to the Minister of Internal Affairs Kulikov. — Did you check government officials, the Minister of Internal Affairs? -

No, our hands were short, they didn't allow us to realize anything. And then I worked not with corruption, but with

criminal gangs, and therefore my sphere of activity officially ended at the threshold of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. But when we came out to this gang, we actually raised the bar. We started with a company where girls were raped, got to the Moscow RUOP and ran into the Minister of Internal Affairs. This is the vertical of power. And then the film with the Uzbeks surfaced. Two deputy heads of the RUOP came to the FSB reception and demanded a meeting with Khokholkov. But since he was not there, we met with his right hand - the deputy head of the URPO, General Makarychev. He was told: "Stop, calm down, we

also have material on you. Why do we need to organize a war?" And they played that tape. And another one, where Khokholkov receives money from Gafur.

Khokholkov came running from the hospital, called me and shouted: "I got off the enema. What did you do? Why did you go to the prosecutor's office? Quickly pick up the materials from there!" I say: "How will I pick them up? I have no right." "Okay," he says, "get out of here."

They quickly drew up a request, the materials were taken from the Prosecutor's Office and transferred to Khokholkov's deputy Kamyshnikov. And he sent them to... RUOP! Apparently, in order for the cops to deal with
those who testified against them.

I never saw these materials again. All the criminals involved in the case remained at large. No searches were carried out anywhere. The stolen goods remained with the thieves. - But Klimkin was removed. — Klimkin was removed later, and for other sins,

when Rushailo became Minister of

Internal Affairs. And while Kulikov was a minister, no one dared to touch Klimkin.

Help for Putin

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— From your story it follows that your relationship with the authorities at URPO, to put it mildly, did not work out. How long did you work there? “Exactly six months passed from the day I was admitted until the moment we

submitted an application for leadership of the URPO to the prosecutor’s office.

- During this time, you were twice convinced of Khokholkov’s “Uzbek” connections - in the stories with Nanayets and with Yurshevich. Have you done anything with this information? - What could I do? Kovalev said - forget about Khokholkov. Kovalev removed

Trofimov from the Moscow administration and removed him from the staff; it was clear that his influence had diminished, and it was useless to count on his help. Meanwhile, Khokholkov’s influence grew.

Nevertheless, I continued to monitor Uzbek contacts in Moscow and even obtained an operational certificate for “Uzbeks” from my friend in the CSS. But he didn’t show it to anyone. By the way, Trofimov himself told me: “Sasha, look, be careful. Everything has been purchased. I don’t advise you to register your agency or log information if you don’t want to decipher it.” The first person I showed this certificate to was Putin, when he was appointed director of the FSB. They said that Berezovsky was involved in this, who complained either to Yeltsin or to Tatyana Dyachenko. — Did you hand over the materials to

Putin? — We met with him in 1998, immediately after his appointment. Berezovsky organized this meeting. This was after we received an order from our superiors to liquidate Berezovsky and wrote a statement about this to the prosecutor's office. Berezovsky told me: “Go to Putin and tell him everything you know. I trust this man. I think he

will understand everything, he is a smart person.”

Two or three days later Berezovsky called back: “Have you met with

Pugany?” - No. Nobody called me. He gave
me the phone number of Putin's assistant. I

called, he said: “Yes, Vladimir Vladimirovich is waiting for you. We've been looking for you for two days. We are told that such an employee does not serve.”

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I say: “Here I am.” He: “When can you come?” “As you say,” I answer. The next day we had a meeting. I brought a large diagram on which all the organized crime I knew was outlined.

The main gangster groups, the most dangerous. From them, arrows were drawn to corrupt connections in government agencies, the Ministry of Internal Affairs, the FSB, and the tax police. Arrows went down to commercial firms through which
money is laundered.

— Did you show this diagram to
Putin? - I did it for him. In addition, he gave information about the Uzbek group. There were “branches” in Russia, America, Afghanistan, as well as connections with our FSB generals and senior officials in the Ministry of Internal Affairs. It was indicated that they were involved in drug trafficking. And that the drugs come from General Dostum from Afghanistan. In addition to purely criminal connections, Uzbek contacts
in Moscow reached the highest circle of government officials. There was operational information that Sergei Yastrzhembsky built himself a dacha on Sokolinaya Gora with Gafur’s money, which was transferred through Alisher, Gafur’s confidant in Moscow. Kogtsa Yastrzhembsky was the ambassador to Slovenia, then he rented out his apartment to this Alisher for five thousand dollars. According to operational information from the Security Service, Alisher was a close friend of Yastrzhembsky,
Khokholkov and Andrei Kokoshin, the former Deputy Minister of Defense and Secretary of the Security Service. Alisher’s wife, the head coach of the gymnastics team, waited for him to leave prison for eight years. Through her there was a connection with Shamil Tarpishchev and another Minister of Sports, Ivanyuzhenkov, a member of the Podolsk criminal group, criminal nickname Ratan. He, the minister, was not allowed into the United States. In addition, Tarpishchev was in close
relations with thief in law Alik
Takhtakhunov, criminal nickname Taiwanchik. Taiwanchik himself is a native of Uzbekistan; he and Khokholkov went to the same school in Tashkent. Here is a close connection - Gafur, Alisher and Khokholkov. Taiwanchik was the overseer of the Uzbek group in Europe. And in America this role was played by Ivankov (Yaponchik), while he

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The Americans didn’t imprison me. According to operational data, SBP officers close to Korzhakov had non-official contacts with Taiwanchik and Yaponchik. So we get the scheme: Gafur with Taiwanchik, Taiwanchik with Tarpishchev, Tarpishchev with Alisher, Alisher with Yastrzhembsky, Yastrzhembsky with Gafur, and between them there are intelligence officers. One word, vertical. All this was in the certificate that I brought to Putin. Putin was most interested in Yastrzhembsky’s connections. He told me: “Yes, yes! I also have information on Yastrzhembsky.”

And he took my operational certificate for himself. And he appointed Yastrzhembsky as his assistant.

— Tell me in more detail how the meeting went. — I was not

alone with Putin. Colonel Shebalin and, in my opinion, Major Ponkin came with me. But Putin accepted me alone. He left the table and said hello. Apparently, he wanted to seem like an open person who was attractive to him. We operas have a special style of behavior. We don’t bow to each other, we do without pleasantries - and so everything is clear. Let's look into each other's eyes, and it's immediately clear whether we can believe it or not. And I immediately got the impression that he was insincere. He looked less like the director of the FSB, and more like a man who plays the director. I opened the diagram in front of him. He made a face that seemed to have overlooked her. But this diagram cannot be viewed in three minutes. He says: “Yes, yes. I understand. And what's that? And this?”

He looked more like a party worker who had worked in agriculture all his life, and then he was brought to a metallurgical plant. He asks: “What is this?” They explain to him: a blast furnace. What else can a manager ask when looking at a blast furnace?

So Putin, looking at the diagram, began to ask: “What is this? And this?” And now, assessing this meeting, I understand: either he does not know operational work, since he asked such questions, or he pretended that he did not know it. I asked: “Should you leave it?” - No, no, don't. Thank you. Take it. — Is that the end of it? “I

also gave Putin a list of names and said: these are
the people I know well and who are

ready to fight corruption.” Trofimov was first on the list. I suggested that he create a vertical - from

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director to operational officer. Let's at least try to get the situation under control. We will identify the most corrupt individuals in the highest echelons of power and their connections with criminals.

Putin agreed with everything and left the list. I took information about the Uzbek group. I asked for my home phone number. He promised to call, but didn't. Later, from the materials of the criminal case, it became clear to me that immediately after this meeting, Putin ordered continued surveillance of me.

— Did Trofimov know that you gave his last name to Putin? - No, later I
regretted that I gave his last name to Putin. He didn't ask me for this, and I'm afraid that I unwittingly hastened his fate. Our last conversation took place shortly before, the day after Putin's appointment. Trofimov called me and said: “Tell Berezovsky that they have gone crazy there in the Kremlin?!” Why did they put it there? They don’t understand what’s happening in St. Petersburg, these are bandits!” - So what did you do? - Passed it on. - And Berezovsky? - But he did not agree with this assessment. I know that Trofimov met with him after that. I don’t know what they were talking
about, but before going to
Putin, I asked
Berezovsky: “What about
Anatoly Vasilyevich’s warning?” Berezovsky said: “I don’t agree with him. “Go,” he says, “to Putin, I believe him.” I went and told him.

— Do you think Berezovsky now regrets supporting Putin? - You should ask him. But I think
that if I had carried out the leadership’s order to kill Berezovsky, then Putin would definitely not have become president of Russia.

General money

Soon after this, they began to fire me from the FSB. And then my former head of the Anti-Terrorism Center, Lieutenant General Ivan Kuzmich Mironov, went to Putin to ask for me.

- Why did Mironov ask for you?

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- This is a special story, I'll tell you later. So, Mironov came out from the director and said: "Alexander, I don't envy you - there's common money there." What did he mean? I didn't understand then. Now I think that he meant Khokholkov, his dealings with the Uzbek group and the smuggling of Afghan drugs.

This understanding came later, when I left prison. I learned that Putan's relationship with Khokholkov's team goes back to the St. Petersburg period, when Putin worked as Sobchak's vice-mayor for economics. One of my confidants in those years was in

Putin's close circle. And he had contacts with the criminal environment of St. Petersburg. When Sobchak lost the elections, Putin was kicked out of all posts. He was very worried. My confidant once met him in a restaurant, and Putin complained that he was broke. He was afraid to approach the money that he had hidden: he was being watched. The Ministry of Internal Affairs then rushed to imprison all the previous authorities in St. Petersburg, criminal charges were brought against Sobchak
case.

That evening my confidant - his name was David Dvapi - gave him two thousand dollars. Later, when Putin became president, David was made his economic assistant. Although David was my confidant, I did not actively work with him, since I had no business in St. Petersburg. But

when I came out of prison, we met. He said: "Putin will put pressure on you, and no one will help." He will crush you, because they are working with the Uzbek team

in St. Petersburg. Putin has been feeding from these guys for a long time. There is common money

there, and it will strangle you. "Common money" are exactly the same words that Mironov said before. David directly said that Putin is connected with crime. I didn't believe him: "What are you talking about? After all, he is the President." David smiled:

— He was involved in metal in the early 90s. Issued licenses for export. How long have you worked in organized crime? In the early 90s, was it possible to take even a kilogram of metal out of the country without going through the bandits? "You can't," I say. "Yes, the

bandits would have

derailed the train if he had carried out these things without them." Now you can't take anything away if you don't pay, but

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then even more so. Now everything is under the roof of the FSB and the police. And then everything was under the roof of bandits.

We were sitting in a restaurant with three acquaintances, and David spoke about Putin in their presence: “Volodya very

quickly fell in love with power.” Look, when Yeltsin drove, only half of the road was blocked. And Volodya is driving - they clear the whole road. He is not the person who can be given power. He has no political skills or any other way of thinking. You can say everything about Yeltsin, but he was a politician. But Putin is not. And he is dangerous for the authorities. David drank and got carried away. And at the table sat a man who

controlled me from the FSB... - You didn’t

give him any signal? - What signal will I give him?

Then he said to him: “What are you talking about? Do you need problems? Tomorrow at Lubyanka they will know what you are telling me.” Then my Dvali was shot. Two weeks after this conversation. I learned

about it on TV: the presidential economic aide was killed. They said that an oncoming cyclist had shot him. It hit me right in the eye. They wrote that because of his commercial activities. One of the versions. But I know that David was not involved in any business. And understand: presidential aides are not killed just like that. — From what you say, it follows that you accuse Putin of being personally involved in the smuggling of Afghan drugs to Russia and Europe? Don't you think this is too much? - I don't blame anyone. I'm not a prosecutor, but an detective. I'm analyzing

operational information. What does it consist of?

First: two independent sources report that a certain citizen P. has “common money” with a certain Khokholkov from the FSB. One of the sources is killed as soon as the FSB becomes aware of his connection with me.

Second: Khokholkov protects the Uzbeks - suppliers of Afghan drugs to Russia. At the same time, he lives like a millionaire and has the opportunity to lose more than a hundred thousand dollars in one night.

Next: citizen P. is covering for Khokholkov and putting pressure on his opponents. He also covers a certain Yastrzhembsky, his

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a close employee who receives money from the same Uzbeks.

Further: citizen P. cannot but know that Khokholkov and Yastrzhembsky are connected with the drug business, that is, they are not using him in the dark. Moreover, when the crimes were committed, citizen P. was sitting in a key position in a large northern city, which has been called the window to Europe for three hundred years." It is known that this city is a transshipment point on the way of Afghan goods to Western markets.

As an operative, I have well-founded suspicions regarding citizen P. - that he is a member of the same gang. What's unusual here? Such things happen all the time. Are you surprised that citizen P. turned out to be the President of the Russian Federation? Me too. But at that time he was not president. He was just the vice-mayor of St. Petersburg. If I tell you that the vice-mayor, for example, of Yekaterinburg is involved in such a case, will you be surprised? No. This will be fine. Moreover, I will add that today it is not only citizen P. who has risen to the top and sits

in the Kremlin. Over the course of three years, the status of the primary suppliers of goods—General Dostum's militants—has also greatly increased. Now they are called the Northern Alliance and participate in the fight against international terrorism, together with citizen P.

Another thing is that the data against citizen P. are based on operational information and must be verified. If Citizen P. were not the president, I would not publish this, but would open an operational file against him. And if my suspicions had been confirmed, then within a year he would have been behind bars. But he is the President, and it is impossible to verify these facts in the usual way, besides, he is the face of the nation, and the demand from him is different. He must answer these questions to the public. But first, I want to see what will happen to the newspaper that publishes these questions.

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Chapter 5. The Great War

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Explosion at Logovaz

— Your conflict with the FSB coincided with the “Great War” between the intelligence services and big business - the oligarchs. We can say that you were an active participant in this war. YOU began your journey into the holy of holies of the FSB - in the operational units of the central apparatus, and ended - in London, in the team of a disgraced oligarch. When and how did you make this choice?

“I didn’t make that choice.” I chose something else: to commit crimes or not, to fulfill my duty or to resign myself, to remain myself or to lose respect for myself. And this happened more than once throughout my entire service in the FSB. And then everything happened by itself - step by step, gradually. The fact that I ended up where I ended up is a consequence, not the cause of all these steps. — How did you meet Berezovsky? — I met Berezovsky in 1994 after the explosion on Novokuznetskaya Street. That day he drove a Mercedes from the reception

house of his company Logovaz. A red Volkswagen Golf car

loaded with explosives was parked in front of the house. When the Mercedes was leaving the gate, there was an explosion. By a lucky coincidence, Berezovsky was not injured. It was raining that day, and he did not sit in his usual place. His face was only burned, the bodyguard was maimed, and the driver’s head was torn off. At a nearby tram stop, many people were injured. This was a serious terrorist attack, perhaps the first in Moscow. At that time I worked in the Federal Counterintelligence Service in the line of bandit formations, whose activities involve particularly dangerous forms of violence. Following the explosion at Logovaz, a special circular was issued by Stepashin (then director of FSK) - all departments involved in operational work, without

exception, regardless of the line of work, to carry out a search for the persons who committed this terrorist act. And also instruct the agents to identify persons possibly involved in this.

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The name of Berezovsky and his company were involved in one case that I was involved in. I had an agent with the pseudonym Alexander. At one of the meetings, he told me that Petrosyan's gang (criminal nickname Beast) operates in Moscow, which is engaged in murders and explosions. He also said that he saw an explosive device and a Kalashnikov assault rifle in the apartment of one gang member, Ermolinsky (nickname Metis). The agent gave me their home phone numbers, addresses, and license plate numbers of the cars they use. Very soon the gang members were identified. All of them were repeatedly convicted. The core of the gang consisted of individuals who had once been imprisoned together in one of the maximum security colonies, not far from the city of Solikamsk. We found several companies that they racketeered. In short, within a month and a half the gang was almost completely identified and soon arrested. My group provided operational support for this criminal case...

— What did all this have to do with Berezovsky? — According to

operational data, Petrosyan's gang has long been trying to infiltrate LogoVAZ. It was established that Petrosyan has good contact with one of Berezovsky's deputies or their relatives. We found out that one of Berezovsky's close employees had a brother who was imprisoned on economic charges in Solikamsk, together with Petrosyan and other gang members. And Petrosyan, according to my agent, once said: "Let's enter Logovaz and we'll have good money."

And after the explosion, shortly before the arrest, Ermolinsky (Metis) told the agent: "They did something crazy with Berezovsky, it's time to put it out." That is, to calm down temporarily. So I came up with a version that Petrosyan's gang had something to do with the explosion.

During one of the interrogations, Metis confirmed that he had said: "We did something weird with Berezovsky." But he categorically denied involvement in this explosion. Nevertheless, we decided to continue this line. When I collected and analyzed everything, I realized that I needed to find out the thoughts of Berezovsky himself. And I invited him to the FSK reception for a conversation. When my management found out about this, there was an incredible uproar. I was summoned to the first deputy head of the Department for

Combating Terrorism.

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— What position did Berezovsky hold at that time? -

None - he was a businessman. - But

he already had weight in society.

— It would be more correct to say that he had weight, but was not yet in society famous.

By the way, I then checked it using operational records. Not an agent He has never been an object of the state security agencies.

So, the boss calls me and demands a conversation plan. Although no one has ever written such a plan, it is not in the instructions at all. I outlined what the conversation would be about.

The bosses were scared: “Do you understand what you did? Berezovsky is Chernomyrdin’s friend, and now we are all finished.”

“But I am legally obligated to call him,” I say. - On him attempted! People died there!

In general, they gave me permission to talk, although they were unhappy. Berezovsky

came to see me. I was a little drunk. I started asking questions. “What do you think about the explosion? Who could have done this? Who are your deputies? What is your relationship with them? — Did he know anything about Petrosyan’s plans?

- No. I didn't tell him. I wanted to listen to him. He himself

believed that this was a political order. I did not agree - we did

not have such data. A terrorist attack in the center of Moscow is a grave and daring crime, and few are capable of this. I asked on what basis did he make this conclusion? Berezovsky replied: “Our policy is to redistribute property. And it’s not done with white gloves. I’m surprised that you’re surprised.” And he offers to continue this conversation tomorrow, at his dacha. I say anywhere, anytime. Yes, he was also thinking about what was happening in the country, about the emergence of a Russian business elite. “In America, one hundred families control the economy. Here in Russia these hundred families are

gradually forming.” And all these explosions and assassination attempts cannot be considered outside the context of the situation of primitive accumulation of capital. He said things that I thought about, but could not formulate so clearly.

— Did you even understand what LogOVAZ was doing? —

Yes, I knew that Logovaz sells cars. But I didn’t delve deeper. At that time I was completely far from politics, and the words “redistribution”

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property” I heard then for the first time. I didn’t work on the economic line. My business was criminality, gangs, especially dangerous forms of violence, that is, hostages and explosions. - So, you were invited to his dacha... - Yes, Lieutenant Colonel Rodin and I

came to his dacha. Some film was being filmed

there, and they interviewed him. Then we continued the conversation. I asked him why criminality is intertwined with politics. He says: “Take a sunflower seed seller on the Garden Ring, follow the chain, and in two weeks you will find yourself in the Kremlin... But why,” he says, “is a topic for a

long conversation.”

We returned to the explosion of his car. I told him about Petrosyan, but he did not agree that this gang committed a terrorist attack. "I don't think it's them." But I couldn’t give anything concrete. We agreed that if we or he had new information, we would

contact him. His security team was also looking for these guys. Saying goodbye, he said: “The people who help me find

criminals are Korzhakov and Barsukov.” - Is this funny to

hear today? - Why is it funny? This is big

business, politics... At that stage

they found a common language. Then they separated.

— After this visit, did you communicate with him often? - No, I

talked to him on the phone a couple of times. And then he once invited me to his club - that’s what the LogoVAZ reception house was called in Moscow. - Why did he call you? - Talk. At that time, he

knew little about the intelligence

services. He was interested in how they differed from the KGB. He was interested in general things. He never asked who my target was or who our people were watching. I was just trying to understand the place of the intelligence services in the state. Do they pose a danger to society?

And I myself was worried about why, since 1994, the special services began to actually sabotage the fight against organized crime. We are not talking about gangs of thieves or gangs. In those years, the criminal already put on a business suit, traveled with security, sat down at the computer, united by interests with his own kind, and divided spheres of influence.

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I told Berezovsky that it was necessary to bring the banking sector under strict agent control. And change the laws, because the banking sector is the most sensitive area of activity. It is very easy to violate people's rights there. And it seemed to me that our service was missing the point. Berezovsky says: “Could you tell my friends this?” I ask: “Who?” - “Korzhakov.” - “Of course, please.” That’s when

he introduced me to Yumashev, immediately called him and said: “Valya, I have one person sitting here, please introduce him to Alexander Vasilyevich.” - That is, he brought you into his circle. “He didn’t

bring me into any circle.” After that, I came to the club a couple more times, and I always had to wait at the bar - he was always late. And in his reception room then half of Moscow was hanging out - from journalists to ministers. Sometimes

I met famous people there. — And did you

often go to the club? — At that time, not often, maybe five times during the year. — Let's return to Yumashev and Korzhakov. - Yes, I came to Yumashev. He was still working at the magazine back then.

"Ogonyok", but it was known that he was writing a book for Yeltsin.

He immediately started asking me questions about what was happening at FSK. I explained that I didn’t want to speak in general terms, but that I didn’t have the right to speak specifically. Yumashev asked: “Can you talk about everything with Korzhakov?” Absolutely yes. Korzhakov - head of the Presidential Security Directorate, intelligence officer, general. And since our department was engaged in central terror, that is, it was investigating persons suspected of plotting an attack on senior government officials, then we, in principle, had to interact with the Presidential Security Service. And Yumashev introduced me to Korzhakov. Barsukov came to our meeting with him. I told you everything. Korzhakov listened and said: “Interesting. Tell me, is there sabotage at FSK, what do you think?” - “It seems to me that there is. In principle, what the intelligence services are doing now is not to the benefit of the president. I feel and see it."

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“Can you,” he says, “write for us your concept of the fight against organized crime?” “I can,” I answered. - But my boss would do it better

Platonov, he is more experienced.

A few days later we came to them to meet with Platonov. Everything was described and explained. Platonov spoke about signs of corruption and cited interesting facts. I remember this: once there was an all-Russian meeting on the problems of organized crime. And sitting in the hall is one of the deputy ministers of internal affairs, and next to him is the object of our operational inspection, the leader of the criminal environment. And they are very actively discussing the burning topic of the meeting. And we had signals that one was giving bribes to the other. Korzhakov wrote all this down for himself.

— Did you name the objects? - Of course

they did. Then, when they came out, Platonov, an experienced operative said:

“You know, this is a useless meeting. They ask such questions as if they want not to understand, but to find out something. They are not interested in how to solve the problem and what needs to be done. They are interested - who is the object? Who are we digging for? Such questions are asked by people who are afraid of something.” — That is, Platonov said that they were

trying to find out if

is the volume of your knowledge for them, have they become objects themselves? -

Well, at that time it had already become dangerous to talk about it directly.

And then, in 1995, Barsukov called him and asked: “Why are you

collecting dirt on us?” The situation was as follows. Shamil Tarpishchev was present at one of the meetings, according to Platonov. He and Korzhakov traded illegal vodka. They supplied Absolut and Kremlevskaya Deluxe vodka from Hungary and traded it. Everyone knew this. Vodka was imported without duty and, naturally, caused damage to the treasury. Chubais was at that meeting and said: “I will not allow the treasury to be ruined. Stop importing fake vodka into the country.” And Tarpishchev replied: “We carried it and we will carry it.” Chubais was indignant: “Only over my corpse,” and left. And Tarpishchev followed him: “That means there will be a corpse.”

Platonov’s agent was sitting nearby; he wrote an intelligence message. At that time, Chubais was the head of the State Property Committee, a member

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government. And naturally, the assassination attempt on Chubais is also a terrorist act. Then Platonov decided to open a case of operational verification against Tarpishchev. After all, he spoke as a terrorist, and, according to the law, we had to check what was hidden behind these words.

Naturally, no one let him check Tarpishchev. They started to put pressure. Then Barsukov called. They soon found an excuse, and Platonov
kicked out.

— How did the story with Petrosyan's gang end? — We continued

to develop this group. But then the war in Chechnya began, and our operational developments were pushed into the back drawer. The gang members were convicted on other charges. And the version that they staged an explosion at Logovaz most likely turned out to be false - Berezovsky was right. With the outbreak of war, the operational staff of the Counter-Terrorism Directorate almost stopped working

on the development of gangster groups and their leaders. I was given the command not to work on the Berezovsky case anymore. The agents were redirected to identifying Chechens in Moscow. In 1995, I spent almost six months on business trips.

— Can we say that the Chechen war gave criminals a free hand? And predetermined the coming criminal situation? - Yes, gangs, hostage-taking, our "peaceful" affairs have faded into the background.

Any war causes an increase in crime because law enforcement agencies are distracted by other things. During the war years, the gangs, unfortunately, became stronger.

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The first victim In

mid-February 1995, Berezovsky called me and asked me to come to Logovaz. Boris Abramovich says: “Alexander, I would like you to listen to this recording.” It was a forty-minute conversation between Berezovsky and Kozhanov, deputy head of the criminal investigation department of the Moskvoretsky district police department. (He worked on the case of the explosion at LogoVAZ, which occurred on their administrative territory.) A certain criminal authority, Nikolai Plekhanov, nicknamed Cat, took part in the conversation.

The cat said the following: “I am one of those who organized the explosion. And I know who the order came from. I'm ready to name the customer. Are you willing to pay for this? Berezovsky says: “I agree. Who is the

customer? Cat: “Zibarev ordered you.” Zibarev was one of the

leaders of AvtoVAZ. At that time,

Berezovsky’s company became the main dealer of Zhiguli cars and competed with the criminal structures that “held” AvtoVAZ.

Berezovsky: “I need proof.” Cat: “I can record the

conversation with Zibarev. It will cost you

half a million dollars."

Then he left the office, and Berezovsky asked Kozhanov: “What can you say in this regard as a police officer? In front of you, a person tells that he is the organizer of the explosion, and you are looking for the criminal.” “I think he’s telling the truth. We checked everything. “He’s real, people are real,” Kozhanov calmly answers. Berezovsky: “Well, what should I do?” - “I think we need to pay him money, Boris Abramovich.” In short, Kozhanov, instead of arresting this criminal, advised him to pay.

- Well, what are you going to do, Boris Abramovich? - asked

I.

“I want to pay them,” he answers. - I need evidence. I say: “If you really decide to pay, then

the transfer of money must be documented. Best on video. I have to report to my superiors. I advise you to write a statement.”

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The next day, Berezovsky gave Kot an advance of one hundred thousand, and I sat in the next room and saw their conversation on technology. The cat says: “There is another order for you or

someone from your circle.” It has to do with television. - How do you know? — One Omsk authority conveyed this. He is

connected with Nosovets in

the Kremlin, and the conversation was about control over television. I said to Berezovsky: “Are you going to write a statement? Because the police officers who

brought Kot to you actually committed a crime. If you don’t write, I won’t communicate with you anymore.” He replied: “Okay. I will think". — Were your management aware? - Certainly. With the approval of management, I went to this meeting. And, having returned, he wrote a certificate about what he

had heard. In the evening I called Berezovsky

and asked what he decided. He replies: “I’ll write.”

I wrote a statement to FSK investigator Colonel Pavlenko and handed over all the tapes. I took the material into operational development.

Two days later Listyev was killed. When everyone was running, there was a noise, a scream - the first deputy director of FSK Safonov called me to him, I turned on these recordings, he looked at them. We convened a meeting of the FSK

management. Present were Katyshev, the head of the Investigation Department of the General Prosecutor's Office, Kovalev, the deputy director of the FSK (he conducted it), the head of the Moscow department, Trofimov, and me. And then Katyshev began to insist that it was necessary to develop Berezovsky as one of the customers of this murder.

- On what grounds? - He didn’t

say which ones. There are simply reasons. Then Trofimov said that his employee had interesting materials, and introduced me. I started telling everything. And Katyshev suddenly declares that he does not see any crime in the actions of police officer Kozhanov. I was taken aback. It was obvious to me that it was necessary to arrest Kot, detain Kozhanov - after all, this was the only clue in the Listyev case. They knew, I say, that there would be a murder, and it was committed! And we documented it. And Katyshev again:

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“Be quiet, comrade major!” I asked

not to cut me off mid-sentence. Trofimov supported me:

“Really, why are you talking to him like that? The operative worked, this is his work. What. Are you shutting his mouth? Suddenly I receive a message on my pager. I told Trofimov: “Berezovsky is

looking for me for some reason.” He says:

“Go call.” I left the office and called. “Alexander,” he said, “the

faces on which I wrote to you

statement, they came and arrested me. I went back to

Kovalev’s office and reported to Trofimov. Trofimov—we must give him his due—immediately realized that Berezovsky was being attacked in a highly professional manner. He ordered: “Go there and take him under guard.” And right there in front of me he told everything to Kovalev. He supported: “Take him under protection.” They released me from the meeting and I went to the club. There were eight RUOP officers with machine guns. They

insisted that Berezovsky go with them for interrogation. — Did the police know that he wrote a statement against Kozhanov? - There is no data that I knew. The police came to him

arrest in the Listyev case.

On this day there was a wake for Vlad. He lived on Novokuznetskaya, next to the club. And then an NTV camera appeared in front of the club. Apparently, they were waiting for Berezovsky to be led out in handcuffs as a murder suspect. A crowd has gathered. I called and reported to Trofimov: “Anatoly Vasilyevich, this

is a provocation, not an investigative action.”

There is an NTV camera, eight machine gunners will lead Berezovsky... You could drive in from the yard, but they demonstratively parked the cars on the street. - Do you want provocations? — I asked the RUOP employees. - No, we want to interrogate Berezovsky. “You see,” I say, “there’s a crowd on the street.” You will now lead

him in handcuffs, some provocateur will say: “Here is a murderer,” and the whole house

will be demolished. A fight will break out and people will

be maimed. Why do you need this? Do you want to interrogate him? For God's sake. Drive the car into the yard, we will take Berezovsky under guard and take him for interrogation. If the investigator

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If he finds a reason, let him arrest him. And if he lets go, we will bring him here. If you want to do a search, please, no one bothers you. In general, it would be better if the investigator came here and conducted the interrogation on the spot. He says: "Okay." He started calling his

superiors, and I called Trofimov. He told me: “Under no circumstances should Berezovsky be taken out in handcuffs. Do they want to start riots in Moscow? I’ll send people now.” He sent about twenty people with machine guns from the Moscow Department. An investigator arrived,

interrogated Berezovsky at LogoVAZ, and the issue was resolved.

Now Korzhakov accuses me in his book that I almost worked part-time as a security guard for the oligarch. Although he knows perfectly well who sent me and why. After all, the materials about how Kot and Kozhanov extorted money from Berezovsky and how he gave them one hundred thousand dollars were seen by Barsukov, Korzhakov and General Rogozin (Korzhakov’s first deputy). Moreover, Rogozin and I together took these notes to the Minister of Internal Affairs Erin. - Well, what happened next? - Nothing. Subsequently, this case was crushed, wrapped up, and terminated.

Berezovsky's statement was

transferred to the prosecutor's office and included in the investigation into Listyev. They assigned investigator Indyukov, who was involved in the explosion at the Pyatigorsk station, and he was also in charge of the case of Tamara Rokhlina. During a search, Kozhanov and another police officer were found to have money from this bundle. - And you didn’t do this? — We detained Plekhanov (Cat). He said that it was just a scam, that he was set up by police officers who decided to get half a million dollars. Fifteen thousand

dollars from that bundle were

confiscated from Plekhanov. None of the police officers were brought to criminal liability; on the contrary, all were promoted. Kozhanov later received a colonel... We were forbidden to develop information along the Omsk authority - Nosovets - Kremlin line. Korzhakov took her.

In the fall of 1999, Berezovsky wrote another statement to Putin that no one returned the money to him, the police officers were not brought to criminal responsibility and, on the contrary, now

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they expel from the authorities those people who at that time worked on this information. Putin did not answer.

- If this is just a scam, why was it necessary?
should the police come to detain Berezovsky?

- I didn't say it was a scam. Plekhanov said this. And then I received operational information that this whole circus with the arrest of Berezovsky was organized by Korzhakov. The timing was precise. That day, Yeltsin was taken away hunting, and Berezovsky had nowhere else to turn for help. They had already prepared the cell where he was to be put. According to the same operational information, they were supposed to use a psychotropic drug on Berezovsky and, by Monday, extract evidence that he had organized the murder of Listyev. All this was planned to be recorded on tape and shown to Yeltsin. —Where did you get such data? — This is from a conversation with one of the employees of the Presidential Security Service who organized that "circus." But I don't want to reveal the source - it's still working. Korzhakov was behind the arrest of

Berezovsky in front of an NTV camera. That's

why he's trying so hard to accuse me of "defending my patron with arms in my hands." — Was Korzhakov involved in the investigation of Listyev's murder? - The most direct thing. I spoke with Korzhakov immediately after the murder. One of the agents who operated in the Kurgan group contacted me and requested a meeting. The agent said - there is information that Listyev was killed by Kurgan, but the order came from somewhere above. And since the noise has risen, the Kurgan people

want to remove this man. "And they can entrust this case to me," said the agent. And I will hand over this

man to you. But in order to gain more favor, I need to show my weight. They approached me with a request to help release one person under subscription. And then you can arrest him again."

At that time, Korzhakov's deputy Rogozin asked to tell him everything that concerned Listyev. Then I understood why they were interested in this: they themselves organized this business. But, alas, I learned about this much later. And in those days, I personally, and Berezovsky himself

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They trusted Korzhakov completely. In general, Korzhakov scammed me in full. When I reported the agent's message to

Rogozin, he replied: "Go to Korzhakov." I came and told everything. We'll release one, he suggested, on his own recognizance, and in return we'll contact Listyev's customer. Korzhakov says: "What, really?" I replied: "Yes. Let me call from your office and listen to the conversation with the agent." Korzhakov put on the tape and said: "Let's record it." I talked and the agent confirmed everything. Korzhakov asks me to go out for a minute. Then he called, gave the tape and said:

"Now Ilyushenko, the acting prosecutor general, will come, tell him everything." I told Ilyushenko everything, he began to whine, saying that this is all the nonsense of a madman, we don't need this.

— Did the Prosecutor General rush in instantly? - In about forty

minutes, like a manual one. Of course, he and Korzhakov decided everything in advance. It was an ordinary "divorce". Like, I will promise, but you go to that one. And he insists - we don't need this. That's all. And, of course, no one began to develop the Kurgan group. I brought the recording of the conversation with the agent to Lubyanka. A printout of this conversation was not even included in

the materials on Listyev. They simply ordered it to be filed in the agent's personal file and forgot.

This agent was very afraid that he had been decrypted. When I got out of prison two years later, he called and asked to meet. We met, and he began to ask me to return his "subscription". - Did you return it? - How can I return it when I no longer have access to the case? He

was very scared.

Later I had a meeting with this agent. He reminded me of that conversation and asked: "Who did you tell this from your superiors?" I answered that it was to Korzhakov.

- Wow! — the agent was alarmed. - Well, you set me up! Do you know that Korzhakov worked with the Kurgan people? I can tell you how together they established a drug supply channel from Colombia. They were transported in car tires. Used American cars were bought and driven to Russia. They opened a special company to import them. I checked - indeed

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Korzhakov, in a special garage on Obruchev Street, where government cars are located, there was a company that sold American used cars. — Did the Kurgan version have any confirmation? — The development of the “Kurgan” was carried out by the 12th

department of the MUR. One day, Oleg Plokhikh, who was in charge of this

operational case, contacted me and said that two members of the Kurgan gang had been detained and put in the Matrosskaya Tishina pre-trial detention center. One of them said that he was ready to split and provide details of many contract killings, including the murder of Listyev. But he demanded security guarantees. The fact is that the Kurgan residents eliminated several thieves in law, for which, according to the rules of the Russian prison, death was due. — Why did the Kurgan people liquidate the thieves? — The Kurgan group, which included the famous killer Alexander Solonik, consisted mainly of former intelligence officers. As I later learned, she had good connections with the Presidential Security Service and the FSB, and they

worked closely together on a mutually beneficial basis. In 1994,

there was a war between the Kurgan people and the Bauman group, in which there were many Dagestanis. During this war, several dozen Baumanskys died, including several thieves. So, after Oleg’s call, I began to prepare the transfer of these Kurgan residents to Lefortovo, but the transfer did not take place. There was a leak of information, and both of them were killed in “Matrosskaya Tishina” on the same night, although they were sitting in different cells.

Thus, I had two independent indications that the order for Listyev was carried out by the Kurgan people - from Oleg Plokhikh and from my own agent, but both lines froze because someone in the FSB or SBP was carefully monitoring everything and torpedoing the development. Oh, I wish I knew about Korzhakov then! — How did the investigation into Listyev proceed? - No way. One day Berezovsky asks: “Listen,

Sasha, are you doing anything according to Listyev?” - “Boris

Abramovich, everything has already died down. Nobody is looking for anyone, just talk,” I answered. “To develop the case further, we need to contact Barsukov and talk to him.”

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Berezovsky met with Barsukov, and he assigned this job to his deputy Kovalev.

Kovalev ordered me to go through all the units and see what was going on with Listyev. Three divisions were supposed to work on the search: the Department for Combating Terrorism, the Department of Economic Counterintelligence - Kurganov's third department, and the department for the protection of strategic objects, which served Ostankino. No one carried out any operational activities. At all.

I met with Berezovsky: "Boris Abramovich, no one is looking for Listyev's killers. If you want to find them, do what you did when Listyev was alive. After all, Listyev was killed for something, and those who killed will not stop there. They removed him for certain actions."

— Listyev and Berezovsky, as far as I remember, rebuilt the entire scheme for selling advertising time on ORT.

- Yes Yes. Listyev knew television well. If they could deceive Berezovsky, who did not understand this very well, then Listyev could not. And that's why I told Berezovsky: continue doing what Listyev started. And they will attack you again. Necessarily. A month or two later we meet, and he says: "Sasha, let's go!" I ask: "Who?" - "Can not say. But we ran into him." Then I met with

Badri Patarkatsishvili, Berezovsky's partner, who was involved in ORT. He also says: "We ran into it."

I ask: "Who?" Badri: "I can't talk about it."

In 1996, I once again returned to this question: "Boris Abramovich, after all, who ran into you then?" He replied: "Now I can say – Korzhakov." This was after Korzhakov was removed. - "Why didn't you say it before?" - "Well, you understand..." I understood. Berezovsky was afraid that he would be hit right away... And he told how it all happened. "Strelka" was

appointed in Korzhakov's office. Berezovsky, Badri, Korzhakov and

Shamil Tarpishchev, who brought some bandits with him, took part. Straight to the Kremlin. It was about ORT. They demanded in an ultimatum form that Berezovsky and Badri give Shamil the entire sports block so that

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Tarpishchev did whatever he wanted there. I placed advertisements and received money. Berezovsky, naturally, understood what kind of television it would be if everything was taken apart into pieces... He invested money there. And they wanted to use the sports block for free. This is how it turns out to be a racket. A showdown began, Tarpishchev's bandits began to "attack on

principles." Then Korzhakov kicked Badri out of his office and said to Boris: "Why did you drag this Georgian with you? I only want to do business with you." In general, Berezovsky refused. From this meeting, as I understand it, the war between Korzhakov and Berezovsky began. In short, this attack showed that the Korzhakov team had an

interest in TV and a motive against Listyev. And in 1998, I received direct confirmation that Listyev was ordered by Korzhakov. - From an agent? — No, from a conversation with Deputy Director of the FSB Trofimov. He

He told me personally. And he told Berezovsky the same thing. - And what did he say?

— Trofimov said that Barsukov told

him at one of the meetings that Listyev was removed by him and Korzhakov. But it was not only and not so much about advertising on ORT. They wanted to separate Berezovsky from Yeltsin and his family. After all, Listyev and Berezovsky were together, and Listyev had a relationship with Tatyana Dyachenko.

— Did he specify which ones?

- He said - very good, I don't know anymore, I won't lie. The plan was to immediately make Berezovsky the main suspect, arrest him, extract testimony and present it to Yeltsin and his family. Yeltsin would have to imprison Berezovsky. And Trofimov told Berezovsky the same thing. It was even recorded on tape. - Tell me, why did Barsukov need to tell Trofimov all this? - Trofimov says that they drank well. We sat and shared our impressions. Well, he "bragged." It

looks like Barsukov, by the way. In his spirit. - So, the mystery of Listyev's murder does not exist? - Yes. I

talked about this in an interview with Dorenko after the press conference.

conference in November 1998. He showed it on TV. "Didn't anyone question you

about this fact?"

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“A month before the arrest, I received a call from the Prosecutor General’s Office. The man introduced himself as investigator Shirani Elsultanov and summoned me for questioning as a witness in the murder of Listyev. I wrote everything that Trofimov told me. Shirani asked: “And you will sign this?” I replied: “Of course, I will sign. And I ask you to come with me and take away the tape with the recording of this conversation.” He refused. I ask: “Why don’t you want to take physical evidence?” He replies that he cannot do it without

Katyshev’s permission. Then I suggest: “Call Katyshev and let’s go.” He said: “No, I can’t.” I say: “Okay, call Trofimov, let’s confront Trofimov.” Shirani said: “He refused a confrontation.” I just went crazy: “Okay, what should I do? Let me

bring you this film myself.” - “No, don’t bring it.” - Were you afraid? - I think that many people guessed about the “triangle” of Listyev - Korzhakov - Dyachenko, but no one wanted to know. The prosecutor's office was afraid, God forbid, to find out anything about Listyev's case - everyone was afraid. They needed some other “evidence” that would lead to the side, but they didn’t need genuine evidence. Here is a man who knows who

killed Listyev.

The conversation was recorded. But the prosecutor’s office doesn’t want to confiscate the film! After my arrest, all audio and video recordings, even my child’s cartoons, were confiscated during a search. What were they looking for? This cassette. It had to be destroyed, which is what they did. Otherwise, why didn’t they watch or listen to the tapes during the search in front of witnesses? Why was everything piled up and taken away? And they didn’t draw up a search report.

- Having such serious evidence, do you keep it at home? For an operative worker, this is somehow strange...

- After that interrogation, I kept it at home on purpose, because I thought that if they came to me with a search (I hoped that the search would be in my presence), I would give it away. And he would say: “Citizens of witnesses, citizen investigator, I ask you to listen to this tape and add it to the materials of the criminal case.” And I would explain how this recording ended up in my possession. But they put me in prison and conducted a search in my absence. - And where is this film now?

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“They didn’t return it from the prosecutor’s office with other things.” It was just stolen. — Do you know

the book “The Godfather of the Kremlin”? In it
The theory is being worked out that Berezovsky killed Listyev.

- Yes, order. It was written by Paul Khlebnikov - at the suggestion of Korzhakov’s people. The main argument is that a few days before the murder, one of the criminals received a large sum of money from Berezovsky, and then Listyev was killed. But Berezovsky himself wrote about this in a statement, a criminal case was opened, and everything was confirmed! Yes, he gave money, but not for the murder of Listyev, but because he was promised to name those who ordered the crime committed against himself...

They worked aggressively! If Berezovsky had made a mistake somewhere, if he had not written that statement, he would have been charged that the money was given for murder. And I do not rule out that Plekhanov-Kot would have been detained, who would have testified that he received one hundred thousand from Berezovsky and that he asked to kill Listyev, which was done. They would have given Plekhanov eight years, then he would have been declared insane and released... And Berezovsky would have received twenty-five years or life for this.

— It would be interesting to arrange a “confrontation” with Khlebnikov for you. By the way, were you summoned to the English court, where Berezovsky is suing Khlebnikov for libel? “The trial has not yet begun, but I am ready to speak and provide all

the materials I have.” By the way, there is another line. I received information about the private security agency Stealth. This is a front company for the FSB. Its leader is Major General of the active reserve Lutsenko. This private security agency employed one person who had previously served in the Seventh Directorate of the KGB. It was engaged in external surveillance and operational installation. This employee worked for Lutsenko and was familiar with my operational source. In one of the conversations, he told the source that, at the direction of the company’s management, he was setting up the addresses of various objects. He studied the entrance, the apartment, how it was located in the entrance, as well as approaches to the house and exits from it. Then he drew a diagram and reported. He made such an installation at Listyev’s entrance and, of course, learned his scheme after Listyev was killed.

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He was very scared and in a conversation with my source said that he looked at all the places where he had installed installations before and determined that murders had been committed everywhere. You see, to all addresses!

-Can't you name these addresses? “I don’t know

them and I can’t name the source because I fear for his life.” But if there is an objective investigation, he will testify. And if I call him now, at best, he will refuse his words. He's not crazy. — Have you recorded the reports of the operational source? “I received this information when I was already removed from operational work.

— Have you already been to the FSB? — I was still registered in the FSB, but was already on staff. — In this case, did

you have the right not to record these materials? “I had no right not to record this report.” Moreover, I had to report

this to management. But I

understood perfectly well how the investigation into the Listyev

case was going on and what would happen if I spoke about it. After all, I directly stated on TV who

committed the murder of Listyev, and I was interrogated only four days later. Nobody was interested in this.

— Nobody contacted you? Neither journalists nor Listyev’s relatives?

- No. No one called. Neither relatives, nor from television. No one at all. No one cared about this at all. I am sure that then, and even now, based on the available materials, this crime could have been solved in a few weeks.

— Let's go back to 1996. Have you continued your investigation of the Kurgan line? - I was

suspended. I was then serving in the Counter-Terrorism Directorate. The deputy head of the department was Ivan Kuzmich Mironov. We were in charge of solving the murder, but as soon as serious materials about the Kurgan people began to appear, the case was taken away from me and the opera named Lyubochka was transferred to a neighboring department. This made me suspicious. I said to Mironov: “Ivan Kuzmich, it looks like I was suspended by the Listyev department?” “No,” he reassured, “not

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suspended. You work with the agents, and we switch all operational activities to Lyubochka, because he is conducting the search, and let him control everything. It is more comfortable". And then Mironov asks: “Don’t you think that

Berezovsky

could he be involved in Listyev’s murder?”

I worked a lot on contract killings, I saw everything. A wife can order a husband, a husband can order a wife. Here such pearls sometimes pop up, you’ll grab your head. But there is no contract killing without a motive. They were at the same time - Listyev and Berezovsky. “No,” I say, “I don’t see Berezovsky’s motive. And there is no data.” Then Mironov opened the folder and began to read the recording of the meeting with Lisovsky, who gave operational testimony

against Berezovsky. Not a protocol, but simply a recording of a conversation. Lisovsky claimed that Listyev was ordered by Berezovsky. Because Berezovsky "kills everything,

what is connected with our national heritage,” and wants

national television, our pride and beauty, should be given to foreigners. In a word, the enemy of everything Russian. Then we talked about the economics

of television, the relationship between its leaders, and again the same thing - Berezovsky wants to give TV into the hands of foreigners, but the patriot Listyev allegedly did not agree. And he died.

Here, like an opera, my ears withered. I'm not used to listening to general chatter instead of facts. But there was no point in arguing. They dug under Berezovsky and did not even want to hear about anything else.

It was clear from everything that the security agencies - not only the FSB, but also the police and the prosecutor's office - had begun a real war on business. At one meeting, General Kolesnikov, then First Deputy Minister of Internal Affairs, assigned the Ministry of Internal Affairs the task of collecting incriminating evidence on Berezovsky and his companies. Kolesnikov did not say that there are crimes that need to be solved. That is, from crimes to reach the customer and the performer. He said the opposite - there is Berezovsky, and he must be accused of crimes.

The “Big War” began between the special services and the Russian

business. Vlad Listyev became the first victim of this war.

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Oligarchs against security officers

— The first major battle in the war between business and intelligence services took place in the summer of 1996, and it all ended with the expulsion of Korzhakov from the presidential retinue. YOU find yourself between two fires. How it was? — In 1996, on the eve of the presidential elections, Berezovsky

flew from Davos, and we met. He said: “Sasha, until recently I was on very good terms with your leadership - Korzhakov, Barsukov. And now we are separated. And I want to warn you that communicating with me may cause you problems. They have their own vision of the elections, I have mine. And here we part.”

I didn’t specify what this vision was because I wasn’t particularly interested in politics at that time. I now understand that in those same days the Korzhakov-Barsukov group persuaded Yeltsin to cancel the elections, ban the Communist Party of the Russian Federation and dissolve the Duma, essentially, establish a dictatorship. But businessmen were against it. They were convinced that Yeltsin should go to the elections and win them, and not cancel them. Because by canceling the elections, he will become a hostage to those who will ensure that he retains power.

From a conversation with Berezovsky, I understood that in Davos the oligarchs entered into a non-aggression pact against each other and agreed to help Yeltsin in the elections, putting Chubais in charge of the election campaign. And Korzhakov really didn’t like this. Many people think that in those elections the struggle was between two forces - the

communists led by Zyuganov and the coalition of democrats and oligarchs who rallied around Yeltsin. In fact, the democrats had very little weight, and three forces participated in the battle for power - the communists, the oligarchs and the intelligence services. The latter played their own game, although they were considered supporters of Yeltsin. But on many issues they aligned themselves with the communists. For example, in their dislike of Jews and hatred of the West, Businessmen were so absorbed in the fight against communists that they did not notice how people in uniform stabbed them in the back.

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These days, Barsukov's assistant, General Osadchy, invited me,
and started a conversation like this:

- Look, Gusinsky again became friends with Berezovsky and fell under Chernomyrdin, moved away from Luzhkov. The leadership of the FSB is now very interested in this combination - Gusineky, Berezovsky and Chernomyrdin.

"But in my opinion," I say, "it's a normal bunch, they don't want the Communist Party of the Russian Federation to come to power, and they are uniting before the elections." And it's good that Berezovsky and Gusinsky made peace. Osadchy even jumped

up on the spot: "Do you want these two Jews to be together again? We spent so much effort trying to separate them!" "Alexander Ilyich," I ask, "why did Berezovsky not please you?" - Do you think we

shouldn't work against him? "That's not the point," I answer. "We just don't have a chance to win."

Osadchy looked at me as if I were sick: "How come there's no chance?"

"You play dominoes," I say, "and he plays chess." And in this game

you have to see many moves ahead. The

general waved his hand: "Okay, okay, get out of here." — Why don't they

like Jews in the Office? — I didn't understand for a

long time. I understood already here in England, after the conversation
with my lawyer.

"Sasha," he says, "do you know why there is no Jewish
question? Because the British do not consider themselves stupider than the Jews."

Churchill said so. — Let's go back

to 1996. You knew that in Davos, in a narrow circle, the oligarchs decided to bet on Yeltsin. In other words, a president was "elected" in Davos.

- Well, I think, after all, a presidential candidate. But at that moment I was less interested in this than in the fact that Berezovsky disagreed with my leadership. Then I still did not know about the "strelka" in the Kremlin, or about Korzhakov's connection with the Kurgan people. I was just beginning to understand the scale of lawlessness in the FSB. Until this day, I knew that Berezovsky and Korzhakov played on the same team, and suddenly this news. Korzhakov and Barsukov are not people you should quarrel with.

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- Essentially, you were faced with the same question as Yeltsin was: who are you with - the Korzhakov group (to cancel the elections) or with the businessmen who decided to “buy” the elections. — Then I didn’t formulate it so clearly and didn’t understand

the role of money in elections at all. But I still think that the main thing is this. Korzhakov was not happy that Yeltsin would be brought to power through democratic means. He did not need a legitimate president, but a hostage president. Which will be completely dependent on the intelligence services. And Berezovsky understood that this was the end of business, the market economy, democracy - the path to civil war, to blood. And he demanded elections. He warned me that if I

continued to communicate with him, I might have problems. Although I might not have done this: who am I to him? The next day he had a meeting with Anatoly Vasilyevich Trofimov, the head of the Moscow department of the FSB. I don’t know what they were talking about, but when I saw him off, I saw external surveillance for the first time. There were two people standing with a “diplomat”. I know these suitcases well,

it’s a camera. They stood at a corner. One is filming from the side of the “diplomat”, and the other is covering him, it seems like they are talking. I showed them to Berezovsky and rushed at them, they ran away. Got away.

I went and reported to management that I had discovered an outdoor surveillance system behind me.

— For you or for Berezovsky? - Behind us!

They took pictures of both of us. Trofimov said - this is not the FSB. I wonder who it could be? I called Rogozin at the Presidential Security Service: “Isn’t this your job?” Rogozin laughed: “Have you seen the film about Stirlitz? Do you remember what Mueller told him? Your Mercedes has been confused. In general, something started around us, but it was not clear who was being herded. Then there were elections, and Chubais’s people - Litovsky and Evstafiev - were caught with a Xerox box containing half a million dollars in

cash. They were detained by Korzhakov’s people. That day, Rogozin asked me to stop by the President Hotel (the election headquarters was there). I arrive and see Rogozin rushing somewhere. I told him:

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“Georgiy Georgievich, should we wait for you or not?” - “Don’t wait, don’t wait. Something happened there..." In the evening I found out about a box with a “copier”, that is, with money from the left to pay for the elections.

The day before, I asked a colleague to print documents for me. And he says: “You know, Sanya, I can’t,

we’re writing reports.” It was ordered to urgently collect all the incriminating evidence for the director on Berezovsky, Chubais, Koch and Gusinsky. They are preparing to arrest them. But the next day Korzhakov, Barsukov and Tarpishchev

were dismissed. They say that Tatyana Dyachenko played a decisive role in this. It was she who convinced her father to side with Chubais. (I wonder if she guessed that it was Korzhakov who removed Listyev?). “They prepared to arrest some, but got the resignation of others.” Didn’t you warn Berezovsky about a possible arrest? - No, I had no right to do this. I watched the news at home in the

evening. There Chubais triumphed that he had driven “the last nail into the coffin of communism.” I think, what does communism have to do with it?

Korzhakov just wanted to ban the Communist Party. Later, the guys from the Presidential Security Service told me that in Evstafiev’s office, equipment was installed to view the room (we call it “Olga”). We watched as Lisovsky and Evstafiev were carrying money. The box with which they were caught, they say, was

already the sixteenth, the last one. Did you laugh, the box is the last nail in the coffin of communism? Everyone understood that the “left” paid money for the elections. What does communism have to do with it? A new divide in politics has emerged: people with money versus people with IDs. But the communists remained on the sidelines.

- Do you know that Chubais was hiding in the Logovaz club all that night? “This became known a few days

later, when we began to discuss details. They said that Korzhakov was going to cover them all in one place and that the arrest was prevented by General Lebed, who was pulled out of bed in the middle of the night. But I never met Chubais at Berezovsky’s - I only saw him on TV.

- What if they then ordered you to arrest them at the club? What would you do in that situation?

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— I would have fulfilled my official duty. -

Undoubtedly? -

Definitely. And at Lubyanka they knew this. Although they pestered: “How can you communicate with him? This is a thief. He robbed all of Russia." I asked: “If he stole, then from whom?” Name the victim." “He robbed Russia,” they answer. How did he rob Russia?

Taking money from the treasury? What is he, a government official? Only an official can steal from the treasury. Where is the official who helps him with this? Let's start with it. They answered me: “Well, you understand, if he were Ivanovich and not Abramych, there would be no questions.” And I say: “You can come to terms with the fact that you don’t have money. It’s more difficult if someone has them.” I called Berezovsky the day after Korzhakov’s resignation: “How are you, how are you?”

(What if they were arrested? I saw Chubais on TV, but not Berezovsky). He called me to the dacha. Berezovsky said: “Sasha, last night there was another putsch. They pretended to support the president, and then stabbed him in the back. What do you think can be done to prevent this from

happening again?”

By that time, I had already begun to understand that the intelligence services could not be reformed, but I still could not clearly determine why and what was happening. I knew well the functions of only one department, which dealt with gangs and terrorists, and this work was needed. But in 1996, the participation of intelligence services in big politics was not yet obvious. Their increased interest in business was visible.

We saw that in some departments there appeared exorbitantly rich security officers who bought apartments, houses, foreign cars - obviously not with their salaries. And we easily figured out where they could get the money.

I said: “We should probably kick out several of the most odious figures from there.” Berezovsky asked:

“Do you know them?” I named several generals who are enraged by the words “media”, “rights”, “democracy”. I knew generals who loved the rhyme: “Comrade, believe me, it will pass, the so-called glasnost, and then state security

will remember your names.”

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These people remembered the times when you could do anything with a KGB ID. They didn't understand how it could be that an intelligence officer comes to the bank and demands: "Give me this man's accounts," and they answer him: "Sorry, it's a trade secret. Please, present the criminal case, the investigator's resolution, and we will provide you with everything." - And what happened to these odious generals? - Nothing. None of them were fired, and some went to

increase.

I then told him: "These people will choke you. Everyone who does business. They want to be in charge and collect rent from you." And he: "The matter is much more complicated. "Idiots," he says,

"have abandoned the special services to their fate, they are not paid money, what do they want from them?" But you know, few people attribute the general threat to themselves... Although I warned him more

than once. In those days I had a conversation with General Osadchiy - this is Barsukov's assistant. He told me one on one: "Tell Boris that if Korzhakov is imprisoned, he, Boris, is a corpse." On the same day I conveyed this to Berezovsky. — Did you bring the conversation with Osadchy to the attention of the FSB leadership? — Who could I report to, what leadership? To your department head Platonov? By that time, he himself had already been expelled from the

organs, crushed. I conveyed to him in general terms the contents of this conversation.

"But you didn't put it in writing?" After all, this is a threat, according to your classification, of a terrorist attack. - No. Because if I had written this, I would have been kicked

out after Platonov. Need confirmation. The conversation was one on one. The only thing left for me was to warn Berezovsky: there are threats against you. — Did you often communicate with him in those days? - About once a month. There was a war going on, I worked on the Chechen side, carried out operational activities, and

Berezovsky was then working as deputy chairman of the

Security Council in the Chechen direction, and I had questions for him. Each time I spoke to him only for a few minutes. He never had time.

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But the conversation with Osadchy was constantly in my mind. By that time, Kivelidi had already been poisoned. It was already known what poison he was poisoned with. — From the FSB

laboratory on Krasnobogatyrskaya? - Yes. When we met, I told

Boris: “Be careful. Our guys have a grudge

against you. In the kitchen - so that there is a regime.” But he shrugged it off and ignored it. — Do you think that the

celebration of the victory of 1996 blinded

Russian oligarchs? Created a sense of false security?

“I think they made a big mistake in considering the communists their main opponents.” They thought that no one was behind Korzhakov and Barsukov; they did not understand that the special services had their own political interests. And the special services realized that they would not be able to feed themselves by “protecting” business if the oligarchs were not crushed. In general, the special services lost the battle, but not the war. But then few people understood this. Berezovsky, perhaps, understood earlier than others.

— You called the pre-election crisis of 1996 the “first battle” between business and security officers. And from the perspective of today, how would you assess the course of military operations?

— In fact, there were four battles. The first was when the oligarchs fought with the Korzhakov-Barsukov group. It ended with the resignation of Korzhakov and the victory of Yeltsin in the elections in 1996. The second battle was between the oligarchs surrounded by Yelyshny and the security officers of the Primakov school, that is, the old, Soviet model. The security officers lost because Primakov could not become president. The third battle: between the oligarchs - the owners of the media - Gusinsky, Berezovsky, and the St. Petersburg security officers - Putan, Patrushev, Ivanov began after the 2000 elections. The security officers took revenge: they took away the TV channels. This cost Russia dearly: the independent press disappeared. So the count is two one. The fourth battle is now taking place. The security officers have launched a large-scale offensive and are trying to gain complete control over the country, society and financial flows. This war is going according to new rules. After the terrorist attacks in New York on September 11, 2001, the West, primarily the United States, began to play on the side of the Russian intelligence services, which are happy to give the Americans whatever they ask for in exchange for

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that they turn a blind eye to their dark deeds. It can be considered that Russian democracy found itself under the ruins of the New York towers. How will this end, and not only for Russia?..

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Chapter 6. The last case of URPO

Special Tasks Department

— You were transferred to URPO in August 1997. You said that Kovalev personally gave the order. How did this happen? — It started with a conflict

with Volokh, the head of the administrative center of the ATC, where I then served. My group detained the Mytishchi crime boss nicknamed Grigor. According to operational data, he was responsible for several contract killings. But they arrested him in a criminal case of bringing drugs into the zones - there was evidence and an arrest warrant. He was ambushed at his home, and when he showed up, one of my guys tried to handcuff him. Well, he resisted, hit him on the head with a bag - and ran away. The employee is behind him. As expected, he fired three shots into the air. Grigor did not react. My employee began shooting to kill and wounded Grigor. They took Grigor away in an ambulance, and Volokh called me over and started yelling. They say that there was a shooting in the city, and tomorrow the attacks will begin in the newspapers. That, they say, we behave like cowboys, etc. I was angry, we didn't sleep for two days, we sat in ambush on this

Grigor. My people are tired. I could barely stand on my own. And then they didn't let my employees go home; they started interrogating them one by one. In general, I slammed the door and went to Kovalev. — Did he accept you right away? — Kovalev knew me well. Not long before this, Trofimov and I met with him about Khokholkov. Even earlier, he personally monitored my work on Listyev and the Logovaz explosion. Although he forbade the development of Khokholkov, he treated me well. In general, if an ordinary officer asks for a personal meeting with the director of the

FSB, then a smart director will

always accept him, because no one will contact him for trifles. And Kovalev was a smart director. I went to him and began to report. My people detained the bandit, and he resisted. I had to use a weapon. The prosecutor's office admitted that everything was according to the law. And Volokh, instead of thanking

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to say, he arranged an official investigation. I say, I never give up my people. If he doesn't let go, I'll resign. Kovalev asks: “Who shot?” — Lieutenant Colonel Gorshkov. He is

a most experienced opera.

He served in the police

for twenty years before he came to us. He has two wounds. Eight uses of weapons. Shoots without missing. He killed several people. Kovalev says: “Eight times?” Wow. And these are your people? - Yes talking. “We need people like this.” You will go to work at URPO. Take your people with you. I was

stunned. How can I go

there, I think, if I brought him material on Khokholkov. And it

was as if he read my

thoughts: “Forget about Khokholkov.” We checked it. But it won’t hurt if I have my own person in URPO. Agree?

You will go to the seventh department to see Gusak. — What did the seventh department do? - In general, looking

back, I will say - extrajudicial killings.

Gusak took the initiative - he submitted a report to the director. He wrote in detail that criminality, thieves in law have dissolved, it is impossible to imprison them, so allow them to be removed by

extrajudicial means.

Kovalev took this report, put it in a safe, created a department and appointed Gusak is the boss. Special Tasks Department. — Did other FSB

employees know what your department does? - No one knew. The highest degree of

secrecy. It was known that this department was engaged in the development of criminal groups in Moscow and the Moscow region. I thought so myself when I went there. — How many of you were there? — There are twelve people in the department. The entire URPO

consisted of 40 operational units, plus

its own auxiliary units - outdoor surveillance, wiretapping, security group, autonomous operational accounting, etc. Essentially, it was a separate strike group of the leadership. We

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were located at a separate facility on Novokuznetskaya, where the mansion stands. Nobody touched us, no inspectors, nothing.

— You said that URPO was created specifically for Khokholkov after the liquidation of Dudayev. Were there any special tasks for Chechnya?

- No. Quite the opposite. The fact is that Chechnya, in a sense, corrupted the intelligence services. There are different rules, more is allowed, more can be gotten away with. In Moscow, because a bandit was easily wounded, Volokh gave me a scandal, but in Chechnya you can accidentally send a dozen people to the next world, and no one will say a word. So the authorities decided to create, for the sake of efficiency, a special unit that could operate in Moscow, as in Chechnya. I realized this immediately, at one of the first meetings. Kovalev talked about new appointments. The

conversation turned to Umar Pasha - we have such a colonel, a Chechen by nationality. Shebalin from our department laughs: “This is what we’ve come to - Umar is already working in the central office. Nikolai Dmitrievich, remember the case when Umar Pasha offered to give you Basayev for forty thousand dollars?” Kovalev waved his hands: “I remember, I remember.” My new boss, Alexander Gusak, later told me this incident.

When Kovalev was on a business trip in Chechnya, Umar Pasha (he worked in the local FSB) came to him and said that people were ready to hand over Basayev and indicate the place where he would appear. “Give me forty thousand dollars.” Kovalev says: “No, let’s start with Basayev.” Then Umar Pasha says: “He may not be alive. They could kill him." Kovalev: “Let’s at least get a dead one, then I’ll give you the money.” Umar agreed. We arrived at some trailer. “There,” they say, “Basayev is, but it’s dangerous to go there.”

This trailer was shot with machine guns and machine guns. Then the corpses were pulled out from there. Basayev was not among them. There were some peasants. Seven or eight corpses were pulled out. Kovalev says: “I would give the money, but then what? Basayev is not there.”

— So Kovalev, the director of the FSB, was present when the crime was committed? - It turns out that

way. “Seven people were

killed for no reason at all.” - Yes. Then they said that they

were militants.

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- But they didn't even establish the identity? — As Gusak

said, no one installed anything. They buried it and left. And Kovalev was glad that he did not give the money. And Umar Pasha kept reproaching him: "You ask for such money, some peasants were shot, but Basayev is not there." Umar says: "They shot early. We should have waited. He would have come." Imagine, guys come from Chechnya after such operations to fight bandits, and they

are told: "This is not Chechnya, now everything is according to the law." — Was there any principle of personnel selection at all? — For example, Grinevsky served in Gusak's group. How did he get to him?

Before that, he worked in the Vladimir region, in one of the regional departments.

Grinevsky developed one object, and as he himself said, this object was a rare bastard. Andrei realized that it was impossible to imprison him, because he had connections in the police and the prosecutor's office. Well, in general, Grinevsky organized his murder. How, who, he didn't say. He simply said: "Society had to be cleansed of this infection." The police found Grinevsky, he was detained, he spent ten days on suspicion of murder, but nothing could be proven. Then they removed him from there and began to look for a place to transfer him to. One of my friends helped me transfer to Moscow. HR officer Baev walked around the departments, asking: "Nobody needs a person?"

The gander became interested: "Who?" — "So-and-so is suspected of killing the subject. Everyone understands that he did it, but there is no evidence." Gusak says: "We need such people." - And you yourself accept Grinevsky's logic that if an object cannot be obtained by court, then it is permissible to destroy it in another way. If so, on merit? "Now, after what happened at the URPO, I know that it is better to let a criminal escape punishment than to allow a cop to create chaos." I know that the fight against crime must be within the law. Bandits are outside the law, and we are in it! Yes, it is more difficult for us. But if someone goes beyond the law to eliminate crime, he does not come back. There is

no going back. However, I must say that this understanding was not easy for me. When Kovalev sent me to URPO, I had my

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employee Gorshkov is an honest officer who was unfairly dragged for interrogation for abuse of power. Most cops who deal with bandits, murderers, complete scumbags on a daily basis and cannot get hold of them, look at the law and human rights as an annoying hindrance. But the fact is that if you allow the cops or special services to become above the law, then there will instantly be people - in the same special services or

in the political leadership who will begin to use this for their own purposes, to sell, so to speak, services on the market. Or seize power.

It starts with Dudayev - after all, in fact, he was killed illegally, but everyone swallowed it because - Chechnya. Then the Chechen peasants - again it seems not so scary, they are strangers. And off we go. And it all ends with orders from the drug mafia or political assassinations.

- How did you get your epiphany? - Everyone has

their own threshold, something like a prohibitive barrier, and if you cross it, there will be no turning back. For some, to help an old friend “resolve the issue” with a debtor, for others, to sell information, for others, to take their share of the kickback for a custom operation, for fourths, to organize a roof, for fifths, to kidnap a person, for sixths, to kill him, and for some - to blow up a bus with passengers. There are all sorts of people in the organs - from the pure and selfless to complete scumbags. There are few of both. Almost everyone is covered with something, but not everyone will blow up residential buildings. And not everyone in the FSB was tied to blood, even in our seventh department of the URPO. The wisdom of management is to cover up everyone, and then use them in accordance with their prohibitive barrier, but not to force people to do something that they definitely will not do. My barrier came when I was ordered to kill a man.

Past the blood

— Gusak recruited into the seventh department people who had special “merits,” like the cop who killed the subject. And you say there is no blood on you. How does this fit?

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- It wasn't Gusak who chose me, but Kovalev sent me. Later, Gusak himself will say about this in an interview: "I did not want to take Litvinenko into my unit. The management imposed it on me." I think they overlooked me and made a mistake. Gusak believed that Kovalev tested me with blood, and Kovalev believed that Gusak.

Only later, when they started putting pressure on us, they rushed to check everything after the fact. Gusak once called me and said: "Remember, you took part in an event with us?" I ask: "Which one?" "Do you remember," he says, "we killed one Azerbaijani?" I snapped: "I didn't kill any Azerbaijanis with you." "Well," he was even confused, "we killed him at the police station."

- And Gusak himself? What was behind

him? — Gusak has always had a "cool" reputation. He himself wrote in a report to Kovalev: "My subordinates are scumbags in the good sense of the word." But I didn't know what exactly was assigned to him at that time. It was clear in general terms. There were all sorts of rumors. One day Gusak's employee Gorshkov came and asked to join my group. Gorshkov previously served in the police, in UTRO and OBKhSS. "You know," he said, "they are abnormal, I'm afraid. They kill people. I won't work there - I'll quit. They go to events and start beating people to death. I'm against it. Sooner or later everyone will be imprisoned. What can I do?" The specific story thanks to which Gusak received the seventh department became

known to me later, when we were already in conflict with the leadership. Gusak took five people - Dagestanis - into the forest, in the Podolsk region, and shot them. In addition to Gusak, Aleshin and Bavdey took part in this operation.

I found out about this by chance, when we were already out of state: Gusak lost his nerve, and while drunk, he blurted out to my wife how they took five people out and shot them. "You understand," he said, "if this fact is revealed..." He seemed worried. Marusya told me this and

added: "Tell him to tell me
I didn't say such things anymore. Why do I need it? I don't want to know."

"I say to Bavdey: "Borya, Gusak told my wife that you shot several people." Boris got scared: "Is he crazy?

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got off? Is it possible to say this to someone? I knew that we would go to jail with this fool.”

I started checking. I talked with Shebalin, Ponkin, and other employees. Everyone was surprised - why didn’t you know? After our complaint to the prosecutor’s office, the department was expecting a search, and Gusak had an unregistered “scorched” weapon in his safe, as well as the bloody passports of these Dagestanis. Gusak ordered everything to be destroyed. Ponkin and Shebalin took the documents somewhere, and another employee, Captain Solovey, hid the weapons. Later, the prosecutor’s office seized one pistol from this batch from the safe of a former employee of our department, Shevchuk. Now he serves in the Moscow department. Investigator Barsukov interrogated me about this fact.

— Did Auto give Gusak instructions to remove these Dagestanis? — Lieutenant

General Mironov. That's what Gusak told my wife. I asked Mironov: “Ivan Kuzmich, Gusak said that you gave the command to go to the showdown, and then they killed people.” Mironov turned pale: “I didn’t give the command to kill anyone.” And after a long pause he added: “I knew he was crazy.” It was after this conversation that Mironov went to ask Putin for me. They say that Litvinenko knows too much, he cannot be kicked out. — So the top management knew about this story? - Of course, she knew. Later, when the prosecutor’s office took up the URPO based on our application, Gusak told me: “You know, I had a conversation with Kovalev, and he

asked: “Why is Litvinenko twitching?” He went with you to shoot those

Dagestanis?” I replied that you were not there. Kovalev asked: “Where was he? How - nowhere? And he ended up in URPO?!” That's all. They thought I was "somewhere". They even imagine

They couldn’t imagine that I wasn’t dirty. I missed the blood.

But if there had been blood, they would have remembered it, and I certainly would not have left Lefortovo. After all, they checked all my affairs for ten years and did not find anything more serious than accusing me of once hitting an arrested bandit, giving him a bruise “the size of a penny.” But the court acquitted me of this too! — Why were the Dagestanis killed? - Here is how it was. The son of former KGB chairman Semichastny had a commercial

company that owed money to someone

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money. The Dagestanis, as I understand it, were hired to extract money from him. Semichastny Jr. complained to dad, who went to Kovalev and asked for help. Kovalev called Gusak and ordered to sort it out: “Go to Mironov, let him formalize it.”

Gusak then, like me, served in the ATC OU, and he and Mironov framed this attack as a threat of a terrorist act against Semichastny the Father. I don’t know what happened there, but Gusak went to the showdown, and it ended with five corpses.

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Order for an oligarch

—Your epiphany came at the moment when you were ordered to kill Berezovsky, not Petrov, not Sidorov, but Berezovsky. I think this is the most delicate point. Berezovsky had a motive to fabricate this whole story. Like, you “saw the light” and began to “expose” the special services on his order.

- Not true. In addition to Berezovsky, there were two more cases about which we gave evidence to the prosecutor’s office and then spoke at a press conference. But Berezovsky is the loudest name of the three, and they simply did not pay attention to the others. For example, does the name Trepashkin mean anything to you? - Trepashkin? — In the fall of 1997, when we had just moved to URPO, the head of my

department, Gusak,

came up to me and said: “There is such a Trepashkin, we need to find him.” He is a former FSB officer, did not surrender his ID and goes to bomb vodka kiosks and receives money. This certificate must be confiscated." I say, “Okay. Where does he work? Gusak answers: the tax police. I was surprised: “How is it in the tax police? And no one can find him? And who does he work there? - “Head of the Investigation Department.” “Sasha,” I say, “don’t you think it’s funny that the head of the investigative department of the Tax Police of the Moscow Region is bombing vodka kiosks with an FSB certificate?” If you extort, it is better with a tax police ID. You can use it not from kiosks, but from vodka factories. And how come he doesn’t

hand over his ID? He also has a boss who can order him to hand over his FSB ID. Gusak hesitated: “Sasha, this is a delicate question, I didn’t want to tell you. Trepashkin filed a lawsuit against the management, against Kovalev. And he personally asked to deal with him.” - “How to figure it out?” - “Well, in short, Sasha, he needs to shut his mouth. He went to the newspaper, gave an interview, we need to give him something or put him in jail.” We went down to the personnel department. They showed me a personal file, a photograph where he was still young, with the rank of senior lieutenant... His face was

handsome, pleasant. Trepashkin, it turns out, for more than ten years

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worked in the Investigation Department of the KGB of the USSR. He rose almost to the rank of head of the investigative department.

I say: “Listen, throw a gun at the investigator, what are you laughing at? He will immediately ruin the matter.” Gusak agreed: “Yes, I think so too. You know what, let's just star him, that's all. Why bother with him? It’s clear to everyone: they supposedly went for an ID, but he resisted, so they starred him. Just so that they don’t find out under any circumstances that we are from the FSB.” “San, you understand, he went to court,” Gusak’s stubbornness amazed me. - He is a person specially protected by the state. If anyone finds out what we did to him, what will happen to us?

They also have a Department of Internal Security. “Listen,” Gusak lost patience, “everything is captured there.” And in general,

do you understand why we were all transferred here? What don't you understand? We are a custom department. We have a responsibility to solve leadership problems. Do you understand what an honor we were given? And you ask questions. Come on, think. I give you

Shcheglov, Shebalin and Ponkin to help you.

There is nothing to do, I started developing Trepashkin. Study his business, find out his circle, talk to people, etc. And the more I learned about him, the more I liked him. And I decided that I would not “deal” with him, I would somehow bury the task and let it go. Later, when I met Trepashkin, he told me what happened to him. While working for the FSB, he exposed a Chechen group that was involved in extortion, murder and arms trafficking. And

without understanding the “subtleties” of the case, he detained a plane with weapons that was illegally sent to Chechnya. And behind these deliveries there was someone at the top. He was kicked out. Trepashkin wrote a statement to Yeltsin, went to court, and went to the newspaper. In connection with this interview, even a board of the FSB was assembled to decide what to do, how to shut him up. They fabricated materials that Trepashkin extorted money from a certain citizen Pisyakov. They found a man, brought him to Moscow from St. Petersburg, and began to prove him. Then they tried to fabricate materials that he had

divulged information constituting a state secret.

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It turns out that the state secret is that Trepashkin is a former lieutenant colonel of the special services. Trepashkin still won the case. — Was it the request to deal with Trepashkin that gave you the first

doubts? - Yes. I then told Gusak that this was a complex matter, it was unclear where it might lead, and I needed time

to figure it out. And he got rid of it. And I thought. And after a couple of weeks - again. We were given the task of kidnapping the famous businessman Umar Dzhabrailov in order to rescue our officers from Chechen captivity...

Just like that, openly

text

— Was it officially ordered to kidnap Dzhabrailov? - Yes, to get money

for it and ransom the officers. Without

No one will exchange Dzhabrailov's money for officers.

- Who set this task? —

Management manual. General Khokholkov and his deputy Makarychev. - Did you

hear it with your own ears? -

Here is how it was. I did a lot of searching for hostages. He even developed an entire system and was generally considered a specialist. And then one day Gusak invited me into the office where the meeting was going on. Bavdey, Gusak, Ponkin, Shebalin and Shcheglov were present. Gusak asked:

"Sasha, how

can you kidnap a person without being found?" I was surprised:

"Are you planning to steal someone?"

That's when Gusak said that he had been given the task of kidnapping Dzhabrailov.

Dzhabrailov's phone was tapped. External surveillance worked on it. His location was established. Ponkin did this. He had a whole collection on Dzhabrailov. He suggested that it would be better to kidnap not Umar, but his younger brother Hussein. According to Chechen customs, the brother will always pay for his younger brother. And it's easier to kidnap - Dzhabrailov himself is guarded by a hired

them the police.

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I explained to them how to kidnap a person without getting caught. I remembered cases when our search reached a dead end and did not produce results. The one who kidnaps a person should

not know where he will be hidden. Those who guard should not have contact with the one who extorts money. I know that in this case, neither the police nor my colleagues will ever detain a person who extorts money until they establish exactly where the hostage is. Therefore, he said that if the hostage is in one place, and the one who extorts money is in another and never leads to the hostage (he just doesn't know where he is), then he will never be detained, otherwise the hostage will be killed.

- In a word, if a hostage is taken by special services, then it is almost impossible to find him, since they know all the intricacies of this case? And most importantly, they know who will look for them.

- Yes, of course, it is impossible to find him, even if the one who extorts money is detained. The security services will pull them out, and the hostage will die. In addition, I recommended that Gusak hold the event together with the third department of RUOP. Because this unit was involved in the release of hostages in Moscow at that time. They specialized in applicants and hostages. It is clear that only this department will look for him. And we need to work together: to introduce our people there. We will have an operative who completely controls the progress of the search.

— It turns out that you practically helped develop the crime? - Yes, I helped develop the

crime, which I regret and which I later reported to the prosecutor's office. Fortunately, it did not take place. I don't hide it: on the instructions of my management, I explained how to do all this. Later, I was present at another meeting when employees of the security department came to us - they, in fact, were supposed to carry out the abduction according to our design. The kidnapping was supposed to take place during the concert of Makhmud Esambaev, to which Dzhabrailov was invited. This became known by listening to his telephone conversations. The law enforcement officers ask: "The police are guarding him." What to do with it? They're with machine guns. Management said:

- Get rid of the cops. There was nothing to protect this Chechen.

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— Was the order oral or written? — Oral, of course.

Who gives such written orders? — Kidnap a person and bring down the cops who

are guarding him? - Yes. Moreover, there was another trick in the abduction of Umar. Khokholkov

said that he is now suspected of murdering American Paul Tatum. And he has a relative who wants revenge. We will steal Umar and get the money. And during the search, we will work out the main version - the revenge of an American. By the way, as I later learned, Paul Tatum was also killed

special services - Gusak told me about this while drinking.

But the security department refused to kidnap Dzhabrailov. They demanded money up front! They explained that they had already kidnapped a person once on the order of management, brought him to our gym, and he sat there for three days, handcuffed to the radiator. They went on a business trip for this operation, and they were promised to be paid. But no one wrote out the “travel allowances”. Kamyshnikov arrived, took the hostage and did not pay. That's why they said - money first. And they left. — When did you first hear about the order for Berezovsky? — On December 27, 1997, we carried out an event to detain members of a criminal group consisting of police officers. Two

were detained, and two more needed to be arrested. We almost got them, but

then... Around nine in the morning I reported the situation to Gusak. Soon the duty officer called me back and asked me to contact Kamyshnikov, who was in charge of management at that time. He ordered everything to be curtailed urgently. I tried to explain that two criminals were still at large, and that if we did not detain them before Monday (it was Saturday), they would either escape or destroy the material evidence. But Kamyshnikov doesn’t care: “I order you to finish everything and return to management.”

We returned to the office, Kamyshnikov invited the whole group to the cat room. Me, Colonel Shebalin, Major Ponkin and Senior Lieutenant Latyshenok. And he said, “You guys are doing something that isn’t yours.”

business."

I tried to argue:

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- Why not yours? In my case, SOBR officers of the Moscow RUOP actually take hostages and engage in extortion! It's my business. We already had unconfirmed information that they both killed and blew

up. We have collected evidence, but we are being slowed down. But Kamyshnikov insists:

- There is a criminal investigation department, they have a lot of people there, let them do it. And we are only eighty people in management, we have other tasks. And Kamyshnikov briefly explained what

these tasks were. He showed a book by Sudoplatov, the famous head of the terrorist department under Stalin. He slapped the book and said, “This is what we should be doing. You are a team, you know each other, you are well chosen. We need people like this. Therefore, there is no need to swear, live like spiders in a jar. We need to be friends, be together and solve problems. Do you understand what a team is?

Further, he began to develop the idea that we are selected men, and our team is obliged to solve the problems of the government and the top leadership of the FSB. Therefore, we are provided with everything - we have our own surveillance, our own equipment - everything is our own. This was done due to increased secrecy; no one knows anything about us, even within the FSB. We are top secret. And they must perform special tasks. Ponkin answered him that we had prepared everything according to Dzhabrailov, but the security department refused, and therefore

our event was cancelled. Kamyshnikov waved him off: “Continue the event. Dzhabrailov must be stolen anyway.”

And then he set a new task: “There are still people who cannot be reached. They have accumulated a lot of money, and it is impossible to get to it through legal means. They will always pay off and avoid criminal liability. And these people cause great damage to the state. Do you, Litvinenko, know Berezovsky? You must eliminate him." I sit and remain silent. What do you say? Berezovsky at that time was an adviser to Yeltsin, a well-known politician. In principle, his murder is an act of terrorism. By

order of the FSB, when such statements are made, people are taken into investigation until it becomes clear whether there is any real basis behind these words or not. That's why

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when Kamyshnikov said that I needed to kill Berezovsky, I remained silent. He got up from the table, came up to me, bent down slightly and repeated: “You know Berezovsky - you will remove him.” I

pointed my finger at the ceiling, saying that it was suddenly bugged, and tapped my temple - think about what you are saying in the room.

- And you didn’t react at all? - What was I supposed

to do? If I had said, for example: “I understand, Alexander Petrovich, I’m ready,” Kamyshnikov would have recorded me on tape, and someone else would have killed him... They would have taken the tape, taken it to the investigation and said: Kamyshnikov was joking, but this fool took it and killed. Right?

Let me get ahead a little: when the prosecutor’s office was looking into this fact and Kamyshnikov and I had a confrontation, the investigator suggested that we ask each other questions. I asked: “Alexander Petrovich, did you give the command to kill Berezovsky?” Kamyshnikov: “I refuse to answer this question.” He referred to Article 51 of the Constitution, which states that a person has the right to remain silent if his words can be used against him. I asked another question: “Was there a conversation about Berezovsky during this meeting?” Kamyshnikov again referred to the same article of the Constitution. After the meeting we left the office. Everyone was shocked. We went to Gusak (he was at home that day). They came and told us everything. And Gusak says: “Why are you surprised?” It turns out that in November of this year,

Khokholkov also gave him the command to prepare the liquidation of Berezovsky.

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"I was ordered to kill you"

Before making the final decision, my subordinates and I gathered in my office and began to think about what to do. We had three options. The first is to start preparing for the

murder. I said: “We are being drawn into banditry.” And if we start killing, no one will touch us. Let’s calmly take care of the “roofs” and earn big money. As they say, everyone is to the extent of their depravity. I won’t say that everyone in the FSB is involved in extortion. But here you have to approach everyone individually... anything can happen. But killing people? In cold blood, on the orders of the boss? Then we are bandits, and he is a godfather. Once we kill the first one, we will have no way back.

The second way is to speak up and declare it openly. And then - I don’t know what will happen then. Maybe they'll transplant him, maybe they'll kill him, maybe they'll leave him alone. I don't know, but nothing good is coming for us.

And the third way is not to say a word to anyone, quietly move away from everything and try to move to other units. By the way, at the same time I went to where I had served before, to the head of the department Kolesnikov and the deputy head of the department Mironov, and asked to take me back. They told me: “Who will let you leave?” And they grinned.

Then I realized that I was already marked. They don’t take me anywhere anymore,

except from a gang.

And then we decided... - Weren’t you afraid that your meeting

would be listened to? - What to be afraid of? If more than two people gather and the authorities want to know about it, they will find out

that way. Yes, this was not a meeting, more like a man’s conversation. By the way, I still hoped that someone would go and tell the authorities, or there would be a simpleton, and they would simply disperse us. Quietly, silently they will be scattered among different units, and that’s it, and they will forget.

But this did not happen. - And who took part in

this conversation then? - Ponkin,

Latyshenok, Shcheglov. - And Gusak and Shebalin?

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- They weren’t there. By the way, they are not subordinate to me: Gusak is my immediate superior, and Shebalin, like me, is his deputy. So, my guys and I decided that we wouldn’t kill anyone, but we’ll see. Come what may. And Ponkin said: “Sasha, we need to tell Abramych. I feel sorry for him - I saw him on TV, a normal guy. I know our guys. I know what they do. And if they decide to kill Abramych, then they will kill him.”

Before telling this to Berezovsky, I was still going to talk to Kovalev. I didn’t want to think that he knew about it and was actually an accomplice. I tried several times to get an appointment with him, but failed. Previously I could get to him, but for some reason this time I couldn’t. Maybe Kovalev specifically didn’t want to meet with me? If a subordinate reports something to the boss, the boss becomes a hostage to this information and must take action. And so - I didn’t know, I didn’t hear. — Was there any way to convey it in writing? - Who passes on such things through third parties? I didn’t want to speak openly with Kovalev in the office at all. I wanted to write it on paper and give it to me personally so that it could be read in front of me. — Do you rule out that even the office of the FSB director is bugged? — I know that he was tapped by FAPSI. The personal meeting was important because I wanted to look Kovalev in the eyes. By the eyes, by the facial expression, by the behavior, by the reaction of a person, you can understand

- whether he knows or not.

Having failed to get through to Kovalev, I decided to talk with Berezovsky. I should have warned him. I believe that every law enforcement officer must save people's lives by any means necessary. I didn’t see any other way at that moment.

I called and found out that Boris Abramovich was in the hospital. It was reported on TV that he injured himself while riding a snowmobile. We were never able to talk to him - he flew to Switzerland for treatment.

Only somewhere in March, two days before Chernomyrdin’s removal, on Saturday I came to Berezovsky’s dacha. And he said: “Boris Abramovich, I was ordered to kill you.” He says: “Are you out of your mind? Okay, don't joke." And he looks at me like I'm an idiot. “This is serious,” I said. And he told everything.

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-Will your friends confirm this? - he asked. - I don't know, I didn't ask. But I think they will confirm. He said: "I'm going to the prosecutor general. Right tomorrow." "I don't advise you to go to him." Skuratov is a former KGB officer. Whatever Kovalev tells him, he will do," I began to dissuade him. - What do you suggest? - Go to Kovalev.

Why the noise? What is our task - to make noise or to keep you alive? And urgently check who is behind this order. "I was sure that Kamyshnikov himself did not need Berezovsky for nothing. "Our task is to establish who instructed Kamyshnikov. Either he is acting on instructions from management, or this is a left-wing order, for money.

- You just needed to clarify - is this a left-wing order or a state order? "It was important to understand this for response actions." And I insisted on a visit to Kovalev. - Can I refer to you? - asked Berezovsky. - Of course, but how? If you don't refer to me, then how did you know? How will the director give commands to the Department of Internal Security if there is no source?

A few days later, Berezovsky came to Kovalev, and literally an hour later he called me to his place. He was sitting in a leather coat at the table, apparently in a hurry somewhere, it was Friday. And he says: "Berezovsky visited me and told me about the order to kill him, is that true?" I replied: "Yes, really."

Even before Berezovsky went to Kovalev, I talked with Shebalin and Ponkin - are they ready to confirm all this? They agreed. The three of us came to Berezovsky and confirmed everything.

- Stop. Shebalin is a senior officer, like you. And he didn't obey you. So? - Yes sir. But he was at the meeting on December 27 and heard the order Kamyshnikov. That's why I came to him, and he agreed.

Our conversation with Berezovsky was recorded on tape. For what? Maybe this is not good, but I told Berezovsky: "Record all this with a hidden camera." Because I knew that if a serious showdown began, people would be put under pressure and they would begin to refuse. I believe that I am clean in front of everyone, because I was in the frame.

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Then that's what happened—they started putting pressure on the guys. Ponkin told me: "You have your own life, I have mine." Shebalin simply started lying. (And on the tape, everyone directly said that the FSB had turned into a gang, that it was engaged in contract

affairs.) And so Kovalev asks: "Did you really hear that, or maybe he was joking?" "I

wasn't alone," I say, "and no one took it as a joke." Then Kovalev didn't

take any report or anything from me: "Okay, go. Then we'll meet and talk... On Wednesday he called me at home (I was sick): "Can you come to me?" I suggested: "Come on, I'll come not alone, but with everyone else who was there. It's possible, and Gusak will come, Khokholkov also gave him such a command." We came to Kovalev's office: me, Gusak,

Latyshenok, Ponkin and Shebalin, and we told everything. Kovalev asked several times: "Did you record it on a dictaphone or not? Such things are necessary

write down".

"Didn't you tell him that Berezovsky made a video recording?" -

No, I could not predict the response. I already felt as if I was on a battle path and moved with caution. I didn't tell anyone about the tape. Even in court. Because I knew that everything could be destroyed. Now I understand that I was right.

Kovalev asked: "What are you proposing?" And then I said:

"The Department of Internal Security needs to take Kamyshnikov into development and check Khokholkov." Found out who is behind this. After all, they themselves have no motive. Second: I propose repeating the conversation with Kamyshnikov. I can come and say: "Here I am, in principle, mature and ready." And we will document it.

Kovalev was afraid that Berezovsky would raise a scandal. I say he won't cause any scandal. He doesn't need noise, but security. And so that all this can be objectively sorted out.

Then Kovalev asked everyone to leave and Gusak to stay. And about ten minutes later he came out and said that the director was asking us to forget about everything and abandon this idea. Otherwise, everyone will have big problems, because it is impossible to discredit the

special services. — The director is very unhappy that you told Berezovsky everything. He said that this was a betrayal of the interests of the intelligence service. He went and gave everything to a stranger.

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I was taken

aback: “The betrayal is that the special services wanted to kill Berezovsky.” “Well, you understand,”

Gusak mumbled, “we hold a lot of different events, but you can’t tell a stranger about everything.” It's as if the victims are strangers.

- Do you know what “various events” Gusak participated in? Did you mention eliminating Tatum? “I only found out about Tatum later, when the investigation

began. When people began to refuse their testimony, they got scared. And most of all - Gusk. And then I asked: “Sanya, what are you afraid of?”

- You understand, people go missing. Do you understand that I'm finished? - He was in a panic. “We need to hush all this up, refuse to testify, so that there is no investigation.”

The next day, as I learned, Kovalev invited Khokholkov to his place, and for half a day they discussed something. That day my phone was monitored. And an official investigation was launched against Gusak. “You haven’t taken any action yet.” Why did you start the investigation? “I think they started putting pressure

on me for the sake of warning.” And prepare Gusak for the role of the last one,” just in case. Or both. The reason

for the official investigation was that at one time the deputy head of the department, Major General Makarychev, gave the command to Gusak to destroy vodka kiosks in one of the cities near Moscow. Makarychev was engaged in the illegal supply of illegal vodka from Kabardino-Balkaria, and some competitors were interfering with his company. It was necessary to suppress them, and he gave the command to Gusak. He formulated the task as follows: these people are connected with Chechen militants, and the money received goes to Chechnya. This is what they usually did: they wrote that such and such a company should be destroyed, since it is used by Chechen militants to earn money for terrorism. And they destroy the company as a money channel for Chechen militants. And they ordered an official investigation due to the fact that Gusak handed over these materials on vodka to the Main Internal Affairs Directorate of the Moscow Region. They boiled it all down to the fact that Gusak gave the police information that constituted a state secret.

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— How can vodka kiosks represent
state secret?

- They finance militants - this is a state secret. The gander was indignant - what information, what a secret! Ordinary vodka kiosks... And in the evening he was called to Khokholkov. Soon he called
and told me:

"Khokholkov asks you to come. We need to resolve the issue with Abramych so that there is no noise." I asked: "Where did Khokholkov know about this? Sasha, the director said, don't say a word to anyone."

Gusak replied that he would call back and hung up. Then I called
to the FSB Director for Operational Communications: "Nikolai Dmitrievich..."

— By operational communication? What it is? —

There is a special, operational — closed, frequency connection. — Does it connect right away? — There you connect

through the duty officer. But it is closed, you can say whatever you want, it is impossible to listen to it. - Even the special services? "Special services can

listen in, but outsiders can't."

FAPSI can listen... I told Kovalev: Nikolai Dmitrievich, you and I had a conversation. You promised that the Department of Internal Security would begin studying Kamyshnikov and Khokholkov regarding their intentions regarding Berezovsky. But this must be a secret work. You asked not to tell anyone. How does Khokholkov know about this?" Kovalev replies: "Now I'll find out how he knew, I didn't tell him." Five minutes later he called back: "Gusak said it. Don't go to Khokholkov."

About thirty minutes later Gusak arrived at the department, I asked him: "Sasha, why did you tell Khokholkov about the conversation with Kovalev? After all, there was an order from the director, and you gave information to the object of the Internal Security Directorate that they were working on it, this is betrayal." Gusak replied: "Kovalyov himself told him about this. And Khokholkov told me: "Sasha, you must cover for the director." It was clear that he realized that if a scandal occurred, he would be made "extreme." I realized that

Gusak was telling the truth and that Kovalev was lying. Covers his tracks. As a professional, as an operative, I realized that I was dealing with

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criminals. It then became clear to me that the order did not come from “from the left”, but from above. And what did Kovalev know about him? Otherwise, he would have calmly figured it out. Then I realized that

there was a real danger hanging over Berezovsky, and over me, and over my subordinates. I called Berezovsky and said: “Boris Abramovich, we have been betrayed.” And he told him that Kovalev informed Khokholkov about everything, and now they will start to deal with us. —Aren’t you afraid of wiretapping again? - What was there to be afraid of? I already went with my visor open. — Did you call

directly from your office? - No, from home. -

But your phone was tapped? - Yes. I already realized that my phone was being

tapped. But I didn't think about it. Not because

I had nowhere to

retreat. There is always a loophole. Go to Kovalev, fall

on my knees... They would have sent me somewhere to the city department of the Moscow administration for three years. But I decided to go to the end.

I was deeply offended that we were being betrayed. And before that we were betrayed, but by small fry. And then I knew that they were betraying me at the very top. It turns out that all of us, operatives, are pawns and fools. We risk our lives day and night, they shoot at us, we are attacked, and our superiors treat us like idiots. They are raking in money and don’t care about the state, security or crime.

I called Berezovsky, we met. He said: “I visited the first deputy head of the presidential administration, Savostyanov, and he asked you to come to him.”

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Chapter 7. Mutiny on the ship

Tomorrow you will be arrested

The four of us went to Savostyanov: me, Shebalin, Latyshenok, Ponkin. Everyone who participated in the meeting on December 27. We were asked to write a report and were sent to the next office... - Did

everything happen in the

Kremlin? — No, on Old Square in the presidential administration. We sat down. Shebalin asks: “What are we going to write?” That was the first time I suspected that he was a provocateur. If we had written from dictation, in the same way, we would have been accused of conspiracy. (I knew operational work well.) Therefore, I immediately sensed a catch: “Vitya, everyone will write what they heard” - “But you understand, what if something is wrong there.” I repeated: “Vitya, everyone will write everything they heard. And if someone has not heard Kamyshnikov’s words, he will not write about it. This is a matter of conscience and honor of every officer. We sit in different corners and write what we heard.” We wrote and submitted reports.

Savostyanov handed them over to the Main Military Prosecutor's Office, the Directorate for Supervision of State Security Bodies, and the head of the department, General Anisimov. Interestingly, as soon as these reports were transmitted, my phone rang. They called from the FSB clinic and asked me to come for a medical examination. “You see, those who were in Chechnya are checked by a neurologist within a year.” I explained that more than a year had passed. And he didn’t go. Then they called me from above and said: “They’re calling you to the hospital, why don’t you go?” I never went to the

neurologist, because I knew that from his office they would take me to a mental hospital. A few days later

Shebalin called. He urgently asked to come to his home. His guest was Vasilischev, the head of the internal security department of FAPSI. Shebalin told me that there is now a major showdown between FAPSI director Starovoytov and FSB director Kovalev. They want to put another person in Starovoitov’s place. In general, a fight. And here

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The FPS officers found out that the scandal was starting in the FSB, and began to wiretap Kovalev. Vasilischev said: “We listened to Kovalev and

found out that you were all called to a meeting at ten o’clock and could be arrested there.” And the day before I had a telephone conversation with Kovalev,

and the director invited us all to come to the meeting. It was on Saturday. And on Sunday Vasilischev tells me: “They are going to put you in Lefortovo. I’m telling you to be aware.”

We began to think about what to do. Vasilischev suggested recording a tape and giving it to FAPSI, Starovoitov. It was clear that they were going to use us in the fight against the leadership of the FSB. But why should I participate in these squabbles between the intelligence services? I wanted to achieve the truth. It was important for me to find out who was behind Kamyshnikov, who wanted to kill Berezovsky... I still decided to record our story on tape. Only this should have been done by the journalist. I called

the famous TV presenter Dorenko. It was already about twelve at night. We met at night: me, Gusak and Ponkin. Shebalin refused to go at the last moment. We told Dorenko everything. Four tapes were recorded.

- How did you manage to do it overnight? This is a serial film! - We made

it. After all, Lefortovo loomed ahead. Gusak told how they gave the order to kidnap Dzhabrailov, I - how they gave the order to kill Berezovsky, Ponkin - how he worked on Tatum. In addition, I also told who killed Listyev - I conveyed the entire conversation with Trofimov. Four months later, after our press conference, Dorenko actually showed this film as an action film. We even won over the viewer from the rating film “Nikita”. - Well, Dorenko was “recaptured”. - Yes, he was kicked off the air. Two or three episodes passed, and he was forbidden to show the rest. - It’s clear why Shebalin didn’t go to Dorenko - you said that

he was a provocateur and the

television recording was not part of his mission. But it’s completely unclear why Gusak went with you. Judging by your story, he

cannot be suspected of purity of thoughts. In addition, he enjoyed the trust of Kovalev and Khokholyuv, he helped them “spoil” you, and persuaded them to drop the charges. Why did he go to sign up with Dorenko?

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“I think he panicked when he heard we were going to be arrested tomorrow.” Or he suddenly decided that Berezovsky and Dorenko were stronger than Khokholkov and Kamyshnikov. Didn't calculate, in a word. This is what destroyed him. I am sure that Khokholkov considered him one of his own until he found out about Dorenko’s recording.

"Sasha, you lost"

And in the morning after filming, we came to Kovalev - the whole department. Lieutenant General Lyskov, Kovalev’s assistant, was present there. Our conversation, as I later learned, was filmed with a hidden camera. Lyskov sat with his back to the camera, and Kovalev was on the side - they were not visible, but our entire department was seated opposite and filmed.

- The entire seventh department? How many people is this? - Gusak,

Shebalin, Shcheglov, Ponkin, Badvey, Scriabin, Ermolov,
Nightingale, Shevchuk, Kruglov, Latyshenok. Everyone except Enin. - And everyone

confirmed your accusations? - Yes. -Have you seen this

tape? —

I haven’t seen the cassette. But they

told me that the generals looked and were indignant at our impudence. Kovalev began with the fact that foreign intelligence services are tirelessly working to destroy our law enforcement agencies and the FSB, systematically and in every possible way trying to discredit them. England, the USA, NATO countries, as well as Israel are doing this. The speech lasted twenty minutes. There are enemies all around, we are closely surrounded, and there are people who don’t understand that they are playing into the hands of Western intelligence services, or with them

connected.

When he finished, I stood up: “Nikolai

Dmitrievich, I am not an agent of either the Israeli or American intelligence services.” I wouldn't want to go that far into politics. I can write down on paper what some of our generals are doing. Moreover, I will describe in detail, citing specific episodes of criminal activity.

Kovalev shook his head: “I don’t need

your scheme.” Today you should be summoned to the military prosecutor's office to give explanations about your reports.

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I would ask you (turned to me) to tell the prosecutor's office that this did not happen at all, that Kamyshnikov did not say anything like that. And with that everything will calm down. You understand, this is a blow to the System.

"I can't go back on my words and lie to the prosecutor's office,"
I answered.

Lyskov suggested: "You can say it differently. That yes, Kamyshnikov said, but it was not an order, but just a joke. A ridiculous joke, that's all." I was indignant: "What joke? It was an order. Why should I lie? I won't do this." And then Kovalev said: "Alexander, but we can put you in Lefortovo, you

you know.

- For what? "Well,

let's study your work history, we'll find something," he smiled. "But we don't want that." After all, what you do hits your organs. Everything must be quiet. Why wash dirty linen in public? And I suggested: "Okay." I understand that this will hit the authorities, and I propose the following: appoint a commission and sort

everything out within

the authorities. The commission should include not only those whom you propose, but also those whom we name. We know honest generals who will figure everything out. Kovalev agreed: "Okay. You don't go to the prosecutor's office, but we appoint a commission." I refuse: "No, you first appoint a commission, and then we won't go to the prosecutor's office." "Well, you understand, it takes time to prepare an order." - "What time? Now

write the order by hand. We appoint a commission and start working. If the commission finds out that we lied, we will leave immediately, write a report and leave. And then you can plant. And if it turns out that we are telling the truth, then let those others leave." Kovalev:

"No, first you won't go to the prosecutor's office, and then we will appoint a commission." We: "No, on the contrary." Kovalev: "Okay, I have to think. But don't go to the prosecutor's office yet. After lunch I'll give

your answer."

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At this point the meeting ended and we went to the department. At about two or three o'clock I received a call from the prosecutor's office. The man introduced himself: “General Anisimov, head of the FSB Supervision Directorate,” and invited him to his place to give an explanation. I went to Gusak: “They've

already called me. What did Kovalev say? Will there be a commission or not? Gusak called Kovalev, who answered: “Wait, don't go yet.” Gusak is in a panic: “Nikolai Dmitrievich, they are going there...” We got together: me, Shebalin, Ponkin and Latyshenok, and went to the prosecutor's office. We

come to Anisimov, he calls the investigator: “Take him to different offices and interrogate him.” He left me in his office. Sitting opposite is Colonel Minchenko, the head of the department. They started interrogating me, and I told them everything. And not only that I was given the command to kill Berezovsky, but also according to Dzhabrailov and Trepashkin, what I knew. I also told him that Khokholkov once set me the task of extorting money for drugs from a certain criminal authority, Nanayets.

Anisimov asked: “And will you sign all this?” I nodded. “Yes,” he says, “son. As a lieutenant, I was in charge of the Sudoplatov case. I haven't heard anything like it since then. Come tomorrow, we will draw up a protocol and you will sign it. Or you won't sign.”

The next day I arrived at the prosecutor's office. Signed. After a while I called and asked: “What's wrong with our application?” Anisimov: “A criminal case has been opened.” The case was initiated on the fact of excess and abuse of official

powers by the leadership of the URPO FSB of Russia. After that, it was transferred to the Investigation Department of the Main Military Prosecutor's Office. “For the life of me, I won't believe that at that time Berezovsky didn't pull all the strings, didn't use all the connections—Yumashev, Savostyanov, Dyachenko—to deal with Khokholkov and Kamyshnikov.

- Probably used it. The only fact is that nothing worked out for him - the case was closed. But the FSB was not asleep either. An article appeared in the Segodnya newspaper where I was accused of ten murders and fifteen robberies. Berezovsky called me and asked: “Is this true?” I speak:

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"No". Then he told me: “I just left Savostyanov’s, where he confronted me with Kovalev. Kovalev advised not to trust you. “We,” he says, “have information that Litvinenko was involved in “murders.” I ask: “Well, what about you, Boris Abramovich?” - I told him:

“Nikolai Dmitrievich, it was not Litvinenko who was involved in the murders, but Gusak. And it’s a sin for you to blame him, because he did it on your orders.” The next day Gusak met me and asked: “Did you tell Berezovsky about the Dagestanis?” - Yes I. How do you know that? — Kovalev told me yesterday that Berezovsky complained to him about me. I warn you, these matters are serious, there are concrete corpses there, and not some mythical orders. If you blurt it out anywhere else, you and I will talk differently. I tell him: “You know what, Sasha.” Here you go, persuading the guys to give up their testimony. You are blackmailing. If you have something to be afraid of, that’s your problem. The moment of truth has come, and everyone will be responsible for their own affairs.

— At the end of July, Kovalev was removed, and Berezovsky’s friend Putin was appointed in his place. It did not help? — Firstly, Berezovsky became close to Putan much later, in 1999. If Putin was a friend to anyone, it was Pal Palych Borodin, for whom he worked as a deputy before moving to the FSB. Secondly, as subsequent events showed, he was not such a friend to Berezovsky. And thirdly, Putin was a new man, he did not want, and probably could not, immediately attack the two generals who had everything in the FSB under control. Directors come and go, but professionals remain in place. Could he, a minor lieutenant colonel, rule the FSB? After all, this is really a hydra, and there is no person in state security who would know what is actually at the end of each tentacle. The FSB director, of course, knows what units exist, but he doesn’t know the full extent of their capabilities! The control circuit for this hydra is simply missing, the drive belts are torn. By the way, they explained to me how Khokholkov and Kamyshnikov behaved

secured. They covered themselves up so much that even Putin was not afraid of them.

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- Who explained? —

Trofimov, head of the Moscow department. He sympathized with us, but preferred to stay aloof. He is an experienced man.

One day at the beginning of July we went out to talk to him on the street. He asks: “How are you doing, Sasha?” I told him about the prosecutor’s office, the criminal case, about Dorenko’s recording, and he chewed his lips and said: “I think, Sasha, you lost.”

- Why? - I ask. - Don’t you read

newspapers? “Here,” he says, “they killed the general.”
Rokhlina. Who will touch them now?

He said and left. And I stand there dumbfounded. Rokhlin was liquidated in a highly professional manner and the murder was blamed on his wife. The handwriting looks like ours. Did my generals also remove Rokhlin while we were writing reports on them?

“Hello, Misha. I'm your killer"

—Have you never seen Kovalev again?

— We had another meeting after we had already given evidence to the management. He actually treated me well, and I respect him too. Kovalev told me: “You went against the system. I don't know what will happen to you." He looked at me as if I was doomed. There was no malice in his eyes, he simply looked with regret. The conversation turned out to be interesting: “Alexander, you go there, complain, write, but you yourself submitted a report to me and asked to create a department that would deal with extrajudicial killings. And when the department was created, I ran to the prosecutor’s office. This is dishonest." I say: “Nikolai Dmitrievich, I didn’t write such a report. It was written by Gusak. And you created a department for extrajudicial killings in order, as I understand it, to destroy terrorists. And the unit was sent to carry out orders: to bomb vodka kiosks, to kill Trepashkin. Why? He’s one of us, our lieutenant colonel.” And Kovalev answered me with this argument: “Why did he sue me?” Here it is, the moment of truth (there was such a movie): I

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General, I stand above the law, if you go against me, you will be killed in your own building.

After all this passed, they took us out of the state and bargained with us for a long time. We were called to see the Deputy Head of the Personnel Department, Smirnov. They dragged me and my employees around the offices. They weren't assigned anywhere. Reorganization then began in the FSB. URPO was closed. - And the director has already... - Putin became. And we were still under pressure. Putin issued an order that officers of the former URPO be appointed beyond the limit.

But we were still told that there were

no places. Everyone around was appointed, but we weren't.

There were interviews and persuasion. At this time, sometime in October, the case against Khokholkov and Kamyshnikov was closed. We were summoned to the prosecutor's office to familiarize ourselves with the decision to terminate the criminal case. That day I met Trepashkin. The meeting took place opposite the building of the Main Military

Prosecutor's Office. We met, I said: "Misha, hello, I'm your killer." He replies: "Hello, I'm your failed victim." Since Trepashkin was a victim in one of the cases (he was also being attacked), the prosecutor's office asked him to

familiarize himself with these materials.

The materials that were presented to us were simply miraculous. Yes," it was written in the resolution, "the FSB was planning an attack on Trepashkin, his pager was illegally tapped. But since the pager was tapped only for one day and it is impossible to establish which FSB unit was tapped, there is no corpus delicti. The FSB leadership did not order Trepashkin to be killed. The management "confirms" that they only asked to have his ID taken away from him at the entrance. And since they weren't caught or taken away, there is no corpus delicti.

The resolution on Dzhabrailov stated that the investigation had established that the FSB carried out some activities. His phone was tapped and surveillance was carried out, but since he was not kidnapped, there is no evidence of a crime either. — Dzhabrailov was not familiarized with the materials?

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- Don't know. They said that he was very scared and, in my opinion, even left Moscow. Regarding Berezovsky. Yes,

in November 1997, Khokholkov, in one of his conversations with Gusak, asked whether he could “slap” Berezovsky. But this was a face-to-face conversation, not an order, but just a conversation. And, of course, there is no corpus delicti.

In addition, at the meeting on December 27, Kamyshnikov, in the presence of Latyshenok, Shebalin, Ponkin and Litvinenko, said words discrediting him as a leader, but again “without the intention of killing” Berezovsky. - The case was closed. Where is prosecutor Anisimov now? - He was soon fired.

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Chapter 8. A Cry in the Desert

The tanks are making a racket

— Did the FSB know about your press conference in advance? “I myself told Zdanovich, the head of the FSB Public Relations Center, about this. Here is how it was. These days, the Komsomolskaya Pravda newspaper published an anonymous article with a statement from the director of the FSB that I was suspected of taking bribes, and that it was only thanks to information leaks that I was not caught red-handed. The article also reported that the Department of Internal Security was tapping my home phone and conducting external surveillance of me. I went to Zdanovich:

“Comrade General, why are you silent?” The newspapers accuse me of having committed ten murders, of engaging in extortion and racketeering, they are listening to my phone, and they are following me. Why don't you refute this information? This is your responsibility. He replied: “I won’t do that.” Then I told him that I would do it myself. I’ll start giving interviews or hold a press conference. Zdanovich warned: “You have the right to do this only with the approval of your immediate supervisor.” But I was on staff, at the disposal of the Personnel Management Department. I came to Colonel Merkulov, the head of the department who supervised me, and said: “I’m going to go on television.” He got scared: “I can’t give you such a sanction.” I ask: “Then who?” - “Head of the Personnel Department.” I came to the reception room of the head of the Personnel Department, Solovyov. I was sitting, he came out, looked at me: “What are you doing here?” “I calmly told him: “Comrade General, I came to talk to you.”

He didn’t even listen: “Walk here, you have nothing to do, complaints write a report. Get out of here so that your spirit is gone.” I turned around and left. I didn’t contact anyone else. We officially warned them a day before. I was a lieutenant colonel, a military man, and was a member of the FSB; I could have been summoned and officially banned from giving a press conference. Nobody said anything.

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What's most interesting is that ten days before the press conference, when it became known that I would go on television, bidding began with me. They called me to the Personnel Department and gave me a document in which it was written that they were offering me a higher position, but for this I had to give up television and my testimony in the prosecutor's office... On the one hand, they bargained, on the other, they continued to intimidate. — What, they bargained, and even in writing? - Exactly. This document exists. I said that I was not going

to engage in any trading and did not rely on my testimony.

I refuse.

A few days before the appointed date, we all got together and wrote an appeal. - Who's everyone? — Everyone who will be at the

press conference:

me, Shebalin, Ponkin, Shcheglov, Latyshenok and Misha Trepashkin (he then served in the tax police, but said: "I'll go too, I think they're bandits").

- There was no gander? -

Gusak, on the contrary, was against it. He could not be seen or heard at all. He no longer communicated with us. I myself quietly got a job at the Anti-Terrorism Center again, for some position. According to operational data, he negotiated through the criminal authority Malyshev, whom he once recruited as an agent. This bandit had good contacts with the former leadership of the St. Petersburg FSB, Patrushev and Putin. The press conference took place in mid-November. I read the appeal. Our goal was to appeal to parliament, the president and the public and tell them what was going on in the FSB and that with such intelligence services a rollback

to a totalitarian society is inevitable.

—Did you come to this idea on your own? Or did someone explain it to you?

- No, no one put pressure on me. When the FSB began to put pressure on me, I saw these faces in a new way - impudent, boundless. These people don't care about the law. Simaev, Khokholkov's security assistant, came to our department and said: "Well, you understand what kind of people you are dealing with. These are big people. You will be handed over like

puppies."

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I understood where we were heading. We wanted to reach out to the community. The goal was to warn: if no one stops this plague now, in two or three years it will take power. - Looks like a warning from Sorge on the eve of the war. Which,

by the way, Stalin did not believe. — Do you remember, before the war there was another case when a German soldier ran

across the border on the night of June 21-22 to warn: “They are starting tanks there. They're coming at you." But everyone decided that he was a provocateur... In 1998, I saw that chaos was beginning. We walked to Lubyanka

conversations: “Let’s strangle the Jews and establish order...”

The people are silent

“Didn’t you realize that the people wouldn’t hear you?” “I hoped

that the journalists would understand.” The only force that can lift it all. I knew that there were contract journalists. But I thought that there were still those who would come and say: “Guys, give me evidence!” After all, we did not discover America; the press has been writing for a long time that the special services have merged with crime. Some newspapers vaguely wrote “we learned from sources in the special services,” others wrote openly. And then six people came out - a colonel, two lieutenant colonels, two majors, a senior lieutenant, and said: “Yes, in the special service we were forced to kill and kidnap people.” They named specific examples of when, whom, who... What else is needed? What sources? Appearances, passwords, addresses? Come, write, demand the creation of a commission, figure it out! But the next day I read in the newspaper that this was a provocation by Berezovsky. What does Berezovsky have to do with it?! Yes, he knew that there would be this press conference, but he didn’t force anyone to go, everyone came on their own, and he didn’t offer anyone money.

- But the stigma of “Berezovsky’s man” stuck to you, and many who watched these events thought that with the movement of BAB’s rope, Litvinenko jumped out and poured water on everyone. - If you want to establish the truth, then you need to listen to the

Berezovsky man, just like the Patrushev man or the Putin man. This

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It’s normal if there is an intention to get to the bottom of the truth. We received information from criminals during our service! And they worked with her.

To refute, dismiss my information on the basis that Berezovsky does not get along with the authorities, and I am his man - this is a trick! That's why the opposition exists, to restrain power. And society should want to figure everything out. Otherwise - chaos!

The chairman of the Accounts Chamber was, as they said, Zyuganov’s man. Whatever he reported was brushed aside. This, they say, is the machinations of the communists. Now Putin’s man is in the

Accounts Chamber. Not a single leak. Now society does not receive any information at all. What is the president's budget, how is it formed, what is going on in his Administration? Where did the millions sent to Chechnya go? Previously, at least some numbers appeared...

— Did you receive money from Berezovsky? — Before

I went to prison - never. After escaping to England, he gave me money for the first time. “You’ll get rich,” he says, “you’ll give it back.” Because he is a decent person. “You,” said Sasha, “would you help me if I found myself in such a situation? I still owe you, you warned me when they wanted to kill me, and for that you went to prison.” But never before. Although Shebalin told me after the press conference: “Go to Abramych, ask for fifty thousand for each, for such a thing it’s normal.”

- And you?

- I sent him. - Many

will still say that you went against the FSB not out of selflessness, but because you made a mistake - you bet on the wrong horse - Boris Abramovich, who eventually lost influence in the Kremlin. You will not regret? If I bet on Korzhakov, Patrushev or Putin, I would be a general now.

- Let them talk. Berezovsky, unlike the people listed above, did not kill anyone, did not blow up houses in Moscow and did not organize a senseless war. I won’t lie, at every stage I had a choice, but I don’t regret it and sleep peacefully.

Berezovsky is not an angel. I'm not an angel either. But he is not a criminal. And I am grateful to him that, thanks to meeting him, my eyes were opened and I was able to get out of this gang.

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— One way or another, the reaction to your accusations was sluggish. - Yes, I didn't expect this. I know that part of the press is controlled by the FSB, but why were independent media silent? Why didn't anyone ask: "Tell me more"? Now everyone is shouting - the secret services are in power. Nemtsov talks about a police state. Where were they then, in November 1998? Nobody even said a word. And the press, which was controlled by the FSB, hounded us. Public opinion was created in order to put me in prison and deal with me there. They wrote that I was a bandit. Moreover, some articles were published without a signature. In "Komsomolskaya Pravda", "Moskovsky Komsomolets", in the newspaper "I am a bodyguard". Everyone knows very well that these are articles ordered and paid for by the FSB. There was a parliamentary commission on the fact of our press conference. It was headed by Ella Panfilova, and everything went quietly and smoothly. No one knows how her work ended. Why didn't Ellochka even call the participants of the press conference? Why didn't the commission ask: "Comrade Lieutenant Colonel, you accuse the special services of crimes. Show evidence."

This did not happen, because the parliamentary commission was controlled by the FSB from the first day! Because even under Kovalev, the special services began to take control of parliament. And now there's no one to take—it's all our own. When a deputy didn't give in, they did everything. I know that when Ilyukhin was preparing to impeach Yeltsin, a secret search was carried out in his office. You have to get into the safe of the chairman of the parliamentary committee! By the way, then we met with Ilyukhin at the security checkpoint. No, really. My former department head Platonov said:

"I have a safe house in the center of Moscow, and we made an appointment with Ilyukhin there." We met. This in itself is interesting: a State Duma deputy meets with an FSB lieutenant colonel on Russian territory - at a security checkpoint. Ilyukhin listened to us, noted something and - no answer, no greeting. Also a tame communist...

Ends in the water

- Let's imagine that you agreed to eliminate Berezovsky. How would this be done?

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— Each gang has its own handwriting. One explodes, the other shoots from a sniper rifle, the third uses an ax. One gang robs apartments, another banks, the third works in the markets. So, professionals trained in the intelligence services carefully prepare information support for the murder, especially if it is political. The task is to divert the investigation and public opinion, to create a plausible false version. This is the handwriting of the special services. If this person is a businessman, public opinion is preparing for the version that he owes money to

someone. If the leader of a criminal group, information is thrown in that he is having a showdown in the criminal world. If a politician, then rumors usually appear that he was allegedly involved in business or was corrupt. Moreover, these articles are published in newspapers and, perhaps, not in the most popular ones. A tiny note is published somewhere in the corner.

In short, such an event is preceded by PR preparation. In the case of Berezovsky, this would not be difficult to do. For example, before Galina Starovoitova was killed, an article by a little-known Russian journalist appeared that when Yeltsin came to London, Starovoitova organized an interview with the Russian president in the Sunday Express newspaper for money. And there were links to sources located in England. And look how they did it: why did the information come from

England? Because they planned to take all traces there after her murder. Her first husband and son live there. The newspapers even wrote that they were engaged in the oil business in England. Everything is clear to the average person: “Oh, she was in the oil business!” But in our country, everyone involved in oil is regularly shot. In a word, the liquidation of Berezovsky would be accompanied well

orchestrated PR.

— And, like the murder of Starovoytova, it would remain unsolved? -

Certainly. Not because it is undetectable, but because everyone would understand who is behind it and would be afraid to find out the truth. Like the murder of Listyev, Kholodov...

— Let's return to Starovoitova. How would you solve this crime?

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— The first thread is everything connected with that article and those who ordered it. I would start with a thorough study of Starovoitova's lawsuit for libel, which she won. During the trial, the motive was never established: why did the journalist write this?

Libel is an intentional crime, and why she did it remains unclear. On whose instructions did the journalist slander Galina Starovoitova? Who, a journalism student, sent her to London twice and provided her with addresses and documents, the numbers of which she cites in the article? Third. At the court hearing, it was established that the journalist went to many newspapers, but everywhere they refused to publish the misinformation. And who published it? “Moskovsky Komsomolets” is actually an organ of the special services. The intelligence

services do not want to transfer all the “drain” to MK, but when everyone refused, there was nowhere to go.

Four months after the court's decision, Galina Vasilievna was killed. And the first version that the investigation began to work out was the “economic” nature of the murder. The version with oil was not the main one, but a trial one. Then they came up with something else - supposedly they gave her eight hundred thousand dollars, and she brought them to St. Petersburg for her party. That is, they simply robbed her. In general, they did their best to divert the investigation away from the political version.

I know that neither Galina Vasilievna’s son nor her husband are involved in the oil business. The son, however, worked in some company, but left there a long time ago. He was a small clerk with no connection to business. The family lives quite modestly and does not have any profits. But someone thought through all this, someone prepared it. After all, someone searched and found an aspiring journalist and gave her “material” in her hands. It was the English version that was pulled out eight months before the murder in order to divert the case from Russia.

If there had been no trial, they might have killed her earlier. And now a very important question. What would have happened if Galina Vasilyevna had not filed a lawsuit? Wouldn't you have noticed the post? Then the version connected with the oil business of her relatives in England would become the main one. And after her murder they would have pulled out this newspaper and said: But you see! They wrote about her! And she didn't sue. So, I agreed.”

I think that Galina Vasilyevna Starovoitova was killed by the special services. The entrance, by the way, is their workplace. Logic and style

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The events and the nature of the slander against her after the murder suggest this. A criminal does not need to kill a politician. By the way, this was confirmed word for word at the memorial service by Arkady Murashov, the former chief of the Moscow police and her friend. - Why was she killed according to this version? — The motivation

is as follows. Galina Vasilievna died. After some

time, Sobchak died under strange circumstances. And Putin and his St. Petersburg team entered the Kremlin as democrats. To this day, in the West, Putin is presented as Sobchak's student. After all, the FSB has information for internal and external use. They tell their people: this KGB officer will restore order in the country. But for the West, such logic is not suitable. That's why in the West they say: this is a student of Sobchak and Starovoitova, and therefore a democrat. If Sobchak and Starovoitova were alive, could Putin do what he is doing now? Could he drive Gusinsky out of Russia and disperse NTV? Could you build a vertical power structure on the ruins of the constitutional system? No! Because neither Sobchak nor Starovoitova would compromise

on such fundamental issues

didn't go.

— Starovoitova was killed after the scandal with Berezovsky and
Liquidation of URPO. So, there are also departments for special tasks?

— I didn't serve in other URPOs. But I can say that they were, are and will be as long as the System is alive. Kholodov, for example, was killed by professionals long before the creation of the URPO.

Landscape after the battle

- Tell me, how did it happen that you managed to gather people together in this difficult situation and lead them to a press conference? This was a desperate step. Everyone knew how this could end.

- Yes, it was like an explosion, a riot on the ship. — And conscious of each participant in the press conference? - Yes, everyone went on their own.

No one received any money (as they later slandered). It was a riot. As they say - "I can't be silent!" Why did the guys follow me to the press conference? Because in. each of them contains

goodness. Everyone basically went to work in

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organs are not for money. Now they come to the police, the FSB and say: “Where is the best place to beat money?” And before, people went to defend their state and serve! Even Shebalin, who, I think, was our provocateur, was also once a

normal guy. There is good in every person, and even if he becomes a criminal, he does not get pleasure from it. Yes, they cover up, racketeer, open joint ventures with friends, where they take advantage of their official position. There are grabbers, in fact thieves in uniform, even robbers and bandits... And there are lazy and cowardly ones: they ordered - they did it, they threw away their share - they took it... But almost everyone deep down regrets that they have to live like this, because it is impossible in this system otherwise. But at that moment each of us felt like human beings.

And I know that many of our guys who watched it on TV were with us. No one from our department condemned our action. Some didn’t come with us because, they said, it’s not the place for a state security officer to be on TV. They were right, of course.

- How many people didn’t go? - Five or six.

Of course, there is no place for an intelligence officer on TV, but I consider what happened here to be a necessary defense. It was impossible without this.

And one more thing: when we refused to carry out the order, we did not know that it would come to a press conference. We thought the management would sort it out. And then everything snowballed on its own. A riot is like a crime; once you take the first step, there is no turning back.
- You went to prison for this press conference. Tell me what

what happened to the other guys, to Lettyshenko? He is the youngest of you.

— The Latvian boy now works in a private security company. And then he was left without work. He enjoys being a bodyguard. He completed a bodyguard course in Israel and received an international certificate. Andrei Ponkin stopped halfway. When I left for England, he told me on the phone:

“I wouldn’t let you leave if I knew... He even tried to persuade me to return, but he did it, of course, on assignment. Because not a single normal person who treats me well said “come back.” On the contrary, everyone said -

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did the right thing. I was told that Andrei got a job at some commercial company, lives richly, everything is fine with him.

Misha Trepashkin has already been expelled from the tax police. Now he advocate. Gera Shcheglov was also kicked out from everywhere.

Shebalin continues to work in his specialty. He retracted his words. I think he was a provocateur from the very beginning, because he is the only one of the participants who has blood on him. Remember, he spoke at a press conference wearing a mask - he will never be able to take it off. Why? Yes, because if he takes off his mask, he can be truly identified. Then I didn't know what was hanging on it. But then the guys told me that he participated in the event when an Arab was kidnapped and killed. The order came from above, from the FSB. Shebalin allegedly received forty thousand dollars for this. And he was recorded on tape while receiving money. I didn't see the tape, but they told me that it was there. And I decided to check all this - take Shebalin - for show off."

"Vitya," I say, "I was called to the Main Directorate for Combating Organized Crime and asked about you. — Our conversation took place in the Sandunovsky baths. We stood under the shower, and he was not afraid of the recording. — Some Arab was killed there, and you were recorded on tape. Are not you afraid?

And Shebalin split: "This," he said, "was an operational event. We can prove it." - Where is Gusak now? Now he

works in some

construction company. He has his own restaurant, not far from Lubyanka. Malyshev, the leader of the Tambov criminal group, helped him. Malyshev was either an agent or a confidant of Gusak. They met when they shared the Kaliningrad vodka factory. And Malyshev had good connections with Patrushev, dating back to Karelian times. This Malyshev called Patrushev and asked for Gusak so that he would not

be imprisoned. They told me directly: no one will imprison Gusak, because Malyshev himself asked Patrushev for him. So Gusak received three years probation. This is with twelve episodes and one corpse.

- But he was still in Butyrka? - Well,

I spent a month in Butyrka. They didn't know how it would all end, and they kept Gusak on the hook just in case, to play the role of last resort if they had to confess. And it turns out that

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the subordinate is in prison, and all the bosses are free. And they even get promoted. It was necessary to put someone in prison, at least for a month. — What happened to Khokholkov and Kamyshnikov? — Khokholkov is still an FSB general in a

leadership position, has an expensive restaurant on Kutuzovsky, a million-dollar mansion in Nemchinovka.

Kamyshnikov - serves as deputy head of the FSB Department for the Protection of the Constitutional System, which deals with
political investigation.

— Operator Litvinenko has disappeared. What happened to the agents?

- This is my pain. I recruited people to secretly assist state security agencies on behalf of the Russian state. People signed a pledge that they undertake to help not me, but Russia. It's scary, but they were all deciphered; they seemed to be getting revenge for communicating with me. One agent was decrypted before the criminal environment, and this was done by employees of the Department

of Internal Security. His name was Alexander, he was an excellent agent who had extensive connections in the criminal environment. He knew explosives and weapons well, and criminals often approached him with a request to make an explosive device or repair something. He had exceptional abilities, he could get people talking and he did the job competently. Alexander helped neutralize several real gangs of robbers and hired killers.

And this agent was invited to the Department of Internal Security. He was called into the reception room, officially, which is generally prohibited in conditions of secrecy. And they demanded incriminating evidence from him about me. Imagine, an agent is capable of collecting valuable information about terrorism, and the FSB only needs him to discredit me. The agent replied: "I don't know any compromising evidence. I honestly

collaborated with Litvinenko, and he did not involve me in crimes."

The agent often tries to "tighten up" the opera. One day he invited me to participate in a business when we were just starting to cooperate. I immediately put him in his place and said: "If you are hoping to make money at the expense of organs, then you are mistaken. It will not happen. I'll have to expel you from the intelligence apparatus. If

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you think that I will cover up your affairs - you are also mistaken. And this will not happen."

Naturally, they checked the agent. They didn't find anything on him. Then they began to intimidate that they would pin a criminal offense on him and imprison him. The agent replied: “I was imprisoned for crimes, and if I have to imprison a person whom I respect, then for me it is like a reward. Plant." They then told him: “We won’t just put you in prison. We will decipher you before the criminal environment. Let’s tell those who are sitting now what you brought upon them.” I recently found out that provocations have already begun. A man and a woman came to his house, showed his documents and said: “We are

from the GRU. Have you worked with Litvinenko? He confirmed. “We will give you a deposit of four hundred dollars. One person must be killed. Would you agree? Alexander refused - this, he says, is not in my line. Before that, he was kicked out from everywhere, and he was left without money. They made sure that he had no money to live on, and then they began to provoke him. - Why did they offer so little for murder? - It's like an advance payment. Another agent I

have is on the run. His mother was simply told that if he showed up, he would be shot because he refused to testify against me. They also called in all my friends for interrogation and intimidated them.

One of them, he was a store director, sealed up the store

and began demanding evidence against me that I allegedly provided protection and received money from him. The man had to pay a bribe to the very top in order to open trade again. He said: “I’d rather pay money than write to my friend.” Another had an explosion at his enterprise. At the same time, FSB officers came out to them and offered protection: “Litvinenko is gone, now we will be protection.” It seems like there is ownerless property left that needs to be taken over. When I was still in Moscow, my agent once called and said that he had been offered to commit a contract murder by the criminals with whom he had been imprisoned before. I reported this to Ivan Kuzmich Mironov, the head of the Operational Investigation Department, where I previously served. I say:

“Here is an agent who is registered under our management, walks around ownerless, no one needs, calls me, I am already a defendant myself and not

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I can work with agents. Some people came to him and offered to kill two people. Meet with him and take information and action.”

No one ever met him. The agent calls two

weeks later: “Sasha, do something! They have already killed one, and they are about to kill the second. Then I’ll go to the cops.” I start calling everyone again: “They’ve already killed one.” And Mironov says: “Listen, Sasha, we are very busy now, we don’t have time to do this. Call me later."

There is no time to kill people! They're busy with others affairs...

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Chapter 9. Escape

They have everything paid for

- Now remember, please, when you finally
Are you thinking about escaping?

— After a third criminal case was opened against me. I was accused of allegedly planting a bomb in the Volga River three years earlier in order to fabricate evidence against a gang in Kostroma. Barsukov opened a third case on the day he closed the collapsed second one. But he didn't take me into custody - he was afraid that the court would release me again. I took a written undertaking not to leave the place and, I think, gave my name to the border guards so that I wouldn't go abroad. The third case began with the question of jurisdiction, that is, with where I should be tried - in Moscow or Yaroslavl. The prosecutor's office sent my case to the military court

of the Yaroslavl garrison, because I allegedly planted that same bomb in those parts, but "stole" it from an FSB warehouse in Moscow. And kept it there. And he served in the capital. And the matter was secret. That is, according to the law and according to all the rules, I should have been tried by the court of second instance - the Moscow District Military. But in Moscow there is the press, strong lawyers, and the judges are not so controllable - after all, I have already been acquitted twice. Therefore, the FSB set a specific task: to try me in Yaroslavl. And my lawyers filed an appeal to a higher court to be tried in Moscow. And here is the decision - to return the case to Yaroslavl. Everything became clear to everyone. The court did not even retire to the deliberation room. The verdict was ready in advance. The chairman of the court directly at the meeting said to lawyer Marov: "Mikhail Alekseevich, what can we do? You know our system." When a lawyer of this rank, a lieutenant general, says such a thing, it is clear that there will not be a trial,

but reprisals. Tomorrow, without any evidence, they will give me a prison term, and in prison they will physically punish me, as the FSB authorities promised: "You will die in prison."

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It was clear that the investigation was not only collecting evidence of my guilt, but destroying evidence of my innocence. I had to hide them from the investigation. Meanwhile, investigators were aggressively fabricating a case against

me.

One day my agent Semyon reported that Barsukov had interrogated him and demanded testimony against me. After interrogation, Semyon disappeared. Then the prosecutor's office arrested his brother. The lawyer tried to meet with his client, but he was not allowed in. And while he stood in the corridor, he heard moans and screams. The agent's brother was tortured. Two days later he was released, barely alive; his lawyer picked up his unconscious post office near the prosecutor's office. The agent called me and said: “Help my brother get to the hospital, I can’t come myself, I’m afraid.” I arrived and saw my agent’s brother lying in the back seat of the lawyer’s car, all beaten up and covered in dried blood. We called an ambulance. And then I became scared. A thirty-year-old man, one meter eighty tall, lay in front of me and cried: “Guys, they beat me with bats for eight hours and demanded testimony against Litvinenko, whom I don’t know, and against my brother. This is worse than the Gestapo." He wrote a complaint to Prosecutor General Ustinov, which remained without consequences. This complaint is in my criminal case. Then I realized that sooner or later someone wouldn’t stand me either.

will make a

reservation Here, by the way, a funny episode happened. The secretary of Aminov (the trusted banker of Patrushev and Ivanov) unexpectedly calls me and asks when my birthday is. “Why do you need this?” — “Vyacheslav Markovich wants to congratulate you. And asks you to meet him on Monday or Tuesday.” I was stunned, well, I think it’s with Aminov that he suddenly remembered me. Only later did I understand: that

day was the last meeting between Putin and Berezovsky. They sorted things out for a long time. And this whole camarilla was running around, not knowing how the meeting would end. What if they make peace and become brothers, but the team is not ready for this. At that time they were killing Berezovsky, Litvinenko, by their grace, sat on the bunk. Now what? So Aminov called. I built bridges just in case. After leaving prison, I often began to communicate with Berezovsky, but they were afraid to approach him in case of a cannon shot.

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But on that day it was unknown who Berezovsky would emerge from the Kremlin - friend or foe. I met with Aminov when no one knew about the results of this meeting. He made a happy face.

- Sasha, Sasha! We will help you. We called the prosecutor in Vladimir. I know him well. They said that the case would be closed, no one would put you in prison, and all charges would be dropped. “Listen, Vyacheslav Markovich,”

I corrected him, “not
Vladimir, and Yaroslavl.

- Oh yes, I mixed it up - Yaroslavl. Well, you understand, we have everything covered... How did we get away with Goose?!

- But as? — I made a surprised face. I felt that

Aminov might divulge interesting details in order to get information from me about Berezovsky’s conversation with Confused. I began to assent to Aminov: “Yes, yes, you really pressed

Goose.” The goose deserved it. He

wrote all sorts of nasty things about me. - And then about his own: - And with the prosecutor, this is all for sure, Vyacheslav Markovich, will not let you down? - What are you talking about! - answers. - If Goose is pressed, then we will solve

the issue with you. We can open a case against anyone, release anyone. It's not a problem. We have our own people in the prosecutor's office. They were paid. Patrushev and Ivanov are aware, this is at their request...”

This is how I found out who dealt with Gusinsky and how, and at the same time I realized that I had no chance - they had everything paid for.

Before the court hearing where jurisdiction was decided, investigator Barsukov told my lawyers: “Don’t get your hopes up, we won’t rest until we convict him.” And one of the FSB officers told me: “If you are found innocent again, we won’t be talking to you anymore. Let’s start dealing with your wife and son.” He said directly: “Do you think you can get away with it? You betrayed the system and must be punished." ...After that meeting, I realized that I was actually deprived of my civil rights in Russia. My family and I are outside the law, outside protection.

The state excommunicated us from the state.

System, I know you

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And I realized that in order to save my family, I had to flee the country. Here
Then I came up with an escape plan. - Did you come up with it yourself?

— On my own, but I consulted with friends. — Did you have anyone to consult with? - Yes it was. Friends

helped me. And I am grateful to them. How
they say, your name is unknown, but your feat is immortal.

I had three tasks. Firstly, to leave on my own, secondly, to transport my family, and thirdly, all the documents that confirmed my innocence. Several boxes. From the very beginning, when the FSB began to violate the law in relation to me, I, as I had been

taught all my life, began to document the criminal activities of these people and their accomplices. I started writing them reports and complaints, to which they, naturally, gave stupid answers, but still signed them. And I painstakingly collected it. I understood that they would come with a search and confiscate everything. Therefore, he hid the documents in a safe place. It was arranged in such a way that only I had access to it and no one else. And neither through agents, nor technology, nor external surveillance could they establish where these documents were located. I had a person with whom I actually did not communicate, so as not to expose him - a good, professional agent. This man knew that at the decisive hour he would have to take the documents to a safe place. And I, naturally, understood that I was being watched at the highest level. I was

taught well, I know search work, I know how to monitor an object. When I myself became the object, this knowledge, all my experience, was very useful to me. I should be monitored by surveillance and listening equipment, and there should be an agent in my environment. There is definitely an operative

in the Office who is developing me.

First, I established who supervises me. It turned out that the first department of the Department of Internal Security was dealing with me. And it was not difficult for me to figure out that my developer was Major Madekin. The next step: to find my own agent in the developer’s environment, from whom I could receive prompt information. Conducted counterintelligence work. And I found such an employee.

Then I had to find out who the agent was in my circle. How to install an agent? Along the lines of behavior. I started watching who was what

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asks questions about how he behaves in a given situation. Found it out. It turned out that a friend was home. Further.

Information on technology is confirmed through agents, and vice versa. For a long time, I confirmed the information that I gave about the equipment through agents, and everything came together. If I spoke on the phone or to an agent where, for example, I would go, then I would definitely show up there. They were sure that I was under complete control. I never deceived them. They got the impression that I was hooked. The person who was following me constantly called me and asked:

“Where are you?” Its main task is to control my movement. I even went to Sochi on purpose once, to the sea. I informed the agent about this in advance, and he said: “Let me go with you,” and they let me go. Because the agent was nearby. They are calm, and I am calm.

At first they put me under surveillance. It's stupid to run away from him. It is much better that they remove it themselves because there is no need. And I established contact with the outside traffic, drove at low speed, if they were behind at a traffic light, I waited. It got to the point that if they needed to change (they have, say, a three-hour shift), we agreed. They asked: “Can you not leave the center for half an hour?” I said: “Of course. I'll wait for you... Then I got tired of all this driving one after another. Three cars follow me, I tell them all day where I’m going, I wait for them, and they wait for me. - What is this, public outdoor advertising? - No, unspoken. An external surveillance officer is a secret employee. No one can even know about him. This is an emergency if the object has installed an outdoor system and communicates with it. But they put people with whom I

knew personally even before I was fired

from the FSB to monitor me.

After some time, I told about my friendship with outdoor advertising to a person I suspected. He knew that he would report this to the top and the surveillance would be removed. And so it happened. The

outdoors disappeared. They decided that I was

I'm not going anywhere.

But the main difficulty was how to enter another country. I talked to people who knew how asylum was provided.

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I was told that to do this you need to put at least one foot on the soil of the country in which you will seek asylum. But I didn't have a passport; it was stolen during the search. And a visa. I couldn't go to any embassy in Russia because they were all under surveillance. How to get there? I developed the following plan: go to one of the CIS countries and from there move to Turkey. I agreed with

my friends that they would issue me a passport from one of the CIS countries. — Doesn't it bother you that "one of the CIS countries" is quite easy to calculate? "I don't name her, but whoever wants to, let him figure it

out." That day, and it was Saturday, a day off at Lubyanka, I had to transport my parents from the dacha,

and everyone knew it. I talked about this on the phone, and also to the people who controlled me. I went with my wife to the station and boarded the train. My wife went to the dacha in my car. After crossing the Russian border, she must buy a ticket to any other country. This would not arouse suspicion. Before this, my wife and child were in France.

I watched the reaction - will they take control of me or not,
whether the wife will be released or not. Everything went fine.

- Wait, weren't you under subscription? — Violating a subscription

is not a crime. There is no such article. If the person under investigation violates the subscription, the maximum that can happen is that the measure of restraint will be changed. It's funny, but already in England I received a notification that the preventive measure had actually been changed for me - they decided to take me into custody.

-Are you gloating? - Not at

all. It's just that I was always shocked by their casuistry, their love of maintaining form while being completely lawless in essence. — By the way, didn't you

want to hit the FSB on the nose, on the pride of the FSB, by leaving? You can score a goal into the goal with your foot, it's not offensive. Or you can push the ball into the goal with your butt. Then this goal is shameful. Your escape was a slap in the face to the intelligence services. - No. I didn't care at all about the FSB's pride. I was worried

about the fate of my family. As they say, either a stuffed animal or a carcass, leave the pen. I had specific tasks: to leave, take my family and take out documents that would confirm my

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innocence, the day I received asylum, that is, the materials of my criminal case.

At the border -

Let's go back to escaping? You're on the border... -

Yes, on the border, or rather on the seashore. In the morning I came to the ticket office to ask about a ticket for a ship - to "one of the CIS countries." I was sure that I was on the computer list. And they tell me that the list of passengers is submitted to border control three hours before the departure of the ship. I asked the cashier: "What should I do, I'm waiting for a friend, and he will arrive an hour or two before departure?" He said that we could approach the team and come to an agreement.

I waited until the last minute. I stood in line, went through customs, then passport control, the border guard... I gave the border guard my passport, and he said: "You know, you're not on the list. Where's your ticket? I explained what they told me - you can buy it on the ship. Border guard: "Wait, stay here. Now everything will pass, and then we will decide what to do."

I'm standing and the captain's assistant comes up to me; they, apparently, are working according to the plan. "Do you want to go?" Me: "Yes." - "Why didn't you buy a ticket?" - "Yes, I'm late. I was told that I was not on the list. They told me to come to you." He then worriedly: "You have to fit into the lists." In short, I took half the ticket price on top. And then he says: "Take a ten dollar bill and put it in your passport." I said: "I understand," I went up to the border guard, he took my passport, looked at it, and returned it. The bill was no longer there. The most exciting moment was when I walked along the pier. It was the first time in my life that I had seen such a long pier. I walked and walked, but it

didn't end. And suddenly I see an officer following me from behind. I climbed aboard, waiting for a shout. And he passed by. I immediately liked this officer. — The last person you saw at home was a man in uniform? - Yes. — What clothes did you wear when you crossed the border? - In the suit he got married in. - Is that what you intended?

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- Yes. Because my second marriage is very successful. My wife and I happy, and this suit brought me good luck. -Are you completely serious? - Yes. One hundred percent. - And in the same shoes? - No, the shoes are different, but the jacket and trousers are the same. — What color was the suit? — The jacket is light, and the trousers are dark. I never wore it again. — Are you going to wear it when you return to your homeland? - If it doesn't become small. I climbed on board, and in a few minutes we moved away from the shore. I stood at the stern and watched him move away. Or how do I retire? I had a feeling of melancholy and joy. I understood where the joy came from. And where the melancholy comes from - at that moment, not yet. Toska simply jumped off the shore and jumped onto the ship after me. Of course, it was extremely difficult to decide to take such a step. It looks like suicide, or rather, a step into the afterlife: what is there is unknown, and there is no turning back. But I did it for the sake of my child. I want to raise my son myself, and not from prison - with letters. - But you understand that you were separated from your child anyway?

You will always remain “there”, he will now always be “here”... - Yes, he is becoming an Englishman. I understand this... As soon as I crossed the border, my friends prepared documents for me, according to which I later left for Turkey. — That is, when leaving Russia, you did not violate any Russian laws? - No, absolutely none. I left Russia using my passport, without violating the law of the Russian Federation. The customs officer put a stamp. Everything is according to the law. — And only in a neighboring state did he commit a violation

law, made yourself a fake passport?

- Yes, but it was necessary. I couldn't in Russian passport to go further.

I called Marina. Her mobile phone only worked for reception. Moreover, I warned her not to speak in the apartment - there there was equipment.

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— Couldn’t they have tapped your mobile phone? — To listen to Marina’s

mobile phone, it was necessary for it to light up somewhere, or to name key phrases. There, either the computer is connected to the phrases, or the phone is under control. I didn't say any phrases that could trigger the recording. It was an ordinary conversation. I said: “Marina, I’m there. Let's". Called back two days later. She said: “I have everything ready. Spain". And she named the date of departure. Neither her mother nor her father knew that she was leaving - no one. -Have they looked for you yet? - No. Before leaving, I stopped by the lawyer and told him that I was going to Nalchik. I had this legend: I was going to Nalchik, I had to sell my father’s apartment and move my family to Moscow.

In addition, I chose the moment to escape when my criminal case from the Moscow District Court was traveling to the Yaroslavl garrison by train. It was supposed to travel for two weeks. At that time I was not even registered with any court. One court sent my case, but the other has not yet accepted it. - Did your son know? - No. No one knew. The person who, as I understand it, was monitoring me from the FSB, contacted Marina and repeatedly asked where I was. Marina told him:

“Sasha went to sell the

house and will probably need help. Maybe you’ll have to drive up to him.” She calmed everyone down. While I was

silence.

On the morning of the day of departure, Marina stopped by her parents and told her mother that she had been offered a last-minute ticket and she was going to Spain with Tolya for two weeks. “Just don’t say a word to anyone,” she asked. - Quiet for now. Don't tell anyone today." Tolyan put him in a taxi and drove off. The son, when he found out that he was going to Spain, asked: “Mom, why didn’t you tell me earlier?” Even now he often remembers this and gets offended: “Don’t you trust me?” They were already sitting on the plane, and I was rushing about in the hotel room. It was the most stressful day of my life. If he leaves, he won’t leave, if he leaves, he won’t leave... - Where were you at

that time?

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- I was in that country. I decided that if the family didn't leave, I'd go back. Without them, where would I go? The day was long, like that pier. I couldn't stand it, I called: "Marina, where are you?" She says: "On the plane." - "Where is the plane?" And she shouted: "The plane is picking up speed, now the connection will be interrupted. He won't be stopped."

Person without a visa

Four hours later the call rang, she said: "We are in Spain." All. I began to prepare the next stage - the transition to Turkey. I got over - I entered with a false passport, and Marina arrived there that same day. This is where the hardest part began. I didn't have a visa, and I had to think about what to do next.

I called Berezovsky on his mobile. He says: "Well done for leaving, I'll call you back now."

And ten minutes later, my American friend Alik Goldfarb, a former Muscovite, calls and says: "What's the weather like there, I want to come pick you up." I am forever grateful to this man. — Were you already calmer in Turkey? — Türkiye is an unsafe country. Alik explained

the situation to me: "The fact that you are in Turkey

is good. But we have very little time, because now they will rush to look for you in Russia, they will report you to Interpol, and they will start catching you everywhere. We urgently need to go to one of the civilized countries, set foot on its territory and ask for asylum." I knew it myself. Alik called his friends, and an American lawyer, a specialist in immigration law, came to Turkey. When he listened to me, he said: "You have a 100% chance of political asylum, but the question is this: there is no visa. And if you

come to America without a visa, you will be put in immigration prison, and so will your wife. And the child will be sent to an orphanage for a while. You need to go to the American embassy and ask for a visa there."

The next day, we all together - me, Marina, Tolyan and Alik - went to the American embassy. We arrived at the checkpoint. A man came out from the embassy, we talked, and an official representative received us. I told about what happened to us. We were told: "We can't give you a visa yet, but the embassy

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We can’t leave either. Go ahead and we’ll think about it.” At the same time, I immediately told them that I would not like to interact with American intelligence services. - Did they want to? - I think no. There was only one there, either Mark

or Mike, I don’t remember. I immediately

told him that I didn’t want to deal with them. “I’ve already played enough of scouts. And I want to return to my homeland someday.” - Do you even know one state secret? - No. I know about banditry, about corruption. Previously, the main state secret was the health of our president. And now the main secret is the

relationship between our President Putin and a criminal element named Barsukov-

Kumarin. This is the leader of the Tambov criminal community. This is now the main secret of Russia. All of St. Petersburg knows that Putin has a personal friendship with this man. And financial ties... I also know who blew up

Houses.

“Maybe that’s what they’re interested in?” - Well, let them

ask him themselves. They're friends now.

Friend George, friend Vladimir. — Did you

have any identification with you? — In addition to the fake one, which remained at

the hotel, I had a Russian internal passport and an FSB military service veteran’s ID. I immediately told them that I was a former FSB officer. I was illegally dismissed, but I do not intend to conduct any activities against Russia. They listened to me and kicked me out of the embassy. Türkiye is a specific country. The world intelligence center - everyone looks after each other, including embassies. Since we showed up at the embassy, we had to

leave Ankara. I was sure that our photographs were already on their way to

Moscow through the GRU or SVR. And then a suspicious man began to follow

us around the hotel.

In general, we got out of the hotel and moved to Istanbul at night. We checked into a hotel and began to think about what to do next. Since we were not given a visa to America, we can enter it illegally. Take, for example, a transit ticket to Barbados, where you do not need a visa, through

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some American airport. And you can just go there without an exit visa. And declare: “I ask for political asylum.” After

which they can be put in

immigration detention for an indefinite period.

I was ready to go to jail, but my wife? Marina thought and thought

and says: “I agree.”

Then I realized how much she loves me. She not only waited

me,! While I was sitting, she was carrying gear, but she also agreed to sit down herself.

Alik said: “Guys, you don’t understand, an American prison is not sugar, especially an immigration one. Wait, we have other countries besides America.” He sat down at the computer and started watching airplane flights. I looked for a long, long time. Tolik walked around and kept asking: “Daddy, where are we going?” He felt that something was wrong, but did not understand anything.

Suddenly Alik says: “Yes! You don't need a transit visa to England, and there is a connecting flight. We are now buying tickets Istanbul - London - Moscow. We fly to London and stay there. The British, I think, will not put you in immigration prison.”

The plane took off in an hour and a half. Every day I stayed in Turkey promised danger, because Russia was already missing me. And we might not have left. — Have you kept track of the situation in Russia? — I

contacted my agent at the Office. He said that everyone had

already run in. “They started looking for you. Be careful." He also said that they were trying to fabricate some kind of criminal case, that I allegedly committed a murder. But I knew that it was impossible to immediately report to Interpol; the procedure takes some time.

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And this is very embarrassing

...We landed at Heathrow airport. We went out to the transit hall. Alik called his lawyer friend George Menzies. He explained:

“Now I’ll prepare all the documents, send them to the immigration service, and then immediately go surrender to the authorities.” George did everything.

The immigration authorities have given their word that we will not be deported from England until the matter is considered. I immediately destroyed the false passport.

— Without crossing the UK border? “I didn’t present it anywhere so as not to violate the laws of England.” An immigration officer approached me. I introduced myself, he asked me to wait a little. After that, a translator came and a policeman approached. He listened to my whole story for about forty minutes, then said: “I see that you are a normal person, you have a normal family. You have not committed any violations, and I terminate all cases on the territory of England in relation to you with my authority.” I was amazed. He said: “You are on British territory under the protection of the British government, and if you feel any threat, I ask you to immediately inform the police, we will protect you, even to the point of taking you under guard.” I remembered my Russian policemen, as they say. And this English cop spoke like a human being and was clearly worried about my safety. By that time, I had completely forgotten what it meant to feel safe. We were later questioned by an immigration officer. We were taken into a special room and our fingerprints were taken. And they issued a certificate in which it was written that we were temporarily allowed to reside in England, but at the first request of the immigration authorities we must come to their office. — Were you interrogated for a long time? — It all took about ten hours. They brought us sandwiches there. We left the airport late in the evening.

— Did your American friend fly back to New York?

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- Where to New York! They interrogated him in the next room, checking what we would say about each other. The British came down hard on him for helping me enter the country illegally. He later told me that the head of immigration at Heathrow was very angry. He says: “Did you receive money from Litvinenko or Berezovsky for this?” He says: “No.” - “Why did you do this?” Alik: “From higher principles.” And he: “You Americans are completely out of your depth, you are deciding your affairs here on our territory. You

are breaking our laws. They should take him to America. Out of the highest principles, I am expelling you from Great Britain. On the first plane back to Turkey!”

Alik told him: “I need to go to New York.” And he: “Fly to Turkey! Be thankful that I didn’t arrest you for illegally smuggling immigrants.” The British put Alik on the computer and then didn’t let him into

England for a whole year, even though he had a son there. Strange people. Here, if someone had brought an American lieutenant colonel, they would have given him a medal and a valuable gift from the FSB. In general, Alik flew to Turkey, and we did not see each other for a year until he received forgiveness from the British.

And the next morning I was interrogated again at the immigration service. I repeated that I would not like to have any contacts with the British intelligence services. They told me: “What are you talking about. Without your
consent..."

They explained to me that according to the law, the British intelligence services do not even have the right to approach you without your consent. I said that I do not give such consent. They say: “Well, that’s it. Please understand correctly, we are not forcing you to violate the laws of your homeland, we are even interested in ensuring that you do not violate any Russian laws while being here. Nobody forces you to work with anyone.”

They don't make the decision to grant asylum dependent on whether you tell any secrets or not. - Honestly, you say it, but I can’t believe it. We are from another life,

and we have the opinion that political asylum in England is given only if some important state secrets are revealed.

— This opinion exists in the FSB. The entire system of law enforcement agencies and intelligence services in Russia is built on bargaining. If you hand over a person, you won’t go to jail; if you don’t hand him over, you’ll go to jail. If you shoot up, you'll get less, not

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if you do, you'll get more. All operational and investigative work there is based on bargaining. In Russia, anonymous letters have also been brought back to life.

There is a law on political asylum here. It says that asylum is given if you are persecuted in your homeland and face reprisals upon returning there. I brought documents about the cases fabricated against me, all

this was carefully considered, and I was granted political asylum, like thousands of other refugees from tyrannical regimes arriving in England from all over the world. I didn't want to just hide, just save myself and my family, although that was certainly the most important motive. It was important for me to have

an objective review of my case. And the fact that I got to England without the help of the special services, went through the painful procedure of checking the entire history of my persecution and received political asylum according to the law is as important to me as feeling safe.

There was even a request in parliament on this topic. In Great Britain, intelligence belongs to the Foreign Office, that is, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the immigration service belongs to the Home Office, that is, the Ministry of Internal Affairs. So, when this story hit the newspapers, one deputy asked a question in the Foreign Affairs Committee. What is it, they say, you have completely forgotten how to work in intelligence, why did the heroic Russian defector to Heathrow make his way in a roundabout way and no one even met him? So the next day in the Daily Telegraph newspaper there appeared an explanation from a

"source" from the British secret service that Litvinenko had nothing to do with them. If we needed him, we would have brought him quietly ourselves and he would not have appeared at Heathrow without warning. And in general, he is not a defector, but a political refugee. And it's not us who are doing it, but Home Office. — How long did you wait for the decision on asylum? - Almost six months. Or rather, I spent two months drafting an asylum application—it turned out to be a whole volume—and waited another four

months for a decision. And while I was waiting, a fourth

criminal case was opened against me in my homeland! By the way, I think it helped me. As soon as they opened the fourth case, they immediately granted asylum. — What were they accused of this time?

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“The fact is that in January 1997, in the village of Ninth of May, I beat up some citizen Odinoy, put him in the trunk, brought him to some office building and continued beating him there. Complete nonsense. How could I kidnap a citizen alone, and if I didn’t kidnap him alone, then why wasn’t anyone else involved? If I beat someone in an official premises, what kind of official premises is this? In general, it looks like it was printed as a carbon copy again. Only the names and small details were changed. And so, if we compare all of Barsukov’s decisions to implicate me as an accused, they are all the same.

- Have you aroused Barsukov again?

- Yes. Barsukov was in charge of all the affairs. Although I was acquitted in one case, and he stopped the second case himself. That is, he has already illegally prosecuted me twice. And the third time, and the fourth... He is a contract investigator, this is his profession.

When I learned that a fourth case had been filed against me, my lawyers spent three months getting information from the prosecutor's office about what I was accused of. Barsukov carried out some examinations, hiding them from lawyers. In fact, the criminal case was conducted secretly as an operational one, that is, on the basis of the law on operational investigative activities, and not the Code of Criminal Procedure.

— How did your Moscow lawyers find out that you left Russia? - Like everyone else - on TV. Let's

return to England. As soon as I received new details from Moscow about the progress of the investigation, I immediately notified Home Office. In Russia they lied that I was hiding from the English police.

And they started putting harsh pressure on my relatives: my brother, who lives in Moscow, was beaten, my father was taken to the police station several times.

— Did they put pressure on you to get some information? Or were they just scared? “At first they

simply scared my father. One night they took him to the police station, then took him out, abandoned him in the middle of the road, and he returned on foot. Another time, police broke into his apartment and conducted an illegal search. The father was insulted with obscene language and said that his son was a traitor. They dragged my mother, sister, and mother-in-law for interrogation.

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When the mother was called to the prosecutor's office, they demanded the stepfather's address. His mother said that he was a sick man and asked him not to touch him. But they still summoned my stepfather for interrogation and demanded incriminating evidence against me. He replied: “I know Alexander as a decent person, without bad habits.” The next day after the interrogation, he suffered a

stroke and his left side became paralyzed. A few days later he was taken to the hospital,

where he died.

No one was punished for this. The hospital diagnosed that he died from something completely different. A man was admitted with a stroke, but he died from another disease. This can only happen in Russia.

The mother was forced to sign something. She got scared and signed. My mother is generally afraid to talk to me on the phone. In short, my family is now outlawed. Human rights and the Constitution do not apply to them. We added all the facts of pressure on my relatives to the request for asylum. - In a word, officials in Russia did everything so that you get

political refuge? - It turns out,

yes... On May 14, 2001,

the bell rang and I heard the joyful voice of George’s lawyer: “Alexander, you have been given asylum.” I can't even explain what I felt. Six months have passed,

and the case is still being considered. Alik Goldfarb, who brought me, is not allowed into England. The newspapers write that Putin is Tony Blair's best friend. Several requests for extradition to Russia came to me as a criminal. I sit and wonder: whether they will give me away or not. The grinding of sharpening stones can be heard from the Motherland - Barsukov, Ivanov, Patrushev are preparing knives. And then they looked into my affairs and found that I was subjected to political persecution, not criminal persecution. The British could give me territorial asylum, provide me with the opportunity to simply live in the country. They could put off my case indefinitely. I could live for ten years with a certificate of entry. And in four months they sorted it out and gave

the go-ahead.

I came to see George. He met me on the stairs, he had tears in his eyes - he was probably the only one in all of England who fully understood my misfortune. George said:

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- You know, I studied your case and I want to say only one thing. In Russia, the authorities use criminal law not to protect citizens, but to govern their people. And this is very shameful.

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Chapter 10. Ryazan trace

Erect a monument to Tskhai

— After your escape, you took up the topic of apartment building explosions in the fall of 1999. I wrote a book about this together with Yuri Felyptinsky. And before that, you worked for several years at the ATC, dealing with terrorists. Tell me how it was. — Among all types of crimes, terrorist

attacks stand apart. They are not carried out on the orders of bandits or some commercial structure. There is no motive behind these crimes to kill someone personally - after all, the victims are random. This is either the work of crazy fanatics, or a political provocation, with the aim of influencing public opinion, sowing fear in society, provoking war or genocide. Both Chechen wars began precisely after such explosions. The whole problem is that these crimes have not yet been solved, the same ones that have been proven, alas, are the work of our own special services, and not the Chechens. — Do you mean the explosions of residential buildings? - Not only. This topic has a long backstory, which for me began in 1994, before the first Chechen war. At this time I was sitting in

the same office with Zhenya Makeev. He developed

Lazovsky's gang. On November 18, 1994, an explosion occurred on the railway bridge over the Yauza in Moscow. The bomb apparently exploded accidentally while mining the canvas. The corpse of a demolition bomber was discovered - captain Andrei Shchelenkov,

an employee of the Lanako oil company. The head of the company was Maxim Lazovsky. Soon after the explosion on the bridge, an explosion occurred in a city bus at VDNKh - this was the first terrorist attack in Moscow.

The driver was injured. Two years later, Lazovsky's driver, Vladimir Akimov, admitted to committing the terrorist attack. —

Who needed to mine a railway bridge and blow up an empty bus?

- Remember. The first Chechen war began a couple of times later months.

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The Chechens were immediately blamed for the explosions of 1994, there was a statement Soskovets that groups of terrorists are being prepared to be sent to Moscow.

The Moscow Criminal Investigation Department, together with our department, began to develop Lazovsky, and it turned out that he was behind a large number of crimes. He was put on the wanted list for banditry. Lazovsky was detained along with an officer of the Moscow FSB department, Major Alexei Yumashkin. This is written in the book “The FSB is blowing up Russia.” That is, an officer from the FSB Directorate for Illegal Bandits traveled with a person who was wanted for banditry. Naturally, it turned out that Lazovsky is also an agent of the FSB Directorate for Moscow and the Moscow Region. The deceased bomber was also on the list of FSB agents. Lazovsky and his gang kidnapped Felix Lvov from the VIP lounge of Sheremetyevo-1 airport. At the same time, Lvov was presented with the identification of an FSB officer. He was taken straight out of the customs zone, taken away, and a few days later

he was found murdered.

Lazovsky was put in prison by Vladimir Tskhai from the Moscow Criminal Investigation Department, who worked on this case together with Makeev. He arrested him himself. Tskhai is a wonderful professional, a detective from God. This was the best detective in Russia, and he was not afraid of anything. Lazovsky did not stay in prison for

long, about three years... In addition, one of the

employees of the Lanako company, Lieutenant Colonel Vorobyov, who was an agent of the special services, was convicted of terrorist attacks (his criminal case received a positive reference from the FSB). Vorobyov was convicted of bombing a bus, received three years for terrorism, and the one who bombed the bus with him, Akimov, was completely released from the courtroom.

What’s interesting: Lazovsky and Vorobyov were convicted for the explosions of 1994, it seems that their guilt was proven, but no one even asked who their customer was? Didn’t they themselves decide to blow up a bridge and a bus for no apparent reason? But Vorobyov, in his last word, called the verdict “a mockery

of the special services.” Of course, they gave me a deadline for completing a combat mission. The second series of explosions occurred in the summer of 1996. First, in the Tulskaya metro station - four killed, 12

wounded; July 11 in a trolleybus on Pushkinskaya - six wounded, July 12 in

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trolleybus on Mira Avenue – 28 wounded. And again they started talking about the Chechens - Luzhkov promised to evict them from Moscow.

- And at this time in Chechnya... -

And at this time in Chechnya we were losing and peace negotiations began, so it is not clear why the Chechens needed these explosions. True, it was not possible to disrupt the negotiations - at the end of August, Lebed signed the Khasavyurt Agreement with Maskhadov.

Tskhai was sure that the second series of explosions was also the work of a gang Lazovsky together with the FSB.

— Did they at least talk about this among themselves at Lubyanka? -

Certainly. Makeev knew this. It just drove him crazy. He is a decent, honest guy, a former paratrooper. He reads publications where it is written that Chechens, Chechens... Once he said: “What Chechens?!” Then Makeev was fired. Everyone was kicked out. The department was dispersed.; - And Tskhai? — Tskhai died suddenly under strange circumstances on April 12, 1997 at the

age of 39.

Diagnosis: cirrhosis of the liver, although he did not drink or smoke. Shortly before his death, I recruited one of Lazovsky’s people, Sergei Pogosov (operational pseudonym Grigory), and he told me everything he

knew about the gang and its connections with the FSB. From Pogosov I learned that this brigade is not bandits, but rather a secret unit that solves government problems, eliminates people, and organizes terrorist attacks. Lazovsky was just a performer. The orders came from someone in our leadership.

Pogosov directly told me that Tskhai was finished, that the FSB would not forgive him for the defeat of Lazovsky’s team. I conveyed this to Tskhai personally. And Pogosov sincerely advised me to stay away from this matter.

As soon as I started working with Pogosov, they began to call me from the Moscow department, first with requests, and then demands to refuse the services of my new agent. I didn't react. In the end, my superiors ordered to stop all contacts with Pogosov. — What do you think about Tskhai’s death? - I think he was poisoned. He burned down in front of everyone. In two months. It was scary to watch.

The best doctors looked at him, but

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no one could help anymore. Vladimir's death was like an exemplary execution for all operas. This will happen to everyone. They killed the best
from U.S.

Yes, and the first case. Do you remember the banker Kivilidi? He was poisoned with poison placed in a telephone receiver. And Tskhai was probably given something. The FSB has a special laboratory for these purposes on Krasnobogatyrskaya Street.

Before his death, Tskhai was under pressure. The Moscow FSB Directorate called the MUR several times and demanded that the Lazovsky gang case be stopped. With the death of Tskhai it stopped.

— The strange death of Lazovsky also confirms the version about his participation in terrorist attacks in Moscow?

— Yes, Lazovsky was killed in 2000, after the explosions, and on the day when they were supposed to be arrested a second time. A beautiful

coincidence. — Is it true that you were the only one at the

funeral of Tskhai from the FSB? “As the head of the MUR Golovanov told me: “You are the only one from the FSB who came to say goodbye to him.” Maybe someone else came later. I didn't see anyone. According to Golovanov, no one else

came. “I got the impression that Tskhai’s successes in searching for terrorists and bandits were largely possible only because he proceeded in his work from the fact that the FSB was acting against him.

- Don't think. Tskhai was simply a detective who collected evidence. And he did it with talent. A chain of tracks led him... to the FSB. He didn’t assume it, but simply approached her. It didn’t matter to him - FSB, CIA, FBI. For Tskhai, there was a crime and the person who committed it. You broke the law, bear responsibility. I am one hundred percent sure that if Tskhai had followed the trail to the head of the MUR, he would have handcuffed him in his office. This was the kind of man he was, and he was respected for it. When we stood at the funeral, Golovanov cried and said: “I was behind him like behind a stone wall. I trusted him. You could trust him with everything.”

If it were up to me, I would put Felix in place of Lubyanka monument to Tskhai. He deserved it.

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The Strange War on Terror

Another episode. In the spring of 1996, Kolesnikov was the head of the department at the ATC. He came into our office and said: “We urgently need to go to Sheremetyevo-1 airport, there is a man sitting in the police station who wants to tell something about terrorism.” - “Okay, I’ll go, give me the car.” - “There are no cars yet.” — I asked: “How will I go to Sheremetyevo-1 in the evening?” “Okay,” they say, “we’ll find you a car.” We found a car. The duty officer shouts: “You buy gasoline with your own money.” Situation: a person wants to testify about the preparation of an explosion in Sheremetyevo, but there is no gasoline to get to him. I started swearing, about forty minutes later they found gasoline. — It’s strange, there’s already a smell of RDX in the air, everyone is suspected of terrorism, there’s a message that an explosion is being prepared, but there’s no gasoline to get to the right

place? - Yes. There are limits on the operating machine. There is no limit on the cars of bosses, but there is a limit on operational cars. The country is poor! I went to Sheremetyevo-1. There was a man behind bars at the police station. They

took him out and we started talking to him. He said that he was Armenian, lived in Grozny, worked at some enterprise. One day he left for work, and when he returned, there was a huge crater in the place of the house. Bomb. Direct hit. The whole family died. He walked around for several days, trying to find at least one photograph of his loved ones. No photographs, no documents, nothing. Emptiness. It’s kind of terrible - today you have a family, and tomorrow you’re empty.

He said that he lived in Grozny for several weeks and realized that he would go crazy if he did not leave there. Every day I walked to my house. To the pit. He left for the Stavropol Territory.

Couldn't find a job. Been homeless. Then he moved to Moscow. This was some amazing person. He was homeless, but he didn’t even stink. He said that he works part-time, unloading whatever he needs, and spends the night at train

stations. When he manages to earn more, he rents a bed in a hotel and sleeps it off. Once a week he goes to the bathhouse and washes things. Recently I found a quickie near the airport and spent the night in

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Sheremetyevo-1. If he slept at the station, then for a small sum they would not touch him all night. That evening, around nine

o’clock, two Chechens approached him (he understood Chechen well). They saw that he was Caucasian and asked where he was from. He explained that he was from Grozny and told his story. He was told that “we need to take revenge on the Russians.” He asked: “How?” - “We will give you a bag, and you will need to connect two wires and leave. There will be an explosion, and you will take revenge on them for your children. You come to our airport terminal at such and such a time, and we will give you money.” They promised one and a half thousand dollars. He replied, “I’ll think about it.” I didn’t sleep all night, I suffered, I worried. In the morning, around seven o'clock, they came

up again. And they showed me a checkered bag with a box and wires in it. He refused: “I don’t want to. You can’t get mine back, and I don’t want to blow anyone up.” When the police came up to him to check his documents, he told them about it. They kept him in police custody for the whole day, questioned him twice and told him he was crazy. He then demanded a meeting with an FSB officer. They called the FSB at

about three o'clock in the afternoon, by the time it reached us it was already six. The Chechens were allegedly tried in hot pursuit

search, but found no one. The policeman

told me: “Why are you talking to him, he’s crazy.” They called an ambulance, a doctor arrived, examined him and said: “He’s not crazy. Completely normal." I called the FSB and said: “I need a specialist to make an identikit.” They say: “It’s too late, where can we find a

specialist for you?” I explained the situation to the duty officer. He tells me: “Hold him until the morning.” I was indignant: “How can you hold this until the morning?” The cops suggested: “Come on, now we’ll organize a hooligan for him. Let's write that he is a hooligan and he will sit with us. What are you worried about? We’ll put him in prison for fifteen days, and that’s all.” - “What are you doing? - I was simply stunned. - A person helps us, tells us such things, and you spend fifteen days. What, have you all gone crazy?”

I called the duty officer at the Moscow City Internal Affairs Directorate. He redirected me to the duty officer at the Moscow Criminal Investigation Department. I explained everything to him. I feel like a man from operas. "Yes I understand. Of course, we urgently need to make an identikit. Now I’ll call the on-duty forensic expert. Don't worry. Bring him here." I brought him to

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laboratory. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and within two hours on the computer we made two sketches. I gave one to the MUR officer on duty. He let this guy go.

And I took the second identikit for myself. In

the morning I came to work, wrote a detailed certificate with a proposal to immediately send out an identikit to all police departments and regional FSB departments. And if they are installed, take them into development to verify the information. I gave this certificate to the boss. Then he went on a business trip to the Caucasus.

Several months passed, and buses and trolleybuses began to explode. An unexploded bomb was found on one of the buses. I read the orientation and remembered: this bomb's description is similar to the one the guy told me about! I approached the head of the department: "Remember, I wrote a certificate. Looks like a bomb." Kolesnikov says: "I don't remember." He opened the safe, rummaged, rummaged: "I completely forgot about her." No one has this orientation anywhere at all

sent.

I found a sketch of it and showed it to Kolesnikov. He finally unearthed the necessary documents from the safe and said: "I'll report to management." Just then Zhenya Makeev comes into my office, sees an identikit and asks: "Who are they? These are people from Lazovsky's gang. - AND

names names.

"Where did you get them?" "I told him everything, and what Kolesnikov forgot." Now, I say, he will report to management. They will search. Makeev
laughed:

"You and I will be found sooner than them." And left. In general,

in 1996 the terrorist attack could have taken place not in Moscow
trolleybus, and at the airport terminal.

It turns out that the fight against terrorism was of little interest to the leadership of the FSB. In 1995, Platonov went to St. Petersburg to conduct an inspection, and it was discovered that there was not a single operational record on terrorism there at all. And once a fantastic operation was thwarted - they did not allow me to introduce my agent to people in Moscow associated with Basayev.

Here is how it was. I went on a business trip to Nalchik. One day Makarychev, then the Minister of Security of the Republic, called me

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- and says that at the Nalchik airport, border guards detained two Chechens returning from Turkey. They were arrested for illegally crossing the border. They carried two bags with them: Islamic banners, Korans, calls for jihad - a lot of things. They opened a criminal case and transferred it to the FSB. The whole team studied

photographs, books, listened to tapes, and I worked with diaries. An ordinary diary, poems - “Russian dogs”, “Russians must be killed.” The guy wrote competently in Russian, without mistakes. It was clear from the diary that he fought and hated the Russian army: “The day will come when we will win.”

In the diary I found an interesting entry: “Yesterday we went to visit our guys in prison in Istanbul, Trabzon.” I looked at the date and remembered when the ferry in Trabzon was hijacked. And then it dawned on me: yes, they went to prison to visit those who hijacked the ferry. Then I came to Makarychev and said: “Look, they personally know those who seized the ferry in Trabzon. We need to organize in-chamber development.” Makarychev says: “Forward!”

We put them in different cells. I needed to recruit a Chechen agent who could be placed with them. I found one little guy. The guy fought in Chechnya, he had a conflict with the field commander, and he explained that he wanted to take revenge on him. He asked us to help him in this matter. We got him to sign that he agreed to go to jail for ten days. They prepared the documents, received the prosecutor’s sanction

and put him in front of one of the detainees. The cell was equipped with technology, and from the control building we listened to all their conversations. The agent turned out to be clever and knew how to win him over. He had scars on his face - he explained that he had fought, and he managed to gain the trust of the detained Chechen. Based on their conversations, we

established that the detainee was from Basayev’s group. I suggested the following combination. I come to the prison, call the detained Chechen, show him the ID of the Moscow Criminal Investigation Department and say: “We are now urgently taking you to the police station and taking you to Moscow, to Lefortovo, since there is evidence from your fingerprints that you are suspected of a crime committed in Moscow.” " In a word, I make it clear that I am taking him away. And we worked out the line of conduct for the agent, that he would be released on his own recognizance, that the lawyer succeeded.

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He was imprisoned under the legend that he had committed petty theft at the market. The agent told the subject that he was being released. And here we pull the object. Happened! After talking with me, he returns to the cell and tells the agent: “Listen, they’re taking me to Moscow.” The agent asks: “How can I help you? They let me out. I’ll be in Nalchik.” He says to him: “Couldn’t you go to Moscow? We will do everything for you, documents and everything. I have people." She gives him the phone number of one of her safe houses. “Go to them. They will help you. Just tell me that they are taking me to Lefortovo, and that I am silent.” The investigator asks: “What are we going to do?” I say: “Now I will return to Moscow, and you escort him behind me.” Upon arrival, I reported to management that this Chechen must be brought to Moscow

immediately, at least for two weeks. And the agent should also be transported to Moscow to continue development. They told me: “What will he live on in

Moscow and where?” “Don’t you understand,” I fumed, “that we are now introducing a Chechen. We have identified a person who is actually associated with Basayev's group. This man gave our agent the phone number where the Chechens live.

He will come and communicate with them. We will now introduce a person among the Chechens who are associated with militants - with Basayev, with Khattab. You shout that they are blowing everything up. So we’ll introduce an agent to them.” And I got only one answer: “Do you understand that this is difficult?”

— Is that the end of it? - Yes, we missed

this opportunity! If we had introduced an agent to Basayev, then either the explosions of houses in Moscow would not have happened, or this agent would have brought one hundred percent confirmed information that it was not Basayev’s people who blew up the houses. That's why he wasn't needed. But all this lined up in my head much later - after the houses were blown up and I was no longer in the authorities.

The Vanishing Chechen Trace

— After watching the film “Attempt on Russia,” many people still had doubts. They say that the FSB’s guilt has not been proven. Let's get back to this topic.

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- Let's start with the motive. No intentional crime is committed without a motive. And here was the motive. Response to explosions - that's it. And the response is a war in Chechnya. Who benefited from blowing up houses? Certainly not the Chechens. Who needed this war? Putin. So that they would vote for him. They say that he used his famous phrase - “Piss in the toilet!” said accidentally, under the impression of the moment. I think no. He won the election with this phrase. This was his campaign slogan. Like “All power to the councils!” - Why not Basayev and Khatgab? After all, they threatened to transfer the war to Russia. - This is a possible version. But unlikely. If these explosions had been carried out by Chechens as retribution for the defeat in Dagestan, they would have said so openly. Like terrorists in any country in the world who

take responsibility. If an explosion occurs and the terrorist does not take responsibility for it, the terrorist attack loses its meaning

as

symbolic action.

Second: the explosions occurred just before the war. Any crime is considered according to time and place. By time. And here the most important thing comes to light. Officials say the Chechens carried out the bombings in retaliation for their defeat in Dagestan. But very little time passed between the operation in Dagestan and the bombings of houses. Very! Four houses were blown up, hundreds of kilograms of explosives were found in other houses and cleared. This amount of hexogen needs to be imported to Russia for almost a year. Under the regime that existed after the battles in Dagestan, and not a single car was detained?! This is simply impossible. Therefore, if we talk about the motive, the version that it was a provocation and not an act of retaliation seems to me the most convincing. — How long does it take to prepare a terrorist act? House explosion? — A house explosion can be organized within a day, if you have everything in hand. And if there is nothing, you must first select performers. Among them may be law enforcement agents. Next: these people need to be prepared. It also takes time. And prepare the explosion site, and bring in explosives, an explosive device... - So we are talking

about three to four months?

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- Yes. Moreover, at that time there were fighting in Dagestan. Khattab and Basayev, who fought on the front line, had no time for these explosions. Only then could they sit down and think: listen, we were beaten, we need to
take revenge.

— By the way, where were you yourself at that time?

— I was in Lefortovo. When the explosion occurred at Kashirka, I heard it. That night we were allowed to open the window. And next to me sat Borya Chernogorov. He didn't sleep either. I asked him: “Borya, did you hear the explosion?” He says: “Yes-. A person who fought can hear explosions well. - Why don’t you admit that some crazy Chechen did this to avenge his family, for example?

- Four houses? Within a month? In different cities - Moscow, Buynaksk, Volgodonsk? And two more houses in Moscow, where the bombs were defused. Complete nonsense! A powerful organization worked here.

And why did the explosions stop after the episode in Ryazan, when suspicion fell on the FSB? And why was the material evidence that fell into the hands of the FSB destroyed? Why does the Kremlin so carefully suppress all attempts at investigation?

Still, the Chechen version cannot be discarded, even if it is implausible. If only because it is the penultimate version. If you refute it, then everything is clear from a logical point of view. There is a motive, there are resources. It’s not the Chechens, it’s the Kremlin—there’s no one else! — The FSB
announced Achimeza as the main organizer of the
explosions
Gochiyaeva. But you found him. How it was?

- Not certainly in that way. It was not I who found him, but he who found me. Or rather, my co-author Yuri Felshtinsky. He is hiding somewhere in the Caucasus, most likely in Georgia. And he’s doing the right thing by hiding, because the FSB doesn’t need him alive.

After Gochiyaev’s intermediary called Felshtinsky, I compiled a questionnaire for him, and he sent written explanations. He made no further contact.

According to Gochiyaev, his construction company actually rented the basements of the bombed houses. But he says he did not know that explosives were brought there. He rented the premises at the request of his partner, who he believes was connected to the FSB. When did it happen

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the first explosion, his partner called him at five in the morning and said: “Come urgently, there is a fire in the warehouse.” But Gochiyaev decided to wait it out, and after the second explosion he realized that he had been used in the dark, and warned, as he says, the police, Ambulance and the Rescue Service about two other bombs - in Kopotnya and on Borisovsky Ponds. And after that he disappeared, as he was declared the main terrorist.

This information is easy to check - just lift
audio recordings of calls to these services and establish who called and when.

—Are you inclined to believe Gochiyaev? — There

is logic in his testimony. The main thing is that they are easy to check, if, of course, they are given. Indirect evidence also supports

Gochiyaev’s version. The FSB, for example, reported that Gochiyaev “in one place made an unforgivable mistake - he rented a basement under his real name.” And they started looking for him literally a few hours after the first explosion. How did he, a super-terrorist, register a warehouse in his name while planning a crime? Did you use your relative’s passport in other places? Why couldn’t he take a passport with a Russian name? Why would he take a document with a Caucasian surname? Why shine himself, he could hire someone. Who runs most of the stalls in the markets? Azerbaijanis. Who's sitting behind the counter? Russian girls. Because when hysteria begins, beat the blacks! - It’s dangerous for them to be behind the counter. So this is the delirium of a madman - renting a room under a Caucasian surname. Try, rent an apartment in Moscow. A local police officer will immediately come to you and demand money. My brother rents from me, so he pays the district police officer every month. I think that if Gochiyaev really rented these premises in his own name, then it very much looks like someone deliberately decided to frame the Caucasians.

— A photograph of Gochiyaev with Khattab was published. -

And not just one, but two. And both are fake. Gochiyaev himself, through an intermediary, categorically denies that the bearded militant filmed with Khattab is him. He even handed over some of his family photos for comparison. When the FSB published these photographs of Khattab, we conducted a detailed examination of them here in England.

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They invited a major criminologist who testifies in English courts. And this is what turned out. Firstly, the family photos

given to us through an intermediary actually show Gochiyaev. The expert confirmed that this is the same person depicted in the passport photo in the wanted advertisement. Secondly, according to the expert's conclusion, photographs of a militant with a beard "cannot serve" as a basis for identification, since most of the face is hidden

by hair. Thirdly, a comparison of images of the bearded militant with authentic photographs of Gochiyaev shows that in three important parameters - the shape of the ears, eyes and teeth - they are different

People.

Thus, the FSB is fooling us all by showing these photographs on TV. Why are they doing that? To divert suspicion from yourself. For me, this whole story with the photographs is a very serious argument in favor of the fact that Gochiyaev told the truth.

Seer Seleznev

— Gochiyaev's testimony is not the only new information after the publication of your book? — New ones keep coming. Firstly, a

speech by Nikita Chekulin, former director of Roskonversvzryvtsentr, who told where hexogen came from. Secondly, it seems that at least two people - not Chechens at all - knew about the explosions in advance.

- Let's go in order. — Nikita

Chekulin spoke at the presentation of our film in London and told how a strange research institute, Roskonversvzryvtsentr, worked under the roof of the Ministry of Education in the very center of Moscow, which pumped industrial quantities of hexogen from military warehouses in an unknown direction - to some front structures. Hexogen is a military explosive, filling shells, it is used only by artillerymen and terrorists. Where did the tons of hexogen go under false markings, using fake invoices?

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When Chekulin discovered this activity and reported to his superiors, Education Minister Vladimir Filippov became worried, because the research institute was listed under his department. Filippov began knocking on all doors, wrote to all the security ministers in a row: Rushailo, Patrushev, Klebanov, Ivanov, and Prosecutor General Ustinov, demanding investigative actions, but it all ended with the FSB hushing up the incident and prohibiting the investigation. So Filippov never found out who was stealing RDX under his nose.

Chekulin took to London all the correspondence between the ministers and copies of fake invoices for hexogen, and all this is now hanging on the Internet. Those interested can check it out. — Who knew about the explosions in advance? — One of the

residents of the bombed house on Kashirka.

They say he worked for the FSB. That night he allegedly miraculously escaped - he went out to buy beer at a night stand, and then there was an explosion. Everything in the house was destroyed: furniture and clothes. He remained, as they say, in what he was wearing - in a training suit. And the next day he shows up to a meeting of surviving residents in a shirt, jacket and tie? Here the janitor is surprised: “Listen, neighbor, how is it that the day before yesterday you were in a training suit, and today in the parade. After all, this is your old jacket you're wearing. He should have burned. Did you take your suitcase with you when you went out for beer at night?” The man was shy, and a couple of days later the janitor was found dead. - How do you know this? — Sergei Yushenkov told me when he was in London. They wanted to organize an investigation into the explosions in the Duma, but nothing worked out for them, they didn’t give it. Then they created a public commission chaired by Sergei

Kovalev. So people come to them and

tell them. — And the second one who knew about the explosions in advance was, of course, Speaker Seleznev?

- Speaker of the State Duma. Imagine, there’s a meeting going on, a note is brought to Seleznev, and he announces: “Here they tell me: a residential building in Volgodonsk was blown up tonight.” That night there really was an explosion, but only in Moscow, on Kashirka. And the house in Volgodonsk exploded only three days later.

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A couple of days later, Zhirinovsky at a Duma meeting asks him a question: “Gennady Nikolaevich, please explain to us how it is that you announce the explosion on Monday, but the explosion occurs on Wednesday? How did you know about this in three days?”

And what about Seleznev? He says: “Thank you, I understand your point of view, Vladimir Volfovich,” and turns off Zhirinovsky’s microphone. There is a transcript and video recording. — It would be nice to know who brought

the note to Seleznev? When the journalists pressed him, he moved aside. All he said was: “Definitely not Berezovsky.” - Of course, not Berezovsky. What is there to know, I know who brought it - his

assistant, Lyakh. A long-time FSB agent, by the way. Now he works at Slavneft, as Gutseriev’s deputy. Apparently, they had some kind of puncture and got confused in the explosions. - How do you know that it was Lyakh? - There are sources.

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Shadow of Ryazan

— In Ryazan, the explosion was prevented by the local police. And three days later, detectives found the FSB bombers. And then Patrushev declared that these were exercises. What do you think about that?

- You know, it seems to me that in Ryazan there really were
teachings. For society. And we completed these exercises very successfully.

We have learned not only to suspect, but also to talk about it openly. It was after Ryazan that a new countdown began for the FSB. Look, two years ago only a few hundred people understood that the FSB was preparing a real explosion in Ryazan. Today hundreds of thousands understand this. Today, talking about the involvement of the FSB in terrorist attacks is no longer betrayal, not blasphemy - but a legitimate question. Life is already different. Therefore, the issue of Ryazan is extremely important. Through the Ryazan gates there is a direct road to Moscow, to the explosions in the

capital. After all, technology and handwriting are not just similar, but the same. When everything happened in Ryazan, I looked at it from the point of view of a detective. I threw away emotions, thoughts like “whether they can blow us up or not, whether it’s

cruel or not,” I left only the facts. I don’t care who it is: Chechens, FSB men, Tsereush men, FBI men, just facts.

And the facts show that in the city of Moscow in September 1999, especially serious crimes were committed - two terrorist attacks. By blowing up residential buildings, when a large amount of explosive was placed in the basement. The explosives were packed in sugar sacks and there were explosive devices. The bags contained hexogen.

— Explain again why there has been such a fuss around this RDX for three years now. - Yes, because according to

the first examination, hexogen was found both in Moscow, in both bombed houses, and in Ryazan, where the FSB caught it. Now the authorities are trying to change the results of the Moscow examination; they say that it was not hexogen, but saltpeter. Where did she come from six months later? Have you inspected the scene of the incident again?

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As far as we know, the scene of the incident was rolled under asphalt. Where did you spend it? And on what basis?

The story of Dakhkilgov, who was captured on suspicion of bombing a house in Moscow, is very interesting. His hands were covered in hexogen, he was a dyer. He was beaten for two months. Daily. And then, when they established that it was not hexogen, but saltpeter, they didn't even apologize to him. "Be grateful that you are alive," that's what they said.

But in Ryazan, in general, they say the examination was wrong. There were no explosives. "It's not hexogen," Patrushev said on TV, "it's sugar." - In general, is it possible to make a mistake in

incidents of this kind, in
National emergency?

— An error, in principle, is always possible. Again, I put aside emotions: the national scale is not national; socially significant - insignificant. Yes, in our country, any crime must be socially significant. Any crime against the individual, against the state, is a crime that must be equally investigated by law enforcement agencies. Error is possible everywhere. In theory. But if this is a mistake, then a special investigation should be carried out. If this is a deliberate mistake by an expert in order to divert the investigation, then a criminal case should be initiated against him. And on what basis was the re-examination carried out? Don't you trust your expert? Did you discover any other components or particles during your inspection of the crime scene? Excuse me, did you guard him for six months? Even if they found particles of saltpeter, where is the evidence that it was saltpeter from an

explosion and not specially planted? Moreover, the first examination was carried out on two explosions. So, if the expert made a mistake, it means it was intentional. And we need to look again - one expert conducted the examination or different ones. If they are different, then either they were in collusion, or a mistake is almost impossible.

Why did they write "saltpeter"? Because they realized that if they were caught in Ryazan with RDX, then they had to prove that it was not the same handwriting. And Moscow hexogen was quickly converted to saltpeter. So that identification cannot be carried out.

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Further. Around the house in Ryazan. The first thing that catches your eye is the same technique: an explosive device is planted in the basement of the house. There is no escape from this. A criminal case was opened with the coloring of terrorism." This is an investigation by the FSB. What does it mean? A criminal case labeled as "terrorism" could be initiated only if it was discovered that the bags contained an explosive device and a live fuse. That is, there was an attempted explosion. The FSB is handling this matter.

If they had found a training fuse, as they claim, and hexogen, then a criminal case would have been opened based on the discovery of explosives. Then it is led by the Ministry of Internal Affairs. If it is sugar and a live fuse, then again the Ministry of Internal Affairs is in charge of the case - based on the discovery of a live fuse. And if there is only a training fuse and sugar, then no criminal case is initiated at all. They conduct a pre-investigation check, and that's it. And we have a criminal case labeled "terrorism" - evidence that there were explosives and a live fuse. Even if the expert

made a mistake, the device gave (as they say) an error - it confused sugar with hexogen, which is practically impossible, since hexogen is completely different from sugar - then the Ministry of Internal Affairs would handle the case. Okay, the expert confused sugar with hexogen, but can't he tell the difference between a combat fuse and a training fuse?! He cleared it, the combat fuse! Since the case was given the color of "terrorism," it means that both were combative.

Go ahead. If they were conducting exercises, did they set up a live fuse? For what? Were you conducting a vigilance exercise (as announced to the population) or checking citizens to see if they could clear the mines? With the same success, you can plant a mine at a tram stop and check how the residents of Ryazan cope with defusing anti-tank mines. Second. If there was a combat fuse without RDX, then they could

homeless people and children roaming around in basements will suffer.

— How could society believe in the trick about the exercises? "But

society didn't believe it." Ask any normal person - no one believes in this. After all, there is only one "proof" in circulation: the FSB could not blow up its own. Weak argument. Grozny, where half of the Russians are, could be wiped off the face of the earth, and houses in

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Moscow - no? Moreover, one cannot discard a version like this, without motivation. If they began to suspect

the entire Chechen people, why not
suspect thugs from the FSB?

Let's move on. What other signs indicate that there were no exercises in Ryazan? The car they used for the exercise was stolen. The law on operational-search activities does not indicate that law enforcement agencies use stolen vehicles during training exercises.

If people plant explosives, what are they most afraid of? How can they be identified in the first place? By car. And in appearance. Appearance is an unreliable thing. Identikit photographs are being drawn up, but any unprepared person will look at the face that he glimpsed and say: “It looks like it.” Besides,

appearance changes easily.

“No one makes mistakes like eyewitnesses.” - Yes. And

then the FSB officers who carried out the mining of this house undoubtedly had an alibi. Even if someone could identify them, they would have a bunch of certificates and witnesses that they were in another place at that time. Their only weak link is the car. The car after the explosion.

Before the explosion, if the police had detained them and found bags of hexogen on them, they could have presented documents stating that they were carrying out operational search activities - they found a stolen car with hexogen in it, and are now driving the car to Moscow for inspection. The situation after the explosion was what was dangerous. What's the use of a

stolen car? They will be looking for the owner for three months. Then they supposedly will find it. Then it turns out that the owner has a Chechen friend. Or a relative in the Caucasus. They will be developing it for another six months. Tell everyone that they are on the trail of an alleged criminal. And then they will release you and apologize, as was the case with this Ingush, Dakhkilgov. That's why the car was stolen. What else is dangerous? If you transport hexogen in an operational vehicle, microparticles of the substance may remain in it. If they had found this

car, identified it with the one that was in Ryazan, and microparticles of hexogen were also found in it, Patrushev would no longer be able to claim that these were exercises.

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What other difficulty did they have in Ryazan? They did not want to inform the Ryazan administration. The fewer people know, the greater the likelihood of information not leaking. Naturally, even in the central apparatus itself, only a narrow circle knew that they were blowing up houses. After planting the “bags of sugar,” they drove the car towards Moscow and abandoned it there. For what?

Let's say that the car will be installed, but the search has left Ryazan. While the two terrorists were holed up in the apartment, they could then leave quietly.

Why was there a woman? Two men and a woman. Because if a crime has been committed and there is an indication of a man and a woman, police patrols will check all couples. But if men and women go in different directions, they won’t check separately. To cover your tracks easier, you need to walk in a group of three and then disperse. And a woman sitting in a car is less alarming. So

thought out very competently, professionally. — Tell me, was

the abandoned car checked for traces of hexogen? - I don’t know this. There is not a

word about this anywhere. But just for stealing a car, Patrushev should have been brought to trial. - Don’t you think it’s strange that the stolen car disappeared,

and

no one examined her? Why didn’t the Ministry of Internal Affairs examine her?

- Don't know.

Now - attention. Patrushev did not announce the “exercises” immediately, but only after the detention of his employees. That is, a criminal case was opened, and the police were looking for his employees as alleged terrorists. Yes, he put the lives of his employees at risk. When detained, they could simply be killed if they showed even the slightest resistance. Intelligence agencies and other law enforcement agencies know well when they can and cannot conduct exercises. It is strictly prohibited to carry out covert inspections of

military personnel on combat duty, ships on combat duty, or units in combat mode. And on that day, an enhanced version of duty was announced throughout the Russian police. The policemen entered service with military weapons. They were given an order that included the possibility of using weapons. That is

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Patrushev checked not only the citizens of Ryazan, but also - secretly, behind the scenes, covertly - checked the Ryazan police, who were on combat duty with military weapons! Which is strictly prohibited. It's as if he sent two of his employees into a secure warehouse to check how the sentry was doing his job. Well, the sentry would have shot them.

With the same success, one can “check” without warning the Presidential Security Service to see how prepared it is for a possible terrorist attack. Such logic can generally lead to absurdity. Alpha, for

example, will hijack a passenger plane and fly it to the center of Moscow. So they will shoot him down, and Patrushev will say: “We are the ones conducting the exercises. We are checking your vigilance." — Exercises should not be carried out at risk to life? “Not to mention the risk to life, even the discomfort should not be felt by the civilian

population.” Exercises are announced in advance and preparations are

made for them - that’s why they are exercises. If the civilian population participates in the exercises, then civil defense is involved. I'm sure there were no exercises.

It’s interesting what Rushailo said to Patrushev, who from the TV screen praised his vigilant police for preventing the explosion, and half an hour later Patrushev said: “What an explosion is sugar”?

Patrushev simply covered his tracks, as any criminal does. I had such a case. Once we detained the hired killer Kriulkin. When detained, he offered armed resistance. We caught him red-handed, with weapons. How did he manage to avoid criminal liability? They simply changed the trigger on the pistol. The first examination showed that the pistol was a combat pistol. They opened a case and took the killer into custody. Then they carried out a second examination, and it turned out that the trigger on the pistol was not iron, but plastic, therefore, it was not a combat pistol, but a dummy.

- Who changed the

trigger? - “Experts”. So, Patrushev exchanged hexogen for sugar - iron trigger on plastic.

Provocation

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Why did the FSB try to blow up a house in Ryazan? Because the Ryazan airborne division is fighting in Chechnya, and the airborne units were about to begin an operation there. On the one hand, they were preparing an explosion to show that there was Chechen terrorism, and on the other, to set the paratroopers against the Chechens, to incite a sense of revenge in them. After all, what is the city in which you studied for four years for a cadet? This means that their wives are from

Ryazan, relatives, and friends. He arrived as a beardless boy, and they made a man out

of him. And he is proud of this all his life. In Ryazan he was given a blue beret and vest. And for any paratrooper, the explosion in Ryazan is a personal insult.

— If you remember, one special forces soldier was shot in the back near the Vilnius TV tower? It was after this that Alpha rushed into battle. - Yes. Shatskikh. He was a close friend of my boss Alexander

Mikhailovich Platonov. When the Shatskikhs were killed, Mikhalych was worried: “You see, I got the guy into Alpha, and what happened.” — And they shot in a place unprotected by body armor. Before the storming of the White House, an Alpha member was killed by the same shot. And to the same

place. And also after the murder, Alpha launched an assault.

- Listen, what a story, what a coincidence. The guy who was killed during the storming of the White House was Gena Sergeev, the brother of Platonov’s wife. Everyone then said: “Alexander Mikhailovich, don’t get anyone else into Alpha.” Mikhalych was worried again, he loved Gena. How was Gena killed? They were moving in an armored personnel carrier, and he saw a wounded

soldier. Gena was a very decent guy. He stopped the armored personnel carrier and said: “We need to help the guy.” They dissuade him: “Come on, let’s go.” But he came out. He picked up the soldier and carried him into the armored personnel carrier. And then - shot in the back. And not from the White House, but from the opposite side. I talked to Mikhalych, he said: “I know who organized all this, it’s Barsukov.” What happened in Ostankino in 1993? Why did Lysyuk give the order to shoot? Because a soldier was killed by a shot from the crowd. And I know that when there were unrest in Fergana, Lysyuk went there. I

heard conversations in the detachment, I served there in the second regiment. What kind of

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was there a method? Provocation! Let's say people are just gathering, not bothering anyone, but they need to be dispersed. Then the soldier is dressed in civilian clothes and sent into the crowd. And from there he throws something at the soldiers. All. "A! They threw a stone at us!" And away we go. The crowd is dispersed. Lysyuk is an expert in such provocations. “I still somehow can’t believe it.” Women, children, our own, is this really possible? - Our

guys can do anything, don’t you understand yet? Especially if

pay them well.

There is such a phenomenon in psychology - a refusal to face the truth if this truth is too terrible. For example - betrayal of the closest person. This is a widespread phenomenon; I constantly encountered it in my operational work.

It's the same in politics. There is a formula - we didn’t know anything! The Germans later said this about the concentration camps. We talked about the Gulag, about the purges. Although it would be more honest to say that they didn’t want to know until they poked their nose at it. Do you remember how I

told you how the head of the district RUOP creates a gang to attack businessmen, so that he has someone to protect them from? And no one is surprised - everyone is used to it. So, if you rise from the district level to the state level, it turns out that house explosions are exactly the same form of attack on a subordinate territory. Just not for the neighborhood - but for the whole country.

Why did everyone get alarmed then: they say, this can’t happen because our people are not capable of it? In the microdistrict they are capable, but in the country they are not? Who cares? The authorities, like the head of the regional police department, hire a gang (or do not interfere with it) to create an atmosphere of fear. Like, the Chechens are to blame. Let’s wash them in the toilet.” There are terrorists all around, don’t let your guard down, check the passports of people of suspicious coloring. Come on, society agrees, and gives up the space of its freedom. So you can benefit from protecting the oligarchs and solving political problems: “lowering” political competitors, raising the ratings of your candidates, winning elections.

But then it turns out that this power is imposed. We chose it for ourselves out of fear. I don’t remember who, I think Razbash, said at Listyev’s funeral: “Now we will reconcile with any scoundrel if

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only he will say: I will give you security and order.” How I looked into the water! After all, what is the

danger of any roof? The fact is that this is not a security service you hired. She can't be fired. You don't pay the roof, they get it from you. That’s what they say: get it from businessmen.

It’s the same with power: we hire it. For their money. Let's go, vote, hire. But the authorities think differently: you don’t pay me, but I receive from you.

Do as I do

“These arguments, this analysis of events, have been matured for a long time. Nevertheless, when they were heatedly discussed in Russia, for some reason you did not speak. You were not present in the independent investigation of Nikolaev on NTV.

- Well, first of all, everything didn’t come together so quickly in my head. After all, at the time of the explosions I was in prison. In Lefortovo. I had limited access to information. When I left prison, of course, I talked to everyone I knew. And many grinned - they said, they’ve gone completely crazy, they’re already blowing up houses!

And then, to be honest, I was afraid. When I was released, everyone, my family and friends, began to tell me that I shouldn’t write or perform. What do you need more than anyone else? Do you want to go back? I couldn’t go out and

openly declare: the FSB was blowing up houses. I was under recognizance not to leave the place, I was constantly threatened, and could have been arrested at any moment. If I had performed in Nikolaev’s program, I would have gone straight from Ostankino to Butyrka prison. When the explosion occurred on Pushkinskaya, I was in Sochi with my

family. He returned and immediately called Lieutenant General Mironov, the head of the Operational Investigation Department. “Ivan Kuzmich! - I say. - Well, as much as possible! The crossing was blown up on Pushkinskaya. People are dying. Let me tell you who does it.” - “Well, Sasha, you’re on your own again!” - “People are dying! Children! Don’t you know who’s doing this?” He is silent. I ask: “Call me, I will give you an explanation.” “I’m busy,” was the answer. - What would you tell him? - Firstly, about Lazovsky, I would connect all the explosions into one logical chain.

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— What did you find most strange about the explosion on Pushkinskaya? — The everyday version that the

kiosks were divided is nonsense. I wonder what

The explosion on Pushkinskaya occurred during the showdown with NTV...

When I worked, I had this principle: put yourself in the place of the victim and put yourself in the place of the criminal. And he told his subordinates: if you are indifferent to the grief of others, then in this job you yourself will cease to be human.

I was deeply touched by the story of a woman who went with her daughter to buy something before traveling to the south. And she remained lying in the passage... And I was in the south at that time. I imagined my wife and little son in this woman's place. We were so looking forward to this trip! Me - after prison. The son of the sea had never seen... I felt wild and painful. I called Mironov.

The Pushkinsky crossing worked like a detonator. I endured, endured, watched, analyzed, and then, when this girl... I thought: well. what will they do to me? I graduated from a military school. Already half of my classmates are lying in coffins. The fact that I lived to be thirty-eight years old on two legs, with arms, with eyes, with my profession - yes, this is already a lot! What is there to be afraid of? Burn, I think you are with a blue flame! And he called Mironov.

I will not argue that the explosion on Pushkinskaya and the bombings of houses are the same thing. The handwriting is different. But I wanted to tell Mironov about Lazovsky - in case they forgot. Let me remind you that a certain Makeev, who developed Lazovsky, lives in Moscow. Remind them about Vorobyov, about the blown up buses. Let me remind you that for some reason explosions occur before elections. The elections are over - and

quiet again.

- Why do you think that the explosion at Pushka was not in the nature of a showdown? — If this were a

showdown, a certain circle of people would be involved. Let's say you run a kiosk, I start racketeering you: once I threaten, twice, three times. Then I blow it up. But you will come to law enforcement agencies and tell about me, right? Ask any detective: if criminals commit a crime, sooner or later it will be revealed. Even if they did a good job - no

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traces, nothing - then somewhere in a restaurant, when they're drunk, they'll tell you. The information will still come. And here - nothing. And what did the

explosion at Pushka coincide with? With a visit to NTV, protocol number six. NTV said that the war in Chechnya was criminal. But the authorities were silent. The Federation Council began to raise its head. If Ryazan was chosen because paratroopers study there, then in Moscow they chose the place where meetings are scheduled. Have you never made an appointment at the Pushkin monument? They showed everyone that any Muscovite could end up in this place. To incite general fear. And people think: to hell with the Federation Council! To hell with NTV! Just to stay alive. — Do you think it will ever be possible to find the perpetrator of this terrorist attack? - Of course available. If there is an independent investigator with two or three experienced operatives. Even though they

destroyed all the physical evidence, there were plenty of witnesses left. If they hit Ryazan, Moscow will jump

out. Straightaway. This is a month of work. True, if no one interferes.

There are many clues there. This one, which visited the residents, signatures collected. They should take him and interrogate him: who sent him there?

— That is, too many people took part in covering up the "exercises." a group of people so that everything can be kept secret?

- No it's not that. The main thing was to provide an alibi for Patrushev and his accomplices. —

Does any operative understand what happened in Ryazan? - Of course, everyone understood

this. - Why didn't anyone say a single word

anywhere? - Because people serve. The operative and the investigator are very

vulnerable. A statement from any bandit whom he detained or interrogated is enough to send him to his bunk. I experienced all this myself. Many of those who serve in law enforcement agencies are themselves involved in criminal activities. - And of those who left? - Why didn't they work before? Everyone has families and children. But people talk. Read what they write on the Internet. No one doubts that the house in Ryazan was mined by the FSB. And this is the key question. If

the house in Ryazan is their

business, then so is Moscow. One handwriting.

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People think - what can I do? Organize a rally? OK, try. Go on television? Well, go... Imagine - a person comes to television: “Hello! I am a reserve colonel, I served as the head of the Moscow Criminal Investigation Department. I believe that the house in Ryazan was mined by the FSB.” How will all this end?.. Although not everyone is silent: KGB Colonel Preobrazhensky said in an interview: what Litvinenko wrote is one hundred percent true. But he is alone - who heard him? We simply do not have a civil society. And the authorities managed to revive fear.

— In one of the interviews, you appealed to your former FSB colleagues to follow your example, repent, and tell the truth about the explosions. Do you really think that those who did this can be tormented by their conscience?

“I don’t know, I didn’t blow up houses and I can’t say what these people might feel.” But I didn't address them. There must have been a lot of employees who were used in the dark - installers, drivers, even bombers who prepared the bombs. After all, they were not warned in advance why all this was needed. And those who hid their ends after the failure in Ryazan? Dozens of people were involved there. Some of them should appear. At least one person! I believe he will appear. “But this man will risk his neck.” “On the contrary, he risks his head while he remains silent.” I'm walking around alive.

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Epilogue. He left

— After everything that happened to you, how do you look at your former Office? — Vysotsky has a song about a

Fighter, who was very dissatisfied with the fact that all the glory of victories goes to the pilot. Well, who is he compared to a powerful car? And then the pilot was killed. The Fighter's dream has come true - he is alone in the sky, he is the master. But with horror, the Fighter suddenly realizes that he has become accustomed to... the helm. Something similar happened with the special services - they were also the Exterminators of their own people,

how many they exterminated! They always dreamed of power - but the power was not with them, but with the CPSU. And so they achieved it. And then it turns out that they can't do it without a helm. Previously, they were at least involved in some kind of work - they protected the party nomenklatura, fought against the influence of the West, they confiscated matzah from Jewish parcels, but now they are left idle, engaged in banal robbery.

Everything is exactly according to Vysotsky: complete inability to make independent decisions. The system is used to executing and solving problems, but not formulating them. It's one thing to follow the instructions of the country's political leadership, and another thing to be that leadership. The system is not capable of this. The System has one goal - to please the authorities, which means to serve it

faithfully. Yes, only now it is power. And it acts instinctively, that is, senselessly. A security officer will never say "yes" or "no... After all, both the first and second words carry information. Therefore, it is better for the System not to say

anything at all. What is the highest operational excellence? In deception. Deception for the sake of deception. It is very important to be able to misinform the enemy and control alternative sources of information. We

see this in the history of NTV and TVb.

It is already obvious that governing the state is reminiscent of managing the intelligence services, where internal regulations are above federal laws, and the Constitution is a cover document.

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And further. The System is characterized by a complete lack of ability to compromise, which is equivalent to betrayal. If the FSB starts to forgive, then this Office will soon no longer exist. And therefore - an eternal battle with the enemy. So we will fight endlessly. — In general, we don't know where we're flying. What will happen to

your

A fighter without a helm? With all of us?

- I have no answer. I'm just an opera. The answer can be found

only together - by all the people.

— I will return once again to the question that I already asked. You are making terrible accusations. Are our people really capable of this? - These are not our people. For them, Sudoplatov is

much higher as a person than Sakharov. For them, Sakharov is a dissident, a traitor. Do you remember when the academician said that the special services shot our soldiers who were captured in Afghanistan? They called him crazy. Because: our people are not capable of this. They say the same about explosions.

- And they call you crazy. Maybe that's why you looked a bit out of place in the Office. You constantly interfered with them, interfered with your ideas, remembered the laws. And you, the detective, the hound dog, were driven away. There is no need to catch anyone anymore, you just need to protect them

acquired.

— I heard these shouts: "Litvinenko, where are you going?" — I heard enough. Well, as soon as you pick up the trail, you just catch up, and they - "back to the leg." Here, listen, I'll tell you one last thing. We conducted a search in the Kholodov case in the office of Konstantin Mirzoyants at the Vityaz Veterans Association. They found in the safe a lieutenant general's uniform, documents of Alexander Lebed, his personal photographs and a folder marked "Top Secret. Of particular importance, from the Security Council, is the list of Chechens who are of operational interest to the authorities. Encryption from the GRU in Chechnya.

This list existed in four copies: in the Security Council, the director of the FSB, the chairman of the government and the president. There was also a compromising document on all the leaders of the

Ministry of Internal Affairs, with the exception of the Minister of Internal Affairs Kulikov. And what kind

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folders: -Corruption", "Contract killings", "Roofs". Simply terrible.

"If we take into account the number of copies and who they were sent to, then we can say that the country's top leadership knew what was going on...

"When the investigator saw this, he said: "I won't confiscate this." - How will you not confiscate it? - I was

dumbfounded. - You owe it
withdraw.

"We are looking for completely different material evidence in a criminal case, and this is not material evidence in our case." "The code says: "During a search, all items that are prohibited for circulation are also confiscated,"

I convince. — Top secret documents, and those of particular importance, are prohibited for circulation in the country, and anyway, how can we leave such documents to a private security company? I called the management and talked with Volokh. He, as usual, said: "Call me later," and disappeared. He always plays the ostrich when he has to make a decision. Then I called Ivan Kuzmin Mironov. He said: "Yes, yes, Sasha." You can't

throw this away. It needs to be taken away. Solve this issue." And hung up. I call the prosecutor's office, the head of the department. He says: "There is an investigator, he decides, and there is no point in giving orders."

And the owner of the company stood and said: "These are Lebed's documents." A counterintelligence officer should not throw away secret documents. It's the same as a policeman stepping over a corpse and moving on. For a counterintelligence officer, abandoning secret papers is a crime. The investigator said: "So take it." "Can't you take them without a protocol?" - No. "Then," I say, "I will write a

protocol of seizure." Investigator: "I'm conducting the

search. We cannot carry out two investigative actions in one

room at once. Let's finish the search, go out, close the door, and then come in and take it away." How is it - shall we go, shall we come? And I decided to call Kulikov, the Minister of Internal Affairs. And at that time he laid wreaths together with Chernomyrdin. They asked me to leave my phone number. Ten minutes later Kulikov calls: "Yes, Sasha, I'm listening.

What's happened?" I

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I say: “Anatoly Sergeevich, Lebed’s documents were found here, top secret, of special importance.” He says: “Why are you calling me? You have your own leadership." I answer: “Our leadership does not want to make a decision.” He became agitated: “I understand. What else is there? I cheerfully report - such, such and such secret documents and incriminating evidence on the entire leadership | Ministry of Internal Affairs Kulikov carefully: “Is there any for me?” I reassured: “No. Only for your deputies." Kulikov: “Okay. Now I’ll send a man and they’ll take him away.”

The head of the Criminal Investigation Department Trubnikov arrived,
He shook my hand firmly, thanked me and took away all these documents.

Volokh arrived at Lubyanka with interest: “Well, what do you have there?” I reported: “Well, everything was confiscated.” Volokh: “Well done, well done. Did the prosecutors seize it?” Me after a pause: “No. Cops." He was amazed: “How did they end up there?” I explained that I had to call Kulikov. Volokh: “Who gave you the right to call the Minister of Internal Affairs?” I report: “Sorry. The law says: I must take all measures to prevent a crime. I called Kovalev, they said he was on vacation; I called you, but you didn’t pick up. The investigator said that he would leave the office, and the security guards said that they would kick me out. What was I supposed to do? Then I called Kulikov.” Volokh: “Do you understand what you did? Are you crazy? Kulikov and Lebed can't stand each other! What are you missing in your life? You have a beautiful wife, you have an apartment, live in peace, why are you interfering everywhere?” I say: “How am I climbing? It’s not my fault that there are crimes all around, wherever you spit.” “Sasha,” the general groaned, “just imagine, if tomorrow Lebed becomes the president of Russia, what will happen to all of us. Of course, no one will remember you, because you are a lieutenant colonel, and we generals will be kicked out.” I reassured: “I think Lebed will not become president.” - “How do you know?”... When leaving, Volokh ordered: “Go on vacation to Nalchik, and for as long as you want. Stop working. I beg you, don't do anything else. Don’t do anything at all.”

***

And he left. On indefinite leave.

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When he left, the authorities convinced us that we should feel insulted—we were, they say, betrayed. Sorry guys, we betrayed you - whether it’s true or not, let’s figure it out. But how? I repeat: he left because we, the society, were not there.

While there is no judiciary and civil society in the country, they are forced to flee rather than solve problems in court. But for me this escape means one thing: there are fewer of them. This means there are more of us. That's all.

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Applications

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Appendix 1. Ryazan history

From the book by Alexander Litvinenko and Yuri Felshtinskoto “The FSB is blowing up Russia”

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Just the facts

September 22... at 21.15 the driver of the football club. Spartak" Alexey Kartofelnikov, a resident of house No. 14/16 on Novoselov Street, a single-entrance twelve-story building built more than 20 years ago, called the Dashkovo-Pesochninsky department of the Oktyabrsky District Department of Internal Affairs of Ryazan. He said that 10 minutes ago he saw at the entrance of his house, where the Day and Night convenience store is located on the ground floor, a Zhiguli - the fifth or seventh model, white, with Moscow license plates T 534 VT 77 RUS. The car drove into the yard and stopped. A man and a young woman left the salon, went down to the basement and returned after a while. Then the car drove up close to the basement door, and all three passengers began dragging some bags inside. One of the men had a mustache. The woman was in a tracksuit. Then all three got into the car and drove away.

… “I saw these white Zhiguli “Seven” when I was walking out of the garage,” Kartofelnikov recalled. — Out of professional habit, I paid attention to the numbers. I see that on them the region number is covered with paper, and on it is the Ryazan series “62”. I ran home and called the police. I dialed the number for about ten minutes until

got through..." ...Police

officers who arrived at 21.58 Moscow time under the command of police warrant officer Andrei Chernyshev found three 50-kilogram bags of sugar in the basement of a 77-apartment residential building. Chernyshev, the first to enter the mined basement, recalls: “About ten, a signal was received from the duty officer: in a house on Novoselov Street, 14/16, suspicious people were seen coming out of the basement. A girl met us near the house and told us about a man who came out of the

basement and drove away in a car with the license plates taped over. I left one policeman at the entrance, and with the other I went down to the basement. The basement in this house is deep and completely flooded with water. The only dry place is a small nook, like a stone closet. We shined a flashlight and there were several sugar bags stacked there. The top bag is cut and

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some kind of electronic device is visible: wires wrapped in electrical tape, a watch... Of course, we were immediately in a bit of a shock. They ran out of the basement, I stayed to guard the entrance, and the guys went to evacuate the residents. Fifteen minutes later reinforcements arrived and the authorities from the Internal Affairs Directorate arrived. The bags of explosives were taken out by EMERCOM employees in the presence of FSB representatives. Of course, after our explosives experts neutralized them. No one doubted that the situation was combat." So, one of the bags was cut. Inside is a home-made time fuse. It consisted of three batteries, an electronic watch and a homemade detonator. The fuse

was set at 5.30 am on Thursday. Explosive technicians from the engineering and technological department of the police department of the Ryazan Region Internal Affairs Directorate, under the leadership of the head of the department, senior police lieutenant Yuri Tkachenko, neutralized the bomb in eleven minutes and immediately, at approximately 11 pm, carried out a test detonation of the mixture. It did not cause detonation, either due to the small amount of sample, or due to the fact that the sappers took a sample of the substance from the upper layers, while the main concentration of RDX could be located at the bottom of the bag. A rapid analysis of the substance in the bags, carried out using a gas analyzer, showed "vapors of an explosive substance such as hexogen." Here it is important to pay attention to the fact that there could be no mistake: the instruments were modern and in good working order, and the qualifications of the specialists who carried out the research were high.

Externally, the contents of the bags did not look like granulated sugar. Witnesses who discovered the suspicious bags later unanimously stated that the bags contained a yellow substance in granules that resembled small vermicelli. This is exactly what RDX looks like. The press center of the Russian Ministry of Internal Affairs also made a statement on September 23 that "during the examination of the specified substance, the presence of hexogen vapor was discovered," and the explosive device was neutralized. In other words, on the night of September 23, local experts determined that the fuse was a live one, and the "sugar" was an explosive mixture. "Our preliminary inspection showed the presence of explosives. (...) We believed that the threat of an explosion was real," the head of the Oktyabrsky District Department of Internal Affairs of Ryazan, Lieutenant Colonel Sergei Kabashov, subsequently stated.

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...The residents of the Ryazan house were alerted in the middle of the night and, in twenty minutes, were evacuated, in all their clothes, to the street. This is how the Trud newspaper described this scene: “In a matter of minutes, people, without even being allowed to pack their things (which the thieves later took advantage of), were forced to leave their apartments and gathered near the house, which was empty and dark. Women, old people, and children hovered around the entrance, not daring to go into the unknown. Some were not only without outer clothing, but even barefoot. (...) They shifted for several hours in the freezing wind, and the disabled people, who were carried downstairs in wheelchairs, cried and cursed everything in the world.” A cordon was set up around the house. It was cold. The director of the local cinema "October" took pity on the people and let them into

the hall. She also organized the distribution of tea. Several disabled elderly people remained in the house who were physically unable to leave the apartments, including one paralyzed woman, whose daughter, Alla Savina, stood cordoned off all night waiting for an explosion. Here are her memories:

“At eleven o’clock in the evening, police officers went around the apartments and asked them to go outside as soon as possible. I was still in my nightgown, but I just threw on my cloak and ran out. In the yard I found out that our house was mined. And I have a mother left in my apartment who cannot get out of bed on her own. In horror, I rushed to the police: “Let me into the house, help me take my mother out!” They won't let me back. Only at half past three they began to take turns going around each apartment together with the residents, inspecting to see if there was anything suspicious there. Come and see me. I showed the policeman my sick mother and said that I wouldn’t go anywhere without her. He calmly wrote something down in his notebook and disappeared. And I suddenly realized so clearly that, probably, only my mother and I were in the mined house. The fear became unbearable... But then suddenly - the doorbell rang. Two senior police officers are standing on the threshold. They ask sternly: “What, woman, have you decided to bury yourself alive?!” My legs are giving way from fear, but I still stand my ground - I’m nowhere without my mother. And they suddenly relented: “Okay, stay, your house has already been neutralized.” It turned out that the detonators were removed from the “charge” even before the apartments were inspected. At this point I rushed out into the street myself...”

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All kinds of emergency services and leaders came to the house. After the examination determined the presence of hexogen, the cordon was given the command to expand the area in case of an explosion. The head of the local FSB Directorate, Major General Alexander Sergeev, congratulated the residents of the house on their second birth. The hero of the day, Kartofelnikov, was informed that he was born wearing a shirt (and a few days later, on behalf of the city administration, he was presented with a valuable gift for discovering the bomb - a domestically produced color television). And one of the Russian telegraph agencies notified all of humanity about the happy find:

“A terrorist attack was prevented in Ryazan: police in the basement of a residential building I found bags with a mixture of granulated sugar and hexogen.”

As the first deputy of the headquarters for civil defense and emergency situations of the Ryazan region, Colonel Yuri Karpeev, told an ITAR-TASS correspondent, an examination of the substance found in the bags is being carried out. According to the operational duty officer of the Russian Ministry of Emergency Situations in Moscow, the found fuse was installed on Thursday morning, at 05.30 Moscow time. The make, color and number of the car in which the explosives were brought have been identified, ITAR-TASS correspondent I. O. Head of the Internal Affairs Directorate of the Ryazan Region Alexey Savin. According to him, specialists are conducting a series of examinations to determine the composition and explosiveness of the mixture found in the bags. (...) According to the first deputy head of the regional administration, Vladimir Markov, the situation in Ryazan is calm. Residents of the building, who were immediately evacuated from their apartments immediately after the discovery of the alleged explosives, returned to their apartments. All neighboring houses were checked...” At five minutes past twelve, the bags were taken out of the basement and loaded into a fire truck. However, until 4 am the question of whether to remove the discovered explosives was decided. Riot police, the FSB and local military units refused to take the bags into their possession. In the end,

they were transported to the courtyard of the Main Directorate of Civil Defense and Emergency Situations (GU GOiChS) of Ryazan, put into a garage and guarded. As the rescuers later recalled, they would have drunk tea with this sugar, but the examination showed an admixture of hexogen. The bags stayed at their base for several days. Then they were taken to Moscow, to the forensic center of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. However,

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The press service of the Internal Affairs Directorate of the Ryazan Region reported that the bags were taken to Moscow on September 23. At 8:30 a.m., the clearance work and inspection of the house were completed, and residents were allowed to return to their apartments. Already on the evening of September

22, 1,200 police officers were alerted in Ryazan, and an interception plan was introduced." Several eyewitnesses were identified, sketches of the three suspects were compiled, and pickets were set up on the roads of the region and surrounding areas. The testimony of eyewitnesses was quite detailed. There was hope that the attackers would be captured. The regional governor and city administration allocated additional funds to fight terrorists. Military personnel were involved in the protection of

residential buildings in the city, night watch was organized for residents of all houses, an additional inspection of the entire microdistrict was carried out, primarily residential buildings (80 houses in the city were inspected by Friday). City markets were empty, where sellers were afraid to bring goods and buyers were afraid to go shopping. According to the deputy head of the administration of Ryazan, Anatoly Baranov, "practically the entire city did not sleep, and not only the residents of this house spent the night on the street, but also the entire 30,000-strong Dashkovo-Pesochnya microdistrict in which it is located." Panic intensified in the city: there were rumors that Ryazan was chosen for terrorist attacks because of the presence here of the 137th Guards Parachute Regiment, which fought in Dagestan. In addition, the Diaghilev military airfield was located near Ryazan, from which troops were transferred to the Caucasus. The road from Ryazan was clogged as police checked cars leaving the city. However, the "interception" operation did not produce results, the terrorists' car was not found, and the terrorists themselves were not detained.

After the announcement of the "interception" operation, when exits from the city were already blocked, the forces of the operational units of the Ryazan Internal Affairs Directorate and the FSB Directorate tried to establish the exact location of the wanted terrorists. There were some happy accidents. An employee of JSC Elektrosvyaz, Nadezhda Yukhanova, registered a suspicious call to Moscow. "Leave one at a time, there are interceptions everywhere," answered the voice on the other end of the line.

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Yukhanova immediately reported the call to the Ryazan FSB Directorate. ... The suspicious phone was immediately put under control. The operatives had no doubt that they had discovered terrorists. However, difficulties arose due to the fact that technical control means identified the Moscow telephone number from which the terrorists called. It was the number of one of the office premises of the capital's FSB. Having left Novoselov Street at the beginning of ten in the evening on September 22, the terrorists did not dare to go to Moscow, since on a deserted night

highway a lone car is always noticeable, and there were too many chances of being stopped at one of the traffic police posts... The terrorists had to wait until the morning, especially since that it was impossible to leave the facility before the explosion. The combat mission had not yet been completed. There will be a lot of cars on the highway in the morning. Because of the terrorist attack, there will be panic for the first few hours. If witnesses spotted two men and a woman in a car, the police will be given a clue to three terrorists; They will be looking for exactly two men and a woman. One person in a car will always evade any raid.

The fact that this was exactly what happened was recorded by the Trud newspaper, which described the “interception” operation in action: “The tension in Ryazan has reached its limit. Heavy police patrols and cadets from local military institutes walked the streets. All entrances and exits to the city were blocked by heavily armed patrol officers and traffic inspectors. There were many kilometers of traffic jams of cars and trucks moving towards and away from Moscow. They searched all the interiors and bodies. They were looking for three terrorists, two men and a woman, whose signs were hung on almost every pole.” Having received instructions, one of the three terrorists drove a car on September 23 in the direction of Moscow, abandoned the car in the Kolomna area and easily reached Moscow in some

other way. Thus, one of the terrorists left the Ryazan police and took away the car. By the evening of September 23, less than 24 hours later, on the Moscow-Ryazan highway in the Kolomna area, approximately halfway to Moscow, the car was found by the police, without passengers. It was the same car, “with the number plates taped over, on which explosives were transported,” said Yuri Bludov, press secretary of the FSB Directorate of the Ryazan Region.

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It turned out that the car was on the wanted list. In other words, the terrorists carried out the first operation using a stolen car (a classic case of a terrorist attack).

Two terrorists remained in Ryazan...

"Teachings" of Pyatrushev

On the morning of September 23, Russian news agencies broadcast sensational news that “a terrorist attack was prevented in Ryazan.” From 8 o’clock in the morning, television channels began to broadcast details about the atrocity that had happened: “According to law enforcement officers of the Ryazan Department of Internal Affairs, the white crystalline substance that was in the bags is hexogen,” all Russian television and radio programs broadcast. At 13.00, the “Vesti” program of the state channel RTR interviewed S. Kabalyuva live: “So, instructions have been given, preliminary to the detention of the car, which the residents indicated according to signs. There are no results yet." “The explosives experts of

the municipal police,” Vesti reports, “conducted a preliminary analysis and confirmed the presence of hexogen. Now the contents of the bags have been sent to the Moscow FSB laboratory to obtain an accurate conclusion. Meanwhile, in Ryazan, the head of the administration, Pavel Dmitrievich Mamatov, held an emergency meeting with his deputies, ordered the closure of all basements in the city and a more thorough inspection of the rented premises.”

Mamatov answers journalists’ questions: “Whatever services we use today, within one week we can carry out all the activities to close attics, basements, repairs, install gratings, and so on - this can only be done under one condition: to combine all our efforts with you.” " In other words, as of 1 p.m. on September 23, all of Ryazan is in a state of siege. They are looking for terrorists and their car, checking attics and basements. At 17.00 “Vesti” went on the air, basically repeating the 13 o’clock news.

At 19.00 “Vesti” goes on air with the next information program: “Today Russian Prime Minister Vladimir Putin spoke about airstrikes on the Grozny airport”...

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...Putin also commented on the latest emergency incident in Ryazan: “As for the events in Ryazan. I don't think this is some kind of puncture. If these bags containing explosives were noticed, it means that there is at least a plus in the fact that the population is reacting correctly to the events that are taking place in the country today. I will use your question to thank the population of the country for this. We owe an unpaid debt to people for not saving those who died, and we are grateful to them for the reaction that we observe. And this reaction is very correct. No panic, no leniency for the bandits. This is the mindset to fight them to the end. Until victory. We will definitely do this

Let's do it."

In other words, on September 23, the Prime Minister of Russia, Putin... believed that an attempted terrorist attack had been prevented in Ryazan.

...On September 24, speaking at the First All-Russian meeting on the fight against organized crime, Minister of Internal Affairs Rushailo speaks about the terrorist attack prevented in Ryazan... “There are certain progress, for example, the prevention of the explosion of a residential building in Ryazan”...

Half an hour later, at the same meeting, Patrushev makes a statement that exercises were held in Ryazan, there was sugar in the bags, and the fuse was a dummy. It is important to note that the

leadership of the Ryazan region did not know about the impending explosion in Ryazan (all official participants in the events, employees of law enforcement agencies, diplomatically use the word “exercise”). The governor of the region, V.N. Lyubimov, stated this on September 24 in a live interview: “Even I didn’t know about this teaching.” The head of the Ryazan administration, Mamatov, was openly irritated: “They made guinea pigs out of us. We checked Ryazan for lice. I’m not against exercises - I served in the army myself, took part in them, but I’ve never seen anything like this.”

The FSB directorate for the Ryazan region was also not informed about the “exercises.” Yu. Bludov reported that “the FSB was not aware in advance that exercises were being held in the city.” The head of the Ryazan FSB Directorate, Major General A.V. Sergeev, first said in an interview with the local Oka television studio that he had nothing

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aware of ongoing “exercises”. And only later, when asked by journalists whether he had any official document confirming the holding of exercises in Ryazan, he answered through his press secretary that the proof of the exercises for him was a television interview with FSB Director Patrushev. For this reason, the local FSB, according to the recollections of one of the residents of house 14/16, Marina Vitalievna Severina, then went from apartment to apartment and apologized: “They came to us from the FSB - several people led by a colonel. They apologized. They said they didn’t know anything themselves.” And this is the case when we trust the FSB employees and believe in their sincerity. The Ryazan FSB Directorate understood that the Ryazan residents had been “framed” and that the Russian Prosecutor General’s Office and the public could blame the Ryazan FSB Directorate for organizing the explosion. Shocked by the treachery of their

Moscow colleagues, the Ryazan residents decided to provide themselves with an alibi and announce to the whole world that the Ryazan action was being prepared in Moscow. This is the only way to explain the statement of the FSB Directorate for the Ryazan Region, which appeared shortly after Patrushev’s interview about the “exercises” in Ryazan. Here is the text of the statement from the Ryazan FSB Directorate in full: “As it became known, the planting of an explosive device simulator discovered on September 22, 1999 was part of an ongoing interregional exercise. The message about this came as a surprise to us and came at a time when the FSB department had identified the places of

residence in the city of Ryazan of those involved in planting the explosive device and was preparing to arrest them. This became possible thanks to the vigilance and help of many residents of the city of Ryazan, interaction with internal affairs bodies, and the professionalism of our employees. We thank everyone who assisted us in this work. We will continue to do everything possible to ensure the safety of Ryazan residents.” This document allows us to conclude the following. Firstly, the Ryazan FSB Directorate had nothing to do with the operation to blow up a house in Ryazan. Secondly, at least two terrorists were discovered in Ryazan. Thirdly, the terrorists lived in Ryazan, albeit temporarily, and apparently a whole network of safe houses was discovered, at least two. Fourthly, at the moment when preparations were being made to detain the terrorists, an order came from Moscow

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terrorists should not be detained, since the terrorist attack in Ryazan was an “exercise” of the FSB.

On March 21, 2000, five days before the presidential elections, when the topic of the failed explosion in Ryazan was put on the agenda by political motives of the parties competing for power, the head of the investigative department of the FSB of the Russian Federation for the Ryazan region, Lieutenant Colonel Yuri Valentinovich Maksimov, confirmed:

“We took all the events of that night seriously, as a combat situation. The message about the exercises of the FSB of the Russian Federation came as a complete surprise to us and came at a time when the FSB department had identified the places of residence in Ryazan of those involved in the planting of an imitation (as it later turned out) device and was preparing to detain them”... Thus, it was twice documented that the terrorists who mined a house in Ryazan were FSB officers, that at

the time of the operation they lived in Ryazan and that their places of residence were determined by FSB officers for the Ryazan region. This exposes Patrushev to an obvious lie. On September 25, in an interview with one of the television companies, he stated that “those people who, in theory, should have been immediately found, were among the residents of the house in which the explosive device was allegedly planted who went outside. They participated in the process of compiling their sketches and talked with law enforcement officers.”

The reality was completely different. The terrorists fled to safe houses. But at that moment, when the leadership of the Ryazan FSB, on duty, reported to Moscow about the imminent detention of the terrorists, Patrushev gave the order not to arrest them and declared the terrorist attack prevented in Ryazan to be an “exercise.” One can imagine the expression on the face of an employee of the Ryazan FSB Directorate, and most likely Major General Sergeev himself reported to Patrushev when he was given the order to release the terrorists! ...Moskovsky Komsomolets (MK) had enough humor: “On September 24, 1999, the head of the FSB Nikolai Patrushev made a sensational statement: the

attempted explosion in Ryazan was not such at all. It was a teaching. (...) On the same day, Minister of Internal Affairs Vladimir

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Rushailo congratulated his workers on successfully saving a house in Ryazan from an imminent explosion."

Nobody believes

Further investigation is classified as "top secret". The criminal case initiated by the FSB Directorate of the Russian Federation for the Ryazan Region upon the discovery of an explosive under the article "terrorism" (Article 205 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation) is classified. The case materials are not available to the public. The names of the terrorists (FSB employees) are being hidden. We do not know whether they were interrogated or what they said during this interrogation. On September 29, 1999, the newspapers "Chelyabinsky Rabochiy", "Krasnoyarsky

Rabochiy" and the Samara "Volzhskaya Kommuna" (October 1) published identical articles: "As it became known from a well-informed source in the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Russia, none of the operational workers of the Ministry of Internal Affairs and their colleagues of the FSB Directorate of Ryazan does not believe in any "training" explosives plantings in the city. (...) According to high-ranking officials of the Russian Ministry of Internal Affairs, in fact, in Ryazan, a residential building was actually mined by unknown people using real explosives and using the same detonators as in Moscow (...) This theory is indirectly confirmed by the fact that the riot in Ryazan The criminal case under the article "terrorism" has not yet been closed. Moreover, the results of the initial examination of the contents of the bags, carried out at the first stage by experts from the local Ministry of Internal Affairs, were seized by FSB officers who arrived from Moscow and were immediately classified. And the police, who communicated with their forensic colleagues who carried out the first examination of the bags, still claim that they really did contain RDX, and there can be no mistake."

...There was no unanimity within the FSB itself regarding the operation carried out by Patrushev. Thus, the head of the Central Operations Center of the FSB Directorate for Moscow and the Moscow Region, Sergei Bogdanov, called the "exercises" in Ryazan "rough and ill-conceived work" (once you get caught, it's rough work). The head of the Federal Security Service of the Russian Federation for the Yaroslavl region, Major General A. A. Kotelnikov, when asked about the "exercises," answered: "I have my own point

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opinion regarding the Ryazan exercises, but I would not like to comment on the actions of my colleagues.” In conclusion, I

would like to cite the opinion of the former Prosecutor General of Russia Yu. I. Skuratov, expressed in an interview with the Parisian newspaper “Russian Thought” (published on October 29, 1999): “I was very confused and alarmed by what happened in Ryazan. Here it is really possible to build a scheme: the special services themselves were involved in preparing the explosion in Ryazan, and when they were caught, they made excuses very clumsily. I am very surprised why the prosecutor’s office has not fully dealt with this episode. This is her task."

Analytical information

Laying sacks in a residential building in Ryazan could not be a training exercise due to a number of formal circumstances. When conducting exercises, there must be a pre-drawn up exercise plan. It should identify: the leader of the exercise, his deputy, observers and those being checked, that is, those who are being checked (residents of Ryazan, FSB officers for the Ryazan region, etc.). The plan should outline the issues to be verified. The plan must have a so-called “legend”, a kind of scenario for the performance being played out. In the case of Ryazan, there are scenarios of placing bags of granulated sugar in the basement of a residential building. The plan must stipulate the material support for the exercises: vehicles, money (for example, to buy three bags of sugar of 50 kilograms each), food (if a large number of people take part in the exercises), weapons, communications, code communication system (code tables).

After all this, the plan is approved by senior management, and only then, on the basis of the approved plan, is a written (and only written) order to conduct the exercises issued. Before the actual start of the exercise, the person who approved the exercise plan and gave the order to conduct it is informed about the start of the exercise. After the end of the exercise, a report is made about its completion. It is mandatory to draw up a report on the results of the exercise, which identifies the positive results and shortcomings,

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Those who have distinguished themselves are encouraged, those who are guilty are pointed out. The same order writes off material assets consumed or destroyed during the exercises (in the Ryazan case - at least three bags of granulated sugar and a detonator cartridge).

The exercises could not take place without observers, that is, those who from the outside evaluate the results of the exercises, then draw up reports on achievements and failures, encourage, punish, and draw conclusions. There were no observers in Ryazan.

The head of the local FSB department must be notified of the planned exercise. He is directly subordinate to the director of the FSB, and no one has the right to check Sergeev without Patrushev's sanction. In the same way, without Sergeev's sanction, they do not have the right to check employees of the Ryazan FSB Directorate, Sergeev's subordinates. This means that Patrushev and Sergeev should have been aware of the "exercises" and were obliged to make a statement about the ongoing "exercises" on the evening of September 22. Meanwhile, from Patrushev's side such a statement was made only on September 24, and from Sergeev's side it was not made at all, since he knew nothing about the "exercises".

According to the regulations, the FSB has the right to check only itself. It cannot check other structures or private citizens. If the FSB checks the Ministry of Internal Affairs (for example, the Ryazan police), then these are already joint exercises with the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and the relevant leaders of the Ministry of Internal Affairs in the center and locally are also informed about them. If the exercise involves the civilian population (as was the case in Ryazan), then civil defense services and the Ministry of Emergency Situations are also involved. In all cases, a joint exercise plan is drawn up and signed by the heads of all departments. This plan is approved by the person in charge of all law enforcement agencies involved in the exercise.

Exercises can be as close to a real situation as possible, such as live-fire exercises. However, conducting exercises in which people may be harmed or there may be a danger of contamination of the environment is strictly prohibited. There is a special ban on conducting exercises in relation to military personnel and units on combat duty, or ships on combat watch. If a border guard is on duty, it is prohibited to check his vigilance

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imitate crossing the border. If there is a protected object, you cannot attack the object as part of an exercise.

Combat service differs from exercises in that during service combat missions with military weapons are solved. Each branch of the military (and the police) has a combat service charter, in which everything is described in detail. On September 22–23, 1999, in Ryazan, Ryazan police patrols in the city carried out military service with weapons and special means, which they had the right to use when detaining FSB officers who were placing strange bags in the basement of a residential building. After a series of explosions in Russia, the entire police force in Ryazan worked in an enhanced manner, in conditions of a real danger of terrorist attacks. This means that during unannounced exercises, unlucky FSB officers could simply be shot.

And then there is a criminal case under Art. 205. This means that the investigator issued an order to search for and detain the suspects and that they could have been killed during the arrest. The grounds for initiating a criminal case are clearly defined in the Criminal Procedure Code (CPC) of the Russian Federation. There is no subclause about initiating a criminal case during an exercise or in connection with an exercise. The unjustified or illegal initiation of a criminal case is a crime in itself, as well as its illegal termination.

Classifying a criminal case was an illegal act. According to Article 7 of the Law of the Russian Federation “On State Secrets”, adopted on July 21, 1993, “information (...) about emergency incidents and disasters that threaten the safety and health of citizens and their consequences are not subject to classification as state secrets and classification; (...) about facts of violation of human and civil rights and freedoms; (...) about facts of violation of the law by public authorities and their officials (...) Officials who made decisions to classify the listed information or to include them for these purposes in carriers of information constituting state secrets bear criminal, administrative or disciplinary liability, depending from material and moral damage caused to society, the state and citizens. Citizens have the right to appeal such decisions in court.

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The fuse is a very important formal point. If the fuse had not been a live fuse, a criminal case could not have been opened under Article 205 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation (terrorism); it would have been opened upon the discovery of explosives and transferred to the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and not to the FSB. In the end, if we talk about “exercises,” the vigilance of Ryazan residents was tested on the prompt detection of bags with explosives, and not on working with a fuse. It is difficult for the uninitiated to understand what is hidden behind the innocent phrase; a criminal case has been initiated

under Art. 205". First of all, this means that the investigation will be carried out not through the Ministry of Internal Affairs, but through the FSB. The FSB is already overloaded with cases; it won’t take on any extra cases. And since she accepted the case, it means there were good reasons (these good reasons were the results of the examination). The crime for which this case has been initiated is reported to the duty officer of the FSB of Russia within 24 hours... The duty officer personally reports every morning to the director of the FSB about all received messages. If something serious happens, for example, preventing a terrorist attack in Ryazan, the duty officer has the right to call the FSB director at home, even at night. So Patrushev knew about the discovery of bags of explosives and a live fuse in the basement of a Ryazan house no later than seven o’clock in the morning on September 23, more than a day before the version of the “exercise” appeared. Finally, the exercise could not be conducted in a stolen car. Stealing a car is a crime, theft. The person who commits such a crime bears criminal liability. According to the law on the FSB, employees do not have the right to commit crimes even when solving combat missions. When conducting operational exercises with operational personnel, only FSB official vehicles are

used (including operational vehicles, of which the FSB has two fleets only in the central office). If such a car is stopped by the traffic police, for example, for speeding on the Moscow-Ryazan highway, or is detained by the Ryazan police because the Moscow license plate of the car is covered with a suspicious piece of paper, the car is immediately identified as being under special registration. For any police officer, this is always an indication that the car is an operational vehicle for law enforcement agencies or special services.

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The exercise would certainly be carried out on an operational vehicle. On the contrary, the FSB could not carry out a terrorist attack on an operational vehicle. The car could be noticed (and noticed), identified (and identified). And how ugly it would look if terrorists blew up a house in Ryazan using a car that was in the

FSB fleet. And if terrorists blow up a house in a stolen car, this is common and natural. On the other hand, if FSB officers are stopped during the day (not at night) in a stolen car for a routine check or for speeding, they will show their official IDs or “cover documents”, and no policeman will check the documentation for the car, and therefore will not know that the car is wanted. The car in which the terrorists arrived is the only evidence remaining after the explosion of a residential building. The only trace that can lead to the criminals. A car is the weakest link in the preparation and conduct of any terrorist act. Otherwise, it was impossible to blow up a house in Ryazan using a stolen car.

Unsweetened sugar

Three bags of granulated sugar were taken to Moscow for examination. But if the sugar was ordinary, why send it for examination? And, more importantly, why did the laboratory accept it for examination? Yes, not one laboratory, but two - from different departments (Ministry of Internal Affairs and FSB). And why was the re-examination carried out later? Was it really impossible to recognize sugar the first time? And why did all this drag on for several months? It only made sense to take the sugar to Moscow for examination in order to deprive the people of Ryazan of material evidence, and only if there were explosives in the bags.

Meanwhile, a message was received from the FSB press service that in order to check the contents of the Ryazan bags, they were taken to a landfill and tried to explode. There was no explosion because they contained ordinary sugar, the FSB reported. “I wonder what idiot would be lucky enough to blow up three bags of regular sugar at a landfill?” - the Versiya newspaper ironically noted. Indeed, why does the FSB

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sent bags to the training ground if she knew that “exercises” were being held in Ryazan, and the bags contained sugar bought ... at the local market?

And then, again near Ryazan, new bags of hexogen were discovered. Moreover, there were many of them, and this smacked of a connection with the GRU. At the military warehouse of the 137th Ryazan Airborne Regiment, located near Ryazan, on the territory of a specialized base for training reconnaissance and sabotage detachments, hexogen was stored, packaged in 50-kilogram sugar bags, similar to those found on Novosyolov Street. In the fall of 1999, private airborne troops (military unit 59236) Alexey Pinyaev and his colleagues were sent from the Moscow region to Ryazan to this particular regiment. While guarding a “warehouse with weapons and ammunition” in November 1999, Pinyaev and a friend entered the warehouse, rather out of curiosity, and saw the same bags with the inscription “Sugar” in the room. The paratroopers used a bayonet to make a hole in one of the bags and poured some government sugar into the plastic bag. However, the tea with stolen sugar turned out to have a strange taste and was not sweet. The frightened soldiers took the bag to the platoon commander. He, suspecting

something was wrong, since everyone had heard the story about the explosions, decided to check the “sugar” with a demolition specialist. The substance turned out to be hexogen. The officer reported to his superiors. The unit was visited by FSB officers from Moscow and Tula (where, like in Ryazan, the airborne division was stationed). Regimental special officers were not allowed into the investigation. The paratroopers who discovered hexogen were dragged for interrogation for revealing state secrets.” “You guys don’t even realize what a serious matter you’ve gotten yourself into,” said one of the officers. It was announced to the press that there was no soldier named Pinyaev in the unit at all, and the information about bags of hexogen found in a military warehouse was an invention of Novaya Gazeta journalist Pavel Voloshin. The FSB conducted an official investigation into this incident. The issue of explosives was successfully hushed up, and Pinyaev’s commander and colleagues were sent to serve in Chechnya. A more painful punishment was invented for Pinyaev himself. At first he was forced to retract his words. Then the head of the Investigation Department of the FSB of the Russian Federation stated that “the soldier will be interrogated as part of the criminal case initiated against him.” A

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An employee of the FSB TsOS summed it up: “A soldier got hit...” A criminal case was opened against Pinyaev in March 2000 for stealing from an army warehouse with ammunition... a bag of sugar. It’s just difficult to understand what relation the Investigative Department of the FSB of Russia had to petty theft of food. According to Ryazan sappers, explosives are not kept, packaged or transported in 50-kilogram bags - it is

too dangerous. To explode a small building, 500 grams of explosive mixture is enough. 50-kilogram bags disguised as sugar are needed exclusively for terrorist attacks. Apparently, it was from this warehouse that three bags were received, which were then placed under the load-bearing support of a house in Ryazan. The instruments of the Ryazan experts were not mistaken.

The story with the 137th Airborne Regiment had its continuation. In March 2000, before the elections themselves, the paratroopers sued Novaya Gazeta, which published an interview with Pinyaev. The statement of claim “For the protection of honor, dignity and business reputation” was filed with the Basmanny Intermunicipal Court by the regiment command. As the regiment commander Oleg Churilov stated, this article insulted not only the honor of the regiment, but also the entire Russian army, since there was no such private in the regiment in September 1999. “And the fact that a soldier can enter a warehouse where weapons and explosives are stored is not true, because he does not have the right to enter it while on guard duty.”

In general, Pinyaev was not there, but he was put on trial. There was sugar in the bags, but there was a “disclosure of state secrets.” And the 137th Regiment filed a lawsuit against Novaya Gazeta not because of the articles about hexogen, but because the guard during his service does not have the right to enter the area he is protecting warehouse, and statements to the contrary on this topic insulted the Russian army.

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Appendix 2. List of names

A

Alexander - pseudonym of an FSB agent, was in touch with the author
books.

Alexey Alekhin is the director of the grocery store.

Aleshin Igor - senior detective of the 1st department of the ORU DBT FSB of the Russian Federation,

major. Almazov Sergey Nikolaevich - head of the tax police of the Russian Federation (1992–1999), general.

Akimov Vladimir Vladimirovich - FSB agent, employee
"Lanako", the driver of Mikhail Lazovsky, was convicted of terrorism.

Aminov Vyacheslav Markovich - businessman, close relationship
Patrushev, Putin and Ivanov.

Angelevich Arkady Vladimirovich - banker, convicted of
fraud, amnestied.

Andryushin Nikolay Arkadevich - deputy. head of department
military counterintelligence of the FSB of the Russian Federation, military unit 70850, lieutenant colonel.

Mykola Anisimov is the head of the HVP Department for supervision
FSB of the Russian Federation, Major General of Justice.

B

Bavdey Boris - head of the 7th department of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, lieutenant colonel. Bagraev Vladimir

- Prosecutor of the Main Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation, Major General of Justice, lawyer of the Media-Most group. Baev is

the head of the personnel department of the URPO FSB of the

Russian Federation. Baldin Victor - head of the 3rd Department of Internal Security of the

FSB of the Russian Federation, colonel. Barsukov Mikhail Ivanovich - Director of the FSB of the Russian Federation

(1995–1996), Colonel General. Barsukov Sergey Valerievich - senior investigator for the Department of Internal Affairs of the Main Military Prosecutor's Office of the Russian Federation,

led all four criminal cases against the author, lieutenant colonel of justice. Basayev Shamil - Prime Minister of the Chechen Republic, combat

commander (wanted for terrorism). Berezovsky Boris Abramovich - entrepreneur, politician, deputy. Secretary of the Security Council of the Russian Federation (1996–1999), deputy. Executive Secretary of

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(1998–1999), State Duma deputy (1999–2000). Co-chairman of the Liberal Russia party.

Bobkov Philip Denisovich - former head of the 5th Main Directorate of the KGB of the USSR (political investigation), general. Borodin

Pavel Pavlovich - Administrative Officer of the President of the Russian Federation

(1993–1998). Brezhnev Leonid Ilyich - General Secretary Communist Party of the Soviet Union (1964–1985). [1] -

Bryntsalov Vladimir Alekseevich - entrepreneur, deputy of the State Duma of the Russian Federation.

Bukovsky Vladimir Konstantinovich - human rights activist, former political prisoner, in 1976 exchanged by the USSR for the leader of the Chilean communists Luis Corvalan.

IN

Vaganov Vladimir — deputy. to the head of the 3rd department of UBKK MB RF, colonel.

Vasilischev Vasiliy - head of the CSS department of the FAPSI RF, colonel.

Vitaly is a former employee of the Moscow riot police, convicted of rape.

Volokh Vyacheslav Ivanovich - Head of the Operations Department ATC FSB of the Russian Federation until 1998,

lieutenant general. Wolf is the nickname of the criminal authority, the

leader of the Reutov OPT. Vorobiev Vladimir - FSB agent, convicted of terrorism, lieutenant colonel.

D

Gafur is the nickname of a citizen of Uzbekistan, the leader of the Uzbek OPT.

Gapon - Major of the USSR

Ministry of Internal Affairs. Giorgadze David Panteleimonovich is the

brother of Igor Giorgadze. Igor Panteleimonovich Giorgadze is a former chairman of the Security Council of Georgia, internationally wanted for terrorism.

Golovanov Viktor - head of the Criminal Investigation Department

of the Moscow City Internal Affairs Directorate. Goldfarb Alexander - scientist, human rights activist, secretary of A.D. Sakharov (1974–1975), US citizen. Facilitated the author's escape to the UK.

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Gorbachev Mikhail Sergeevich - President of the USSR.

Gorlatykh - senior detective of the 6th department of the ORD DBT of the FSB of the Russian Federation, major,

convicted. Dmitry Gorshkov is a senior detective officer for the internal affairs department of the 1st department

of the ORD DBT of the FSB of the Russian Federation. Gochiyaev Achimez Shagabanovich is a Russian citizen, currently officially suspected by the Russian FSB of organizing the e residential buildings.

Grigoryants Sergey Ivanovich is a human rights activist and public figure in the Russian Federation. Grinevsky Andrey -

senior detective officer for the 1st Department of Internal Affairs

Department of the Outdoor Operations Directorate of the FSB of the Russian Federation, captain.

Gryzlov Boris Vyacheslavovich - Minister of Internal Affairs of the Russian

Federation (since 2001). Gudkov is an active reserve officer of the FSB of Russia in State Duma.

Gusak Alexander Ivanovich - head of the 7th department of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, lieutenant colonel, sentenced to three years of imprisonment - amnestied in the courtroom in 2001.

Gusev Pavel Nikolaevich is the editor-in-chief of the newspaper Moskovsky Komsomolets. Vladimir Aleksandrovich

Gusinsky is a businessman, head of the Most group. Gutseriev Mikhail Safarbekovich is the former president of Slav-neft.

Gushcha Yuri Andreevich - deputy. head of the military department

FSB counterintelligence for internal troops of the Ministry of Internal Affairs; Major General.

D

Timur Dakhkilgov is a Russian citizen who was held in an FSB detention center for six months on suspicion of involvement in bombings of residential buildings; currently released.

Dvali David - a close connection of Putin, a confidant of the author of the book, was killed in 2000. Boris

Deciev - senior investigator for the Department of Internal Affairs of the UEC FSB of the Russian Federation,

lieutenant colonel. Dzhabrailov Umar Alievich -

businessman; Dzhabrailov Hussein Alievich is his younger brother.

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Dorenko Sergey Leonidovich is a popular television journalist. Dudayev Dzhokhar Musaevich - the first president of Chechnya, major general. Dudayeva Alla Fedorovna is the wife of the first president of Chechnya, lives in Turkey. Dostum Abdurapshd is a general in the Afghan army. Leader of the North alliance.

Dyachenko Tatyana Borisovna - daughter of President Yeltsin, assistant to the President of the Russian Federation until 1999.

Well

Evstafsv Arkady Vyacheslavovich - press secretary of Anatoly Chubais, detained on June 19, 1996, along with Sergei Lisovsky, while trying to take a copier box containing half a million dollars from the White House.

Yeltsin Boris Nikolaevich - the first president of the Russian Federation (1991–1999). Enin Nikolay V. - deputy. Head of the 7th Department of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, lieutenant colonel. Erin Viktor Fedorovich - Minister of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation (1991–1995) Ermakov A.K. - Makarychev's nephew, engaged in supply vodka.

Ermolinsky Vladimir - convicted of banditry, professional criminal, member of an organized crime group, nickname Metis.

Ermolov Alexey Petrovich - Russian infantry general, commander of the Caucasian Corps and commander-in-chief in Georgia during the Caucasian War of 1816–1827. Ermolov Sergey - senior detective officer for the 7th Department of Internal Affairs URPO department of the FSB of the Russian Federation, major.

J

Zhirinovsky Vladimir Volfovich - leader of the LDPR party, Deputy of the State Duma of the Russian Federation.

WITH

Zdanovich Alexander Alexandrovich - head of the Central Operations Center of the FSB of the Russian Federation, lieutenant general, since 2002 deputy. Head of VGTRK (All-Union

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State TV and Radio Company), an officer of the active reserve of the FSB of the Russian Federation on TV.

Zirakadze Paata, a citizen of Georgia, was a hostage of bandits. Zorin Viktor Mikhailovich - former head

of the ATC of the FSB of the Russian Federation, Colonel General. Zyuganov Gennady Andreevich - leader of the

Communist Party of the Russian Federation, deputy of the State Duma of the Russian Federation.

I

Ivanov is the head of the GVP department, colonel of justice. Ivanov

Sergey Borisovich - deputy. Director of the FSB of the Russian Federation (1998–1999), Secretary of the Security Council of the Russian Federation (1999–2001), Minister of Defense of the Russian Federation

(since 2001), Lieutenant General. Ivanyuzhenkov Boris Viktorovich - Minister of Sports (1999–2000), member of the Podolsk organized

crime group, nickname Ratan. Ilyukhin Viktor Ivanovich - State Duma deputy from the Communist Party of the Russian Federation, chairman of the

Security Committee. Ilyushenko Alexey Nikolaevich - acting Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation

(1994–1996). Nikolay Indyukov - senior investigator for internal affairs affairs under the Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation, general.

TO

Kalugin Oleg Danilovich - former general of the KGB of the USSR, resident in the USA, then head of the Foreign Counterintelligence Department, lives in the USA, convicted in absentia of

treason. Kamyshnikov Alexander Petrovich - deputy. Head of URPO FSB RF, captain 1st rank, gave the order to kill B.A. Berezovsky.

Karnaukh Vladimir is a judge of the Moscow garrison military court. Katyshev Mikhail

Borisovich - deputy. Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation until 1999. Kivilidi Ivan

Kharlampievich - banker, president of Rosbusinessbank, on August 4, 1995, poisoned with a military poison placed in a telephone receiver; His secretary died along with him. The crime has not been solved.

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Kiselyov Evgeny Alekseevich - TV presenter of NTV and TVb channels. Kislyakova is a resident of Moscow, against whom Patrushev organized extortion of $8,000. Klebanov Ilya Iosifovich - Deputy Prime Minister of the Russian Federation. Klimkin Nikolai Ivanovich - head of the Moscow RUOP,

Major General of Police.

Kovalev Nikolai Dmitrievich - Director of the FSB of the Russian Federation (1996–1998), Army General, Deputy of the State Duma of the Russian Federation.

Kovalev Sergey Adamovich - State Duma deputy, human rights activist. Kozhanov - deputy Head of the Criminal Police Service

Moskvoretsky District Department of Internal Affairs, police colonel.

Kolesnikov Vladimir - deputy. Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation, former first deputy Minister of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation, Colonel General.

Kolesnikov Evgeniy Aleksandrovich - deputy. Head of ORD DBT FSB of the Russian Federation, Major General.

Komarov Alexander - senior detective of the 1st department of the OU DBT FSB of the Russian Federation, captain.

Korean is the nickname of the criminal authority, the Solntsevo organized crime group.

Korzhakov Alexander Vasilyevich - head of the SBP of the Russian Federation (1991–1996), Major General, Deputy of the State Duma of the Russian Federation.

Kostyukov - deputy. Head of the UBKK MB RF. Kokh Alfred Reingoldovich - businessman, Deputy Prime Minister of the Government of the Russian Federation (1997). Evgeniy Kravchenko, judge of the Moscow Garrison Military Court, lieutenant colonel of justice, was dismissed after my acquittal. Kriulkin Vladimir Semyonovich - nickname Cannibal, hired killer, killed. Alexey Kruglov - senior detective of the 7th department

URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, major.

Kulikov Anatoly Sergeevich - Minister of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation (1995–1999), army general, deputy of the State Duma.

Vladimir Kumaev is an internal agent, a former GRU officer of the General Staff of the Russian Ministry of Defense.

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Kumarin-Barsukov Vladimir Sergeevich is a criminal authority from St. Petersburg. Kurganov Igor - head of the 3rd

department of the UEC FSB of the Russian Federation,
colonel.

L

Lazovsky Maxim Yurievich - agent of the FSB of the Russian Federation, head of Lanako, organizer of a series of terrorist attacks and murders, killed. Latyshyonok

Konstantin - detective officer of the 7th department of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, senior lieutenant, participant in the press conference on November 17, 1998. Lebed Alexander

Ivanovich - candidate for president of the Russian Federation (1996), secretary of the Security Service (1996), governor of the Krasnoyarsk Territory (1998–2002) , Lieutenant General of the Airborne Forces, died in 2002. Lesin Mikhail Yurievich - Minister of Press of

the Russian Federation (since 1999). Linkov Ruslan - assistant. State Duma

deputy Galina Starovoytova, wounded during an attempt on her life. Lisovsky Sergei Fedorovich - show businessman, owner of Premier-SV, participant

in the election campaign of B. N. Yeltsin, detained on June 19, 1996, along with Arkady Evstafiev, while trying to take a copier box containing half a million dollars from the White House .

Listyev Vladislav Nikolaevich - famous television journalist, host of the program “Vzglyad”, “Field of Miracles”, general director of the ORT television company, killed by unknown assailants in the entrance of his house on March 1, 1995; the crime has not been solved.

Ilya Litnovsky is a member of the Korean organized

crime group. Luzhkov Yuri Mikhailovich - mayor of Moscow.

Lutsenko Vladimir Vasilievich - head of private security company "Stealth",
Major General of the active reserve of the FSB of the Russian

Federation. Lvov Felix - businessman, killed.

Lyseiko Vladimir A. – Head of the Investigation Department
Department of Internal Affairs of the General Prosecutor's Office.

Lyskov Anatoly Grigorievich - chief of staff of the director of the FSB of the Russian Federation, lieutenant general. Lysyuk Sergey

Ivanovich - commander of the Vityaz ship, agent of the FSB of the Russian Federation, major general.

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Lyubochka is a senior operational officer of the 3rd department of the ORU DBT of the FSB of the Russian Federation,

colonel. Lyakh Nikolai Ivanovich - head of the secretariat of G. Seleznev, Chairman of the State Duma of the Russian Federation.

M

Magradze Sulkhan Aleksandrovich - director of Atlant Bank. Madekin Pavel - senior detective of the 1st department of the Internal Security Service

FSB of the Russian Federation, conducted an operational case against me; major.

Makarychev Alexander Konstantinovich - deputy. Chief of Staff of the Government of the Russian Federation, former Minister of Security of Kabardino-Balkaria, Deputy. Head of URPO FSB, Lieutenant General. Makeev Evgeniy is a senior investigator for particularly important

cases of the 1st department of the OU DBT of the Russian Federation. Malyshev Alexander Ivanovich is the leader of the Tambov OPT in St.

Petersburg. Marov Mikhail Alekseevich - lawyer of the author of the book, major general

Justice.

Maskhadov Aslan Alievich - President of the Chechen Republic (since 1997). Medvedev Grigory -

senior investigator of the FSB OVKR

Russian Federation, military unit 70850, major; died in 1995 in Chechnya.

Menzies George is the author's lawyer in England. Merkulov

- head of the personnel department of the FSB of the Russian Federation,

colonel. Mikeladze Jamal Varlamovich - thief in law, nickname Arsen, killed. Minda is a

criminal authority from St. Petersburg, leader of the OPT. Minchenko - Prosecutor of the

Main Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation, Colonel of Justice.

Mironichev is an employee of the GRU PP MO, convicted.

Mironov Ivan Kuzmich - head of the operational control unit of the DBT FSB of the Russian Federation, lieutenant general.

Mikhas is the criminal nickname of Sergei Mikhailov, the leader of the Solntsevo OPT. Murashev Arkady

Nikolaevich - former head of the Moscow Main Internal Affairs Directorate.

N

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The Nazranovs are brothers, residents of Kabardino-Balkaria, businessmen. Nalobin

Nikolay Valentinovich - deputy. Head of the UEC FSB of the Russian Federation, Major General. Nanaets is

the nickname of Alexey Vladimirovich Chernov, a criminal authority from whom Khokholkov demanded money from drug sales. Nevzorov Alexander Glebovich - television journalist, deputy

State Duma.

Nefyodov Sergey A. - senior detective for internal affairs of the 3rd department of the UEC FSB of the Russian Federation.

Nikitenko Viktor - commander of the UN “Vityaz”, lieutenant colonel. Nikishii Alexander Nikolaevich -

Colonel of the Internal Troops of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation, Assistant Minister of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation, Hero

of the Russian Federation. Nikolaev Valery - senior investigator of the Department of Internal Affairs of the General Prosecutor's Office of the Russian Federation, led the

case of Gusinsky V. Nikolaev Nikolay - television journalist.

Nikulin Konstantin is a member of the organized crime group.

ABOUT

Obodyansky is a member of the organized crime group headed by

Petrosyan. Vladimir Semenovich Ovchinsky - Assistant to the Minister of Internal Affairs Kulikov, Head of the Russian Bureau of Interpol, Major General police.

Odinokov is a resident of the Moscow region, 'the victim is in the case' against the author of the

book. Okroashvili Georgy Guramovich - businessman, died. Oniani

Tarizl Guramovich is the leader of the so-called Svan organized crime group, lives in France. Osadchy Alexander Ilyich

- assistant director of the FSB of the Russian Federation, lieutenant general. Osipov I.I. - deputy Head of the Moscow RUOP.

P

Pavlov - investigator of the Main Military Prosecutor's Office of the

Russian Federation, colonel of justice. Palamarchuk Andrey - GVP investigator, senior lieutenant Justice.

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Ella Aleksandrovna Panfilova is a deputy of the State Duma of the Russian Federation. Badri

Shalvovich Patarkatsishvili is a businessman, business partner of Boris Berezovsky. First Deputy General Director of ORT (1995–1999), Chairman of the Board of Directors of TVb (2001).

Patrushev Nikolai Platonovich - Minister of Security of Karelia (1992–1994), Head of the Internal Security Service of the FSB of the Russian Federation (1994–1998), Deputy. director (1998–1999), director of the FSB of the Russian Federation (since 1999), army general, Hero of the Russian Federation.

Pashchenko Ivan - senior detective for the Department of Internal Affairs of the 3rd

Department of Internal Security of the FSB of the Russian Federation, Colonel.

Petelin Gennady Vasilievich - head of the secretariat of V. S. Chernomyrdin. Petrosyan Aram - convicted of banditry,

criminal nickname Beast, leader of an organized crime group. Pisyakov is a confidant of the FSB of the Russian

Federation. Pichuga is the nickname of thief in law Yuri

Pichugin. Platonov Alexander Mikhailovich - head of the 1st Department

of Operational Security of the FSB of the Russian Federation, colonel. Plekhanov Nikolai Aleksandrovich - criminal

authority from Omsk; nickname Cat. Plokhikh Oleg - senior detective of the 12th department of the Criminal Investigation

Department

Moscow City Internal Affairs Directorate, police major.

Pogodin is a businessman from Petrozavodsk, in whose favor Patrushev organized the extortion of money from citizen Kislyakova. Pogosov Sergey is a businessman, an agent of the FSB of the

Russian Federation, pseudonym Grigory. Ponknn Andrey V. - senior detective of the 7th department of the URPO

FSB of the Russian Federation, participant in the press conference on November 17, 1998, major. Pope Edmond is a businessman, US citizen, convicted of espionage in 2000, pardoned by V.V. Putan. Konstantin

Preobrazhensky is a reserve lieutenant colonel of the KGB of the USSR. Sergei Prichisko is the great-great-grandfather of the author of the book.

Pronichev Vladimir Egorovich - first deputy. Director of the FSB of the Russian Federation,

Colonel General. Vladimir

Vladimirovich Putin - Deputy Mayor of St. Petersburg (1994–1996), Director of the FSB of the Russian Federation (1998–1999), Prime Minister (1999),

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President of the Russian Federation (since 2000), lieutenant colonel.

R

Rogozin Georgy Georgievich - first deputy. Head of the SBP of Russia, Lieutenant General. Rodin Anatoly - deputy.

Head of the 1st Department of the OU DBT FSB of the Russian Federation, colonel.

Rokhlin Lev Yakovlevich - lieutenant general, deputy of the State Duma, killed on July 3, 1998, shot in the head at his dacha. His wife Tamara Rokhlina was accused of the crime.

Rokhlina Tamara - wife of General Rokhlina; convicted of murdering a fly in 2000. Considers the charges fabricated. After the decision of the Supreme Court of the Russian Federation, the conviction was overturned. The case is being reviewed.

Rushailo Vladimir Borisovich - Minister of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation (1999–2001), Secretary of the Security Council of the Russian Federation (since 2001), Colonel General.

S

Savostyanov Evgeniy Vadimovich - head of the Moscow department of the KGB-FSK (1991–1994), deputy. Head of the Presidential Administration of the Russian Federation (1996–1998). Salim is

a criminal nickname, a member of the Uzbek OPT. Safonov

Anatoly Efimovich - first deputy. Head of the Federal Grid Company of the Russian Federation, Colonel General. Andrey

Dmitrievich Sakharov - academician, human rights activist, Nobel Peace Prize laureate.

Svistunov Vadim Osipovich is the lawyer of the author of the book.

Seleznev Gennady Nikolaevich - deputy from the Communist Party of the Russian Federation, Chairman of the State Duma of the Russian

Federation (since 2000). Semenyuk Vadim Sergeevich - deputy. Head of the FSB of the Russian Federation for Moscow and Moscow region, Major General.

Sergeev Gennady Nikolaevich - Hero of Russia, group officer "Alpha", died during the storming of the Government House in 1993.

Simaev Vladimir - assistant to the head of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation for security, colonel.

Sinitsa is a “fashion designer”, an employee of the GRU of the General Staff of the Russian Defense Ministry.

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Alexey Skryabin is the head of the 7th department of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, honorary employee of State Security, lieutenant colonel.

Skuratov Yuri Ilyich - Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation (1995–1999). Blind is the nickname of a thief in law. Smirnov - deputy Head of the Personnel Directorate of the FSB of the Russian Federation, Lieutenant General.

Smorodinsky Victor is an agent of the FSB of the Russian Federation. Sobolev Valentin Alekseevich - first deputy. Director of the FSB, Colonel General. Sobchak Anatoly Aleksandrovich - political figure of the Russian Federation, former mayor of St. Petersburg, “mentor” of V.V. Putin. Died of heart failure under dubious circumstances on February 20, 2000. Solovey - senior detective of the 7th department of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, captain.

Solovyov Evgeniy Borisovich - deputy. Director of the FSB of the Russian Federation, General colonel.

Solonik Alexander - criminal nickname Macedonian, mercenary killer, Kurgan organized crime group.

Soskovets Oleg Nikolaevich - First Deputy Prime Minister of the Government of the Russian Federation (1993–1996). Starovoytov Alexander Vladimirovich - head of the FAPSI of the Russian Federation, army general. Galina Vasilievna Starovoitova - political figure, founder of the Democratic Russia movement, killed by unknown assailants in the entrance of her house on November 20, 1998; the crime has not been solved.

Sergey Vadimovich Stepashin - Director of the Federal Security Service of the Russian Federation (1994-1995), Minister of Internal Affairs (1998), Chairman of the Government (1999), Chairman of the Audit Chamber of the Russian Federation (since 2000), Colonel General.

Streletsky Valery Andreevich - head of department "P" of the Security Service of the President of the Russian Federation, colonel. Subbotin Sergey Dmitrievich - head of the department of the UEC FSB of the Russian Federation, colonel.

Sudoplatov Pavel Anatolyevich - head of the Terrorist Directorate in the NKVD/MGB until 1953; in 1953, sentenced in the Beria case to 15 years, rehabilitated in 1992, general of the NKVD of the USSR.

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Suntsov Mikhail Vasilievich - head of the Operational-Investigation Bureau of the RUOP of the Ministry of Internal Affairs

of Russia. Surkov Vladislav Yurievich - assistant. Head of the Operations Directorate of the ATC FSB of the Russian Federation, Colonel.

T

Taiwanchik is the nickname of Alimzhan (Alik) Tokhtakhunov, an Uzbek crime boss and Gafur's representative in Europe. Tarpishchev Shamil Anvyarovich - tennis player, Minister of Sports of

the Russian Federation (1993–1996). Tatum Paul - businessman, co-owner of the Radison-Slavyanskaya

Hotel, US citizen, killed in Moscow on November 3, 1996; the crime has not been solved. Trepashkin Mikhail - head of the investigative department of the Tax Police Department of the Moscow Region, former investigator

of the FSB of the Russian Federation, colonel, participant in the press conference on November 17, 1998. Trofimov Anatoly Vasilievich - deputy. Director of the FSB of the Russian Federation, Colonel General. Trubnikov Vyacheslav Ivanovich - head of the Criminal Investigation Department of the

Ministry of Internal Affairs of Russia, army general.

U

Umar Pasha - senior operational officer of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, ethnic Chechen, participant in the operation to kill Dudayev,
colonel.

Alisher Usmanov is a businessman.

Ustinov Vladimir Vasilievich - Prosecutor General of the Russian Federation (since 2000).

Duckling is the criminal nickname of the leader of the Ukhta OPT.

F

Fedorov Vladimir Aleksandrovich - head of the Russian State Traffic Safety Inspectorate, police lieutenant general. Andrey

Fedotov - senior detective of the 4th department of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Moscow Main Internal Affairs Directorate, police major.

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Felshtinsky Yuri Georgievich - US citizen, doctor
historical sciences. Filatov
Sergei is the head of the Presidential Administration of the Russian Federation.
Filippov Valery - deputy. Head of the Economic Counterintelligence Department of the Federal Security Service of the Russian Federation for the Kostroma
Region. Filippov Vladimir Mikhailovich - Minister of Education of the Russian Federation (since 1998)

H

Vladimir Kharchenko is a car driver in a commercial company who slandered the author of the book. Khattab
(Habib Abdul Rahman) - Arab militant, one of the leaders
Wahhabis in Chechnya, killed in 2002
Khinshtein Alexander Evseevich - journalist of the newspaper "Moskovsky Komsomolets", FSB agent.
Paul Khlebnikov is a journalist, author of the book “The Godfather of the Kremlin,” and a US citizen. Kholodov Dmitry
Yuryevich - journalist of the newspaper "Moskovsky Komsomolets", died on October 17, 1994 as a result of the explosion of a booby-trapped "diplomat" in the editorial office. A group of Airborne Forces officers was accused of the assassination attempt, but they were completely acquitted by the court in June 2002.

Evgeniy G. Khokholyuv - head of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, major general.

Ts

Tskhai Vladimir Ilyich - deputy. Head of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Moscow City Internal Affairs Directorate, police colonel, died in 1999

Ch

Chekulin Nikita Sergeevich - deputy. Director of the Research Institute "Roskonversvzryvtsentr".
Chernogorov Boris - Russian FSB major who committed the attack
against Trepashkin at the direction of the FSB leadership.
Chernomyrdin Viktor Stepanovich - Prime Minister of the Russian Federation (1992–1998), Ambassador of the Russian
Federation to Ukraine. Cherny Mikhail Semyonovich - businessman, participant in privatization aluminum industry.

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Chubais Anatoly Borisovich - Deputy Prime Minister of the Government of the Russian Federation (1992–1996, 1997–1998), Head of Yeltsin's election headquarters (1996), head of the Presidential Administration of the Russian Federation (1996–1997), head of RAO UES (since 1998), reformer, political activist

Sh

Shatskikh, an officer of the Alpha group, died during the storming of the TV tower in Vilnius.
Shebalin Viktor

V. - deputy head of the 7th department of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, was part of the group for the assassination of D. Dudayev (President of Chechnya), participant in the press conference on November 17, 1998 ("man in a mask"),
colonel.

Eduard Amvrosievich Shevardnadze is the President of Georgia. Shevchuk

Nikolai - senior detective of the 7th funeral service
URPO FSB RF, captain.

Sh

Shcheglov German - senior detective of the 7th burial service of the URPO FSB of the Russian Federation, major, participant in the press conference on November 17,

1998 Shchekochikhin Yuri Petrovich - deputy of the State Duma of the Russian Federation from the Yabloko faction.

Shchelenkov Andrey - employee of the Lanako company, captain.

Shcherbakov Mikhail - head of the 6th department of the OU ATC FSB of the Russian Federation, colonel.

E

Edigov Musa is the bodyguard of Chechen President Dzhokhar Dudayev. Elsultanov Shirai is an

investigator at the General Prosecutor's Office of the Russian Federation. Esambaev

Makhmud Alisultanoich - dancer, one of the leaders
Chechen community in Moscow.

Yu

Yuzbashev Okop Veniaminovich is a businessman.

Yuzbashev Genrikh Veniaminovich - businessman, confidant of the author of the book, killed.

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Yumashev Valentin - general. director of the Ogonyok publishing house (1995–1996), head of the Russian Presidential Administration (1997–1999), son-in-law of President

Yeltsin. Yumashkin Alexey A. - employee of the FSB Directorate for Moscow and the Moscow

Region, major. Yurshevich - head of the SOBR of the Moscow RUOP, colonel police.

Yushenkov Sergey Nikolaevich - State Duma deputy, one of the leaders of the Liberal Russia party.

I

Yablochkin Alexander - senior detective of the 3rd department UEK FSB RF, captain.

Yakovlev - deputy. Chief Military Prosecutor, Lieutenant General Justice.

Jap - Vyacheslav Kirillovich Ivankov, thief in law, is serving time in the United States.

Sergei Vladimirovich Yastrzhembsky is a former ambassador of the Russian Federation to Slovakia, press secretary of B. N. Yeltsin (1996–1998), assistant to President Putin on the Chechen issue (since 2000).

Appendix 3. Abbreviations

"Alpha" - Anti-terrorist group of the FSB of the Russian Federation. ATC - Anti-

Terrorism Center of the FSB of the Russian Federation. VChK - All-Russian

Extraordinary Commission. GVP - Main Military

Prosecutor's Office. GRU General Staff

of the Ministry of Defense of the Russian Federation - Main Intelligence Directorate General Staff of the Ministry of Defense of the Russian Federation.

GUVD - Main Department of Internal Affairs. GUIN - Main

Directorate for the Execution of Punishments. GUOP - Main Directorate

for Combating Organized Crime. DBT - Department of Combating Terrorism of the FSB of the Russian

Federation. KGB - Committee for State Security of the USSR. Communist

Party of the Russian Federation - Communist Party of the Russian

Federation.

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LDPR - Liberal Democratic Party of Russia. MB - Ministry of Security of the Russian Federation. MVD - Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation. MUR - Moscow Criminal Investigation Department. EMERCOM - Ministry of Emergency Situations of the Russian Federation. NKVD - People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs of the USSR. OBKhSS - department for combating the theft of socialist property. ATS - particularly important cases. OVKR - military counterintelligence department. OMON is a special police unit. The UN is a special forces unit. OPT is an organized criminal group. ORU - Operational-investigative department. OU - Operational management. ROVD - district departments of internal affairs. RUOP is the regional Department for Combating Organized Crime of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of the Russian Federation. SB RF - Security Council of the Russian Federation. SEL - Security Service of the President of the Russian Federation. SVR - Foreign Intelligence Service of the Russian Federation. Pre-trial detention center - pre-trial detention center. SOBR is a special rapid response unit. UBKK - Department for Combating Smuggling and Corruption. UBT - Office for Combating Terrorism. UVKR - Military Counterintelligence Directorate. UOTM - Department of Operational and Technical Measures. URPO - Directorate for Development and Suppression of Activities

criminal organizations of the FSB of the Russian Federation. CSS - Internal Security Management. CID - Criminal Investigation Department. UFSB - FSB Directorate (territorial). UEC - Department of Economic Counterintelligence. FAPSI is the federal government communications and information service of the Russian Federation. FSB - Federal Security Service of the Russian Federation.

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FSK - Federal Counterintelligence Service of the Russian Federation. FSNP -

Federal Tax Police Service of the Russian Federation. FSO - Federal Security

Service of the Russian Federation. DSP - Public Communications Center of the FSB of the Russian Federation. CHOP is a private security company.

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Notes

1

In fact, Brezhnev died in 1982—approx. Compromising evidence. RU